THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj

SEPT. 22, 1917 [illegible]PY

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Doing Her Bit—By Gouverneur Morris

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DOING HER BIT—By Gouverneur Morris

VERY great, they say, is the longing of the hillman for the hills, and not less great the longing of the sailor for the sea; but greater even than the longing of the childless for children is the longing of the entrenched soldier for his eight days' leave.

Breene, of the Foreign Legion, had endured many months of mud and frost and vermin and fighting. He was sick of it; stale, morose. He no sooner got to be bosom friends with a man than the man was killed, taken prisoner, or sent to a base hospital, and Breene, who did not make friends easily, had to begin all over again.

War no longer had any secrets from him; all the possibilities of novelty had long since been exhausted. He had shot his man; he had stuck his man; he had lambasted his man over the head with the butt of his rifle; he had gone his forty-eight hours without food or sleep; he had burrowed like a mole to get away from shell-fire; he had taken part in amateur theatricals; and when the regiment was resting he had fished in the canals, and helped the old people and children with their farmwork. He knew all there is to know about fear—how sometimes you are afraid when you ought not to be; and how sometimes, when if you were a sensible, rational human being you ought to be dying of fright, you are not afraid at all.

With his regiment, he had passed in review before General Joffre; before Foch, De Castelnau, and the President of the Republic. He had been cited in the orders of the day; he had had the military medal pinned on his breast; and he had been kissed on both cheeks by a French general who had a mustache like a walrus.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ASSE OF THE J. P. BELL COMPANY, INC.

"It's the Only Thing I Can Do That Helps"

He had helped men to a chance for life; he had helped men die; he had been attacked with gas and with liquid fire; he could tell by the smell just how long a thing had been dead; he knew just how long, under an August sun, it takes a dead horse to roll over on its back; and just how long thereafter the swollen belly may be expected to burst open.

When the roar of an airplane filled his ears, and its shadow darkened him, he no longer took the trouble to look up. The modesty and common decency he had brought into the army from Akron, Ohio, had forsaken him. It had shocked him to observe, as a small boy, the friendly offices our arboreal ancestors perform for one another; but to hunt a comrade for the things that bit him, and, in turn, to be hunted, now seemed to him as natural—and as necessary—as brushing his teeth.

When, out of a clear sky, the captain of his company told him that he was to have eight days' leave of absence, it almost took his breath away. It was as if someone had left him a million dollars; it was as if the most beautiful girl in the world had asked him to marry her. It was a stupefying event. And because he had been under a terrible strain for so long, and because his nerves were on the ragged edge of running amuck, he showed his immense joyousness by bursting into tears.

Captain Anjou laughed, but with compassion.

"*Qu'est-ce que tu as, mon vieux?*" he asked. And he put his arm round Breene and patted him on the back. He repeated his question: "What have you got, my old?"

If Breene had been a gigantic man, considerably older than his captain, that one would have called him "*Mon petit*—My little one." But for Breene, slender, smooth-shaved and twenty-two, "My old" was the proper form of address.

"It must be because I'm glad, my captain," said Breene; and the tears stopped as suddenly as they had begun—and for no better reason.

"What will you do?"

"I shall go to Paris."

"You have friends?"

"I have no friends, except in the regiment."

"You have no family?"

"My father and mother died within a week of each other, of typhoid. Then I worked on a railroad, and then on a ship in the Great Lakes; and then I went to sea, and was in Bordeaux when the war broke out."

"But you know Paris? You know your way about?"

"The regiment went through at night, my captain, and all the lights were out."

"But you won't amuse yourself if you know no one."

"It will be different," said Breene. "That's all I want—just for things to be different for a while. . . . Shall we be given some clean clothes?"

Breene wriggled as if his back itched.

"They spare no one," said Captain Anjou. "But the American correspondent, whom I was showing about the other day, made me a present of tincture of larkspur, and you may have what there is—on condition that you bring me back from Paris a fresh supply."

"Will it do the trick?" asked Breene.

"I am a living proof that it will," said Captain Anjou. And he added: "It is curious that this war, so inimical to some forms of life, should be so enamored of others. . . . You will love Paris."

II

BUT Breene did not at once love Paris. It bewildered him; its immensity sat upon him like a nightmare. He was confused, embarrassed, frightened, homesick, and desperately lonely. Back there in the trenches you knew the ropes; you knew exactly what you had to do next. It might be something very disagreeable; but at least you never found yourself completely up in the air.

He could not afford to take a taxi to the address of the lodging house with which the thoughtful Captain Anjou had provided him; and though the various persons from whom he asked the way were polite and even gently admiring, their directions were hard to follow.

He wasted nearly two hours of his eight days before he even got to those parts of Paris of which he had seen pictures. And he had marched upon the hard pavements for nearly three hours when he came at last to the street in which he was to lodge and to the archway that had over it the number for which he had been hunting.

The place was more than a boarding house; it was less than a hotel. An old woman with dimples and a mustache kept it. Her name was Bazin. She had an office just off the archway. The office contained a desk, a parrot, a laundry basket full of clean clothes, and a young girl who sat at the desk and wrote in a fat ledger.

When the two ladies learned that Breene had been sent to them by that "charming Captain Anjou," they made much of him. The old lady seized his bundle; the parrot sneezed and blessed itself; and the young lady rose from the desk, drifted across a courtyard in which were iron tables and chairs and some freshly sprinkled palm trees, and showed the way into a little iron cage.

When they were all three in the cage the young lady pushed a white button. There was a long pause. Then the cage groaned, and coughed, and complained. Then it seemed to tear itself loose from some force that was holding it; and then it began to ascend. It ascended for two flights; and then, though no one had spoken to it or pressed any of its buttons, it groaned and lamented with bitterness, and stopped.

They showed him into a clean and spotless little room upon a corner. And they hoped, with all their kind French hearts, that he would be comfortable in it, and happy while he remained with them.

"And look," said the young lady, "what a fine view you have!"

He went to the window and stood bashfully at her side.

"The Seine," she said; "and yonder—those two dark towers—that is Our Lady of Paris."

"But," exclaimed Madame Bazin, "our soldier hasn't eaten! It is nearly one o'clock."

"*Maman*," said the young lady, "let us invite him to share his first meal in Paris with us. Then he will not feel as if he were absolutely without friends."

Breene looked from the kind old face to the beautiful young face, and a lump arose in his throat.

"Oh, my ladies," he said, "how good you are! How thoughtful! What can I say?"

"That you accept," said Madame Bazin. "We shall be waiting for you."

The room had four walls, a floor, a ceiling, two windows. Breene stared happily at these various dimensions and appurtenances. He could not have been happier if every flower of the wall paper had been the face of a loving friend.

He walked to the window. He looked at the dim and dark towers of Notre Dame. And he broke into a joyous laugh.

"You may be Our Lady of Paris," he said, "but you are not mine."

He washed rapturously, brushed his hair, and, having sharpened a match, cleaned his nails. Then he went down to lunch.

Lunch was very simple and very exquisite. Madame Bazin served a gentle Bordeaux; and the three became fast friends, and touched glasses over the table. News of that charming Captain Anjou was demanded and supplied.

Through the door that connected the dining room with the office, the parrot could be heard sneezing and blessing itself. A patron sent for Madame. Breene and Mademoiselle were alone at the table.

"Is it true that you haven't any friends at all in Paris?"

"A few men of my regiment who have leave at this time; but they know their Paris well, and I don't want to be in their way."

"Have you no idea how you will pass your time?"

"Oh," he said, "I'll think of things. Things will happen."

III

BREENE had had very little schooling, but he was good at figures; so, when it came out that Mademoiselle Bazin had to spend part of the afternoon writing up the books he offered to help her.

"But," she objected, "there are a thousand things for you to do and see. Some of the museums are open. There are moving pictures. Have you seen the Champs-Élysées, the Tuileries Garden, the Place Vendôme?"

"I'd like to help you," said Breene.

"Very well, you shall; and afterward I myself will take you for a walk and show you some of the sights."

They spent an hour over the books. There had been made a mistake of ten centimes. It was necessary to locate this mistake and rectify it. Sometimes their young heads were quite close together; and already Breene's young heart was beginning to dance a jig. He had never been in love, and he found the first stages of the disease—though he did not recognize them for what they were—exquisite beyond imagination.

Whenever Mademoiselle Bazin spoke he had to swallow hard. Whenever he could, he stole a look at her. He wondered how such a beautiful and charming girl had escaped marriage. Perhaps her lover was with the army and they were to be married after the war. When this thought came to him he felt as if he had taken something bitter into his mouth.

The parrot sneezed and blessed itself. And Mademoiselle Bazin exclaimed:

"Here we are!"

The mistake had been found. They made the necessary corrections. The books were in order.

That afternoon she took him along the *quais* to Notre Dame. They did not walk. They strolled. They pottered. They hung over the parapets and watched the river slide by; they rested on benches. And Mademoiselle Bazin asked him an infinite number of questions, all of which he answered. And when at last they stood before the Cathedral of Notre Dame she knew a great deal about him.

"It is doubtful," she thought, "that Our Lady of Paris has ever before received anything so young, so innocent, so curious about life, and so gentle."

She sat for a few moments in one of a long row of chairs. Breene sat in the next chair. She looked up at the shady arches; Breene looked up too. She looked straight ahead at the high altar, lighted with candles; Breene looked at the altar too. It reminded him of far-off days, when there had been a birthday cake for him with candles on it. Then he looked at Mademoiselle Bazin to see what she was going to do next.

She was kneeling on the *prie-dieu* that went with her chair, and she had hidden her face on the backs of her crossed hands. Breene knelt on his *prie-dieu* and hid his face—all but one eye. He kept a corner of that on his companion.

Presently she lifted her head; and Breene did the same. They rose, then, and made a tour of the side chapels. When they came to Joan of Arc's chapel they knelt and prayed again. At least, Mademoiselle Bazin prayed. Breene's whole life at the moment was a prayer, a wordless exhalation, a beseechment of—he knew not what; and for—he knew not what.

Some bereft mother had pinned her dead son's military medal on the Infant Jesus. Before them knelt a blind soldier, with his sweetheart. An organ began to peal and a priest to chant. The lips of the blind soldier began to move.

They stole away. When they were once more in the open air Mademoiselle Bazin looked at Breene and saw that his eyes were filled with tears. They found a bench.

"It's very funny," he said. "I've been fighting for over a year, but I had no idea until to-day what I was fighting for."

"And now you know?"

"I know that, no matter what happens, nothing must ever be allowed to happen to Paris."

"In less than a day you have learned to love Paris."

He nodded, and said:

"I think it must be a case of love at first sight."

They strolled back to the Maison Bazin; and it was almost dinner time. Madame Bazin was in a great state of excitement. She had received from her sister, who was unable to use them because of a migraine, two seats for the Folies. She herself had promised to be at home to receive a visit from her lawyer. Already the seats were as good as wasted.

The parrot sneezed and blessed itself.

"That sacred bird!" cried Madame. "You might think he was a general in command of a group of armies, the way he sneezes!"

The parrot gave a derisive howl of laughter.

"But the two seats for the Folies!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Bazin. "What could have fallen more apropos? I am dying to go; and if our soldier will have pity on me ——"

He had pity.

It seemed that Madame Bazin's sister had also sent her motor. But when they reached the theater Mademoiselle Bazin sent it away for good.

"It will be more fun to walk," she said; "and you will see why."

It was wonderful how many people Mademoiselle Bazin seemed to know—a general on leave; a box party, all in starched shirts or low necks; and in all parts of the theater were people to whom she sent nods and smiles. The very beautiful girl who came out at the last, dressed as an Alsatian peasant, to wave the French flag and sing the Marseillaise, so that shivers chased up and down your spine, was not so beautiful.

In all the theater there was no one who had taken so little trouble to look smart and distinguished. Her dress

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REBELS AND REVOLUTION

By Carl W. Ackerman

NEEDLE your way through the crowded streets of Mexico City, or motor to the suburbs, and you will rub sleeves, exchange glances with, or pass, along the road, rebels, ex-rebels and honest soldiers. Saunter or drive about the capital and you will see, face to face, the individuals who present the biggest problem of reconstruction in Mexico. You will encounter a sufficient number of the army of one hundred and fourteen thousand to convince you that, even if the pay rolls are padded, there are large groups of men actually drawing salaries.

This week—it is mid-August—a cousin of General Zapata, the bandit chief of the state of Morelos, where the sugar plantations are, surrendered, with two thousand men, to the National Government. Those who wished to join the army of the Republic were permitted to do so. Last week these men were bandits. To-day they are soldiers.

Not all of the peons who join the National Army are patriotic; and this causes the real trouble in the country districts. Sometimes, after the ex-rebels have been with the government forces long enough to get new rifles and several rounds of ammunition, they take to the mountains, to be welcomed by their old chief with a handshake and an enthusiastic hug—the customary cordial greeting between Mexican friends.

A few days ago officials of the British Embassy were motoring through one of the suburbs. Approaching a garrison, they saw a soldier sitting on the curb, smoking a cigarette. As they passed he shouted, "Stop!" and other words, which were so mumbled they could not be understood.

The automobile, which had passed the man, backed to within a few feet of him, and the chauffeur asked what was wanted. Instead of answering, the soldier, who was evidently intoxicated, continued to puff, and gazed at the foreigners. After waiting several minutes and receiving no explanation, the automobile advanced. Immediately the soldier jumped up, recovered his balance, and started toward the barracks for his rifle. The Englishmen huddled into their seats, the chauffeur added gasoline, and before the rebel could fire they were several hundred yards away.

There being no other route to the city, the foreigners had to return this way three hours later. Reaching the garrison, they saw both sides of the highway lined by a company of soldiers. A captain, standing in the road, held up his hand. The car stopped and the soldiers stood at attention.

"Is this the automobile that was ordered to stop a few hours ago while passing here?" the officer asked.

The British officials expected a summary execution, but, having experienced excitement before, decided to preserve their calm.

"Yes, Señor Captain," replied an Englishman, "we were ordered to stop; and we did ——"

His explanation was interrupted.

How Discipline Was Maintained

"ALL right, señor," politely answered the officer. "I wish to inform you that discipline has been maintained. You may go, gentlemen."

Soldiers still at attention, the automobile departed; but the foreigners could not understand whether they or the soldier had been disciplined. Inquiries made the next day showed that the soldier had been shot for giving an order without orders from an officer. Discipline was maintained by execution.

It is not always the soldiers, however, who are to be blamed. I met the manager of a large American corporation, who, for two years, has been paying tribute to six generals. The price for protecting his property has been between three thousand and seven thousand pesos, at intervals determined by officers. To-day automobiles are being shipped into Mexico City by dozens and the generals have asked this manager for six autos. He telegraphed to Detroit for the cars and expects to be able to pay the graft within a very short time. It is, indeed, a new use for motor cars; but the manager and the company are satisfied, because the cars cost, delivered in Mexico City, about one-fourth of the amount of the former protection.

"The Revolution and its Enemies"

Cartoon from Redencion, a daily newspaper published in Mexico City, August 9th, 1917. In three places the United States is cited as an enemy; and Señors Cabrera, Acting Secretary of the Treasury, and Amaya, Introducer of Ambassadors, are "enemies" because they are "Yankofilos."

Friends of President Carranza will candidly admit that the First Chief, when he was fighting for recognition and authority, had to accept the services of many undesirable men, both officers and soldiers. Mr. Carranza and his intimate advisers know there are rebels and grafters in office to-day. They realize that these men cannot be ousted immediately. If the present government were to expel from the army or imprison every officer and soldier who, to-day, is not following orders, the government would be overthrown, even if the penitentiaries could hold all the guilty. For this reason Mr. Carranza is working slowly and quietly to eliminate these men from his councils.

Whether Mr. Carranza will succeed is a puzzle the key to which has not been found. There are Mexicans and foreigners who will tell you that the Carranza Government is as certain to fall as the buildings in Mexico City are to sink; and this latter fact no one doubts, as even the National Theater—the so-called White Elephant, because its marble walls are uncompleted—is gradually sinking in the mire upon which the capital is built. Others will inform you that this government is gaining strength every day, and that if it receives financial assistance nothing will be able to wreck it. But all agree that the greatest problems facing the government to-day, except the financial, are the rebels and reconstruction.

Finance is, of course, the greatest; and it is puzzling because the problems of financing a nation like Mexico are not similar to those in more civilized and enlightened countries. Selfishness and ignorance play a great rôle; and graft is simply a routine duty, especially in the army.

One day recently, when the Chamber of Deputies was in session, a member called the attention of the presiding officer to the lack of a quorum. Those who have seen how well the United States House of Representatives is attended during most of the debates will understand the situation here.

The president of the Deputies summoned the sergeant at arms and ordered him to send the members to their seats. Meantime the proceedings awaited the arrival of the deputies. After a long interval the sergeant returned, reporting that he was unable to procure a quorum.

"Where are the members?" inquired the president.

"They are at the cashier's window awaiting their pay," answered the officer.

"Summon the cashier," ordered the president.

When the cashier reached the rostrum he was told to close the pay window, and not to open it again during sessions of the Chamber of Deputies. And a quorum was soon present.

Gresham's Law

THAT is one aspect of the money problem in Mexico. Another came to my attention during a conference with an electrical engineer. The company he represented desired to erect poles to carry their feed wires from a plant near the capital to another city. The line, as mapped, was to cross a large plantation owned by an Indian. The concession was worth to the company between five thousand and eight thousand pesos. The engineer went to see the Indian. He offered him four thousand pesos.

"No, no, señor!" protested the Indian.

"Why not?" asked the foreigner.

"No. Not four thousand, señor," said the owner.

"Well, how much, then? What do you want?" questioned the engineer.

"If señor will fill my sombrero and my son's sombrero with pesos, silver pesos, I will give you the concession."

"But," protested the engineer, "four thousand pesos is much more than that."

"No. No, señor; no. You must fill my sombrero and my son's with pesos."

And the foreigner returned the next day with enough pesos to fill the two hats, so that the coins rolled over the sides. The Indian was delighted. Two sombreros filled with pesos meant something to him. Four thousand pesos was a myth.

It is not the ignorance of the peons or the Indians that makes the financial situation in Mexico difficult to solve. It is the ignorance of many officials and leaders regarding international finance. Many Mexicans cannot understand the relationship that should exist between nations, though they have a clear idea of money matters between individuals.

During one of the sessions of the Querétaro Convention, last winter, when the new constitution was being drawn up, the financial problems of the country were being debated. At the time there were different kinds of money in circulation, and one knew not in the morning what money would be accepted in business that evening. Paper money was being printed by rebels in the treasury.

A Mexican authority on finance was discussing the principle of international finance known as Gresham's Law, the principle being that bad money drives good money out of circulation. The speaker said that the great financial difficulties of Mexico were due to the operation of this law. When he concluded, a member rose and said:

"I move that we abolish the Gresham Law."

Some members of the convention, who knew what the Gresham principle was, laughed; and the speaker, who had not yet taken his seat, added:

"Then, Mr. President, if it is not advisable to abolish Gresham's Law, I move that we suspend the operations of this law for six months."

Discussing the problems of finance and reconstruction with Mexican officials, one is impressed by the fact that so few can see the viewpoint of the business man or foreign capitalist. Most Mexicans will say that, because of the

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Tips to His Bunkie at Home

Notes From a Private in France—By George Pattullo

HELLO, J. C.

How is tricks? I am just fine, feeling better every day. Well I guess you thought I wasn't going to answer your letter, but I had no time. At last I got time, J. C., because one of my feet is stove up and the captain excused me for this afternoon.

Well, all of us arrived across the pond in safety and sure had some trip, but can't tell anything about it now because Uncle Sam won't allow us to write much. But I been exactly eighty-four hundred miles since February the first. Some miles, ain't it?—and all at Uncle Sam's expense!

And I can tell you another thing too: France is some country all right. We are drilling hard and getting ready to mop up with the Kaiser. Ha, ha! We are learning the European model of fighting and getting ready to knock his block off. And, believe me, I'm there with that stuff, J. C.!

We are learning all kinds of songs, too, to sing about the Kaiser. We learnt one the other day that goes by the same tune as that song—My Little Girl, you know I love you. You know it, I know; sure you do.

This song is:

America, you know I love you,
And I long for you each day;
America, I'm fighting for you,
Though many miles away.
We'll knock the block right off the Kaiser,
And drive him crost the Rhine;
And then right back to the old U. S.,
To the tune of Auld Lang Syne.

Some song, ain't it? It sure does sound great so far from home, with about two hundred of us bearing down on it. I'm there with the bass, J. C.

A Land Worth Fighting For

BUT I must tell you about this country and what we been up to, because you and Art and the other guys will be coming over soon with the draft, and you will want to be wise to the country. Believe me, the old Atlantic is some pond! You can't see a bit of land any way you mind to look, not for eight or ten days; and that is a fact, for I sure tried. And we had a scare which I can't tell you about, account of Uncle Sam shutting down on that stuff.

France is a right pretty country—most as pretty as Missouri. No wonder them guys fight like they do. They got something worth a scrap, and no mistake. It is prettier than the U. S. but the U. S. is grander. That's the difference between us. There're hills and deep valleys and all kinds of trees, and you never seen anything like the grain crops and vegetables what they grow.

Now and again you come across a castle up on a hill, with big thick walls and great big parks round it. The roads is good, too, and awful pretty, with a row of trees on both sides reaching near eighty feet. And they build their bridges solid of stone.

All our boys is billeted in villages, about twenty or thirty of same strung out round country. They are awful old villages, too, and they were run down when we come but now they are clean. And next thing you know we will be getting the natives to scour out the inside of their houses maybe.

There's about four hundred people in this village, not counting our boys. But hardly any men at all, except old men who keep coming up to shake hands with you most every day and one who had been a soldier kissed me on both cheeks before I could stop him. The others are up on the front line. Of course we have some French soldiers here, too, but they are either them Chasers who learn us the drill or they are back on leave to help get in the crops. These Chasers are the pick of the French Army, J. C.

But gee, if it don't stop raining the crops will be ruined sure enough. They are all ready to be cut and here comes the consarned rain, day in and day out. I am sure fed up on rain! It has rained now five days steady.

Well, the boys live in billets, J. C., which is the French system of taking care of soldiers. I like it fine because it is a change. None of them live in houses where the natives are living. The officers live in houses where the natives are living, but that's because most of them are polite guys and can be counted on not to raise no rough house.

Well, the billets are empty barns where no cattle have been kept since a long while, or a sort of empty storehouse, maybe; or a big old house that ain't been lived in since the year of the Big Wind. We have thirty-two men in our billet, which is an old hay barn made of stone covered with plaster and a tile roof. It has a mow; and some of the boys sleep up there, but not on the hay because that is against orders.

Clean Quarters and Good Chow

THEY put regular cots in this billet for us, and we have to keep it as tidy as any other barracks. And no smoking—no sir! If you want to smoke, go outside in the rain! We hang our kits up on nails in the beams and every morning we police the street in front and sweep up every bit of refuse and haul it away. The natives bring out their refuse for us to cart away too. We don't make them do it, but the captain let them know that this would be done for them if they liked, because he wants to keep the whole place as clean as a whistle so we won't have no sickness.

They sure raised a howl when we started to cart off their manure, J. C. You would have thought it was coal or something. But we only wanted to get it away from quarters, and as soon as they found out it would only be put in another place everything was hunky-dory.

The mess is right across the street, which is a narrow winding street. It is in a yard where there is a shed and we have plank tables under the fruit trees, which are pears and plums. We get fine meat, and the chow is O. K. Say, did you know the French people never used no refrigerator meat till lately? Well, they didn't; and it gave the government all sorts of trouble to learn the people that refrigerator meat was fit to eat.

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An Eleven-Year-Old Poilu, Charles Meux, Who Has Been Two Years in the French Service and Once Wounded
Sammees Practicing Their French Behind the Lines Somewhere in France

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A British Canteen Near the Firing Line Already Has Taken on the American Flavor

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French Nurses Serving Roast-Beef Sandwiches to American Soldiers on Their Arrival

All the food we eat comes from the U. S., except the bread, which is awful dark and has a sour sort of taste to it. They call it war bread and some don't like it, but after the first week I got kind of used to the stuff. They aim to furnish us white bread beginning next Monday.

Wow, I bet if the French soldiers could get their teeth into the kind of food Uncle Sam gives his boys they would fill up for a week and then they would rear up on their hind legs and smash the tar out of the Germans. Because food is the most important thing of all for a soldier. A doughboy don't have any pep unless he gets three squares a day, and he won't fight good on an empty stomach.

The poor Frenchies never get chow like we do, J. C. We beef and roar about it sometimes, but the Gospel truth is we live better than any other soldiers in the world—us and the British, I mean. It's just as good as we get back home, and you know what that is.

A couple of French soldiers eats with us, and you ought to see them guys go to it. And one is getting fatter than a pet calf. I bet if they was ordered back to their own chow they would go out behind the barn and cry like children.

But of course you couldn't never satisfy soldiers, because some guys will always kick. The general come through here yesterday to inspect and he took a squint at our kitchen. "Getting enough to eat?" he says to our cook. "Meat all right?" And the fool cook up and says, "Yes, but we are short of canned salmon, general." Although he knowed the captain had sent for some five days before, and it hadn't been delivered. So of course that made the Old Man take notice, and he asked what the cook used instead. "Oh, we got lots of bacon," says the cook.

A Homesick Bunch

WHAT do you know about that, J. C.! But that's cooks every time. Lots of bacon! Why, the Germans'd risk a couple of regiments for the bacon this army puts under its belt at one meal.

And the other evening we was all sitting in our billet when I noticed Shorty Steen looking awful down in the mouth, so I asked him what was the matter.

"Gee," he says, "I wish I was in Shanghai now." Ain't that just like a soldier? Always wishing he was somewheres he ain't. It was the same down in Mexico, and then Shorty wanted to be back in Portland, Maine.

Americans is awful queer people, J. C. They may not own nothing to speak of back home, and are always kicking there about the food sharks and the Wall Street hell hounds that owns the banks, but the minute they go somewheres else they get homesick and begin to roar. Yes, sir, Americans get homesick quicker than any other folks on earth, I reckon.

Some of our regiment live in barracks; which are nothing but shacks they put up, and they hold eighty men each, because there wasn't room for all of us in these other kinds of billets. The shacks are built of planks, with a dirt floor, and have a kind of earthwork round them to head off any bombs a German aviator might drop on the ground. And they are disguised with branches of trees, too, J. C.

Speaking of airships makes me think of the fight I seen one day. Well, one come along and all of a sudden I heard shooting up in the sky and there was a machine so high you couldn't hardly see it, and little puffs of smoke breaking underneath like the spray of a hose. And all the natives beat it for their houses, and the boys beat it for their billets. But Steve didn't beat it—no sir! I figured if the German airman could hit me from way up there he was sure some shot, and to hell with him! So I stayed right where I was and watched until he drifted for home.

All over the village there is places marked *c. v.*, which means *cave voulte*, which is French for storm cellar, and the orders is to duck for one of these caves the minute you see an airship that looks like a German. They ain't nothing but stone houses. Still, a stone house would help some, hey?

Well, the orders is to get off the road and stand perfectly still if an airship comes along while we're marching, or hit for a wood if there is one handy. Then the minute you see it is a German and he gets close enough and there's an officer round to tell you to do it, let him have all you got with rifles and machine guns. It looks like I would miss the duck shooting this year, but maybe I can get some of these German birds. Ha, ha! It is the open season on them all the year round, too, and no limit, neither.

Our boys get too much pay, J. C., and that is the truth—more than is good for them unless they are like me and know how to take care of it. They draw thirty-three dollars a month, what with the new pay and allowance for foreign service; and when that is changed into French money they have a bale and a half. And that is no kid, neither. It would take a wheelbarrel to haul it away, for they get round a hundred and eighty francs for same. Going some, ain't it!

Price-Fixing in France

WELL, when they find themselves with a fistful of money, and things cheaper than what they are back home, what do they do? I will tell you what they do: They act like a village sport the first time he hits the big town.

If the captain wants a drink—only our captain don't drink—why he will order a bottle of beer maybe, which costs hardly nothing and is mild. But what do these here doughboys go and do? No beer for them. They buy champagne, yes sir! You can buy some kinds for six francs a bottle, which is only about a dollar in real money. And that is what they drink. What do you know about that! Buck privates bowling up on champagne!

These French soldiers draw round five cents a day for themselves and seem to get a pretty fair time out of it. Why, one of our boys is paid as much as a second lieutenant in the French Army. Ain't that going some? But the French Government gives an allowance to the missus and kids besides.

Well, when our soldiers started in like that to buy wine and things to eat, throwing money round to the natives just to let them know how friendly we felt and that we had the coin, prices took a jump. It was just like home for a while, J. C., to see the way they did jump. Everything went higher'n a kite, and the storekeepers sure rubbed their hands.

But that made it hard on the people who live here. They have mighty little money, only a few sous at a time, so that they couldn't buy what they wanted when a bunch of roughneck Americans was bulling the market, ready to pay any price the storekeepers asked.

So the officers stepped in and fixed up a list of prices that could be charged which would be fair all round, and now everybody knows where he is at. A French

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Getting the Dinner Ready in an American Camp

HURY SEKE

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

DAN TOWERS met him aboard ship in the Bay of Bengal. It was a sweltering day; for though an early monsoon gave the Catherine Apcar, with her cargo of sour-smelling betel nuts, a list to port and kept her traveling on one hip, there came no coolness with the damp breeze, and everybody lounged half naked under the awnings. No one seemed awake, until a loud noise broke out among the Asiatics, forward.

The voice of Thomas Gray, second officer, dominated many other voices.

"I've known a man put in irons for less!" declared Thomas Gray with passion. "Don't care what your religion is, you can't go defacing my bulkheads till the blinking ship looks like a slaughterhouse. Put them things away, take that bucket, and scrub 'em jolly well out!"

When Towers reached the foredeck he found Gray—the storm center in a crowd of Hindu peddlers and workmen—bellowing wrath at a strange, meek, but stubborn little gray-faced man, who had just set down a pot of red lead and a paintbrush.

"Look at that, will you?" said T. Gray. "They find queer ways!"

Over the white bulkhead front of the dining saloon, up and down hill like the deck of the ship, ran a lot of crooked letters, painted as if in blood:

Hury Seke Jehovah.
All Drunks see the Lord.
Quit sining. Git your Soul saved right.
Day of out-poring at Hand.
Hury Seke my Face.

The second officer, with a scandalized air, pointed out to Dan all these crimson warnings. He need not have done so. In the glare of Bengal Bay they assailed the eye like murder.

"I've a good mind to lock him up!" cried Mr. Gray, applying Doctor Johnson's term of endearment among sailors. "He done all this. It's a fair fright!"

The little gray-faced man blinked mildly, with dead blue eyes, roundabout the disturbance he had caused. He wore a heavy suit of winter clothing, wrinkled and soiled; a derby hat encircled by a kind of man-of-war's ribbon that proclaimed in gilt letters "Plenteous In Mercy"; and over his shoulder, hanging by a worn leather strap, a pouch that disgorged untidy printed pamphlets. His lank hair seemed gritty with railway cinders and the dust of tramping, which were ground deeply also into his pale, worn face. Yet the man's look expressed some hidden conviction, calm and satisfying.

He confronted Dan and the officer humbly.

"'I am poor and needy,'" he quoted in a hollow voice that sounded too large for his frame; "'yet the Lord thinketh upon me. Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.'"

The Asiatic steerage passengers grinned like a crowd of Biblical mockers in their soiled white robes. Thomas Gray looked from them to Dan with helpless indignation.

Along a Battlement Galloped the Curving Silhouettes of Many Large Monkeys

"You hear him, Mr. Towers? He can talk better'n a parson, but here he goes daubing up my ship with blood an' nonsense. And spelled wrong too! They drive a man wild—these devil-dodgers going to convert the world, eh? Rats in their garrets."

Dan regarded the grimy figure before him. It was impenitent, stubborn, conceited, yet pitiable. No white man ought to make such a public show of himself. This one could not be right in the headpiece. Nevertheless, Dan's heart was moved toward the grubby little fellow, for he had known many an eccentric in his day.

"That's all right, Tom," said Dan. "If you'll shoo the crowd away I'll help him wash off the red paint. It can't have set so quick. An easy job, looks like."

So Dan, in part for exercise, in part from kindness, mopped the red legends off the Catherine Apcar's forward bulkhead. The painter of those legends and a disgusted Malay boy worked at his side. The job was fairly long, for the red lead, once on, had taken a good hold.

"Look here, old Hury Seke, my friend," Dan remarked while scrubbing, "you'll only get into trouble if you decorate ships this way. Better chuck it up."

The evangelist gave him a pitying smile.

"My trouble ain't nothing," he said, wringing out his mop in a bloody stream. "You see, boy, I'm on my way to win the unnumber'ble souls of India and snake 'em outen their darkness. What do I care for trouble, son? I've known it, you bet you! 'He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise ——'" Here the man, removing his stiff beribboned hat, allowed the sweat to rain down his forehead. "I am agoing to sing praise among the heathen."

The Malay deck boy looked at him with pouting disapproval.

"Well," said Dan, "you seem to know the Fortieth Psalm pretty well, for a starter."

"Run her over in my mind this morning," said the little man. Then the significance of Dan's comment reached him. His dead blue eyes brightened. "Why, do you know the Word, also?"

This was the beginning of a strange friendship.

"Where you bound?" asked Dan. "Calcutta, I suppose?"

"To India. It is a land rich in heathen. Cities and their names are nothing. I have spread the gospel a many hundred mile, my son, and painted the news that there is no tarrying, on rocks and high places, culverts and fences, from Cherryfield to Suisun. My work ain't ended till I've cried the glad tidings over India."

He spoke like a hero, while ready to melt and faint in his heavy clothing.

"Can you talk the bat?" asked Dan. "Can you preach in Hindi?"

The man shook his head wearily, but with no sign of surrender.

"The language of the Scriptures," he replied, "is enough. Plain English will git me there. When the Day of Outpouring cometh, there'll be a flame of fire on my topknot, young feller, and the gift of tongues will be given."

The second officer, who had loitered in the background, broke a long and studious silence.

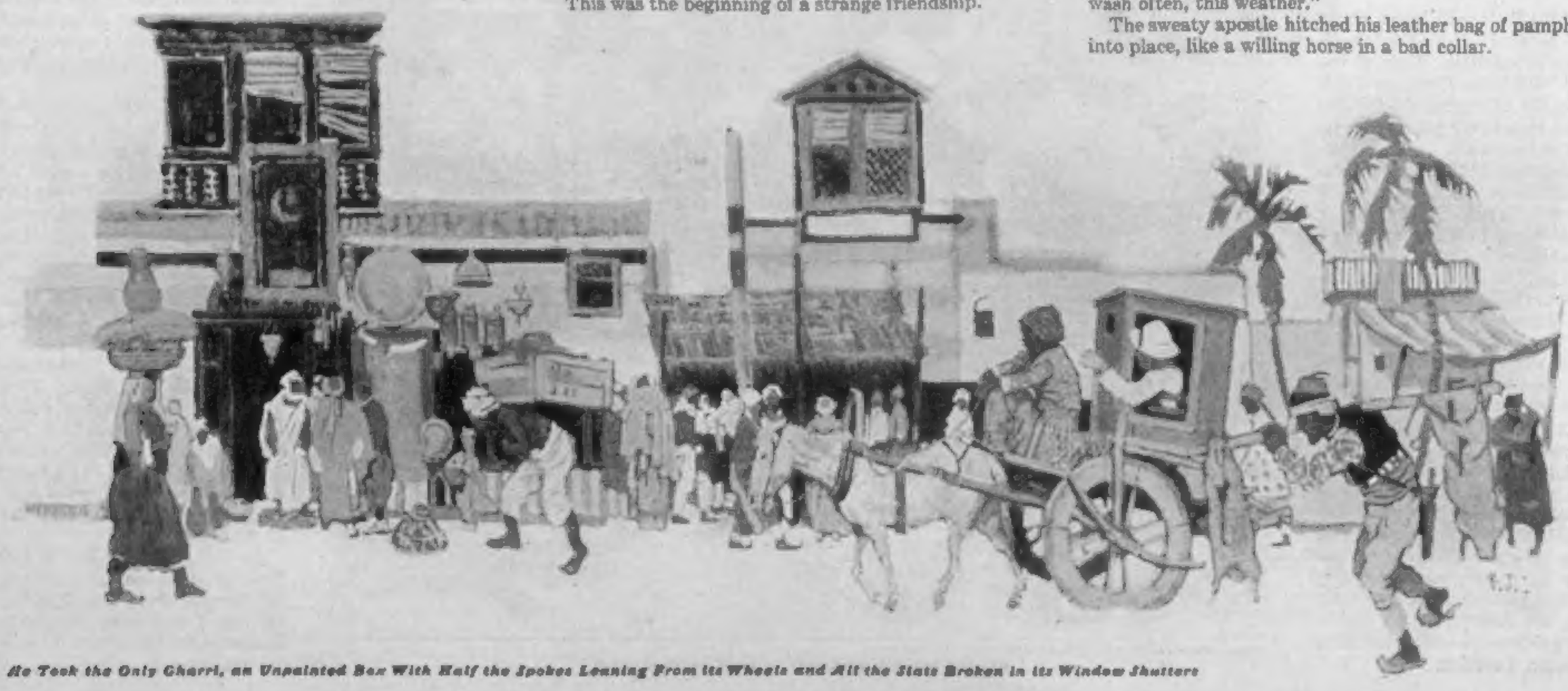
"I thought so. One o' those Pentecostal Brethren," said he. "What they need is the gift of spelling, along with an outpour of soap and water. You can't make nothing of them, Mr. Towers."

During the pilotage up Hugli, however, Dan made a few more facts out of his friend. The man was not, as Gray said, a regular Pentecostal Brother, but something of the kind, though unattached and alone; he had traveled far, in dirt, poverty and wretchedness; and now, with nine Straits dollars and a guilder to furnish his purse, he carried toward India a burning faith, a knowledge of the King James Bible by heart, and such hope and ignorance as left Dan uncertain whether to weep, laugh, or admire him.

They had many talks on deck by starlight, lying among bearded Afghans who listened like recumbent phantoms. Hury Seke—for so Dan called him, and he adopted the nickname as a compliment—tried to convert his young friend from the illusion of this world, but would hear nothing in return by way of worldly good advice. Before the Apcar tied up near Garden Reach, Dan, who was not wealthy, had forced the little fellow to take a couple of sovereigns. And so they parted, on the Maidan in Calcutta.

"For heaven's sake," cried Towers earnestly, "do take care of yourself, Hury! This is a hot country. Look!" And he pointed to where, while they were speaking, a broker's pony had fallen dead in the Old Course. "Do eat proper, and dress cool, and rest a while, and—and wash often, this weather."

The sweaty apostle hitched his leather bag of pamphlets into place, like a willing horse in a bad collar.



He Took the Only Gharri, an Unpainted Box With Half the Spokes Leaning From Its Wheels and All the Slats Broken in Its Window Shutters

"You're a worthy young man, spite of it all," he rejoined, with his dazed blue eyes fixed on the distance. "I wouldn't be a mite surprised if maybe you and me was to meet in the New Jerusalem. Repent, therefore; don't lose no time. Mind what I tell you, Danny, my son, and go repent, right straight off!"

With that he trudged away, a lamentable figure bowed down with winter clothing in the fierce July heat, yet going forward obstinately across the lawn, as though obliged to march against Fort William and capture it single-handed. Down from his stiff black hat dangled the man-of-war's ribbon—"Plenteous In Mercy"—like the tails of a Scotch bonnet. Dan sadly watched him out of sight.

"Dead of sun or cholera inside a fortnight," thought Towers. "They'll carry him out of a third-class railway pen some night. Hope he'll wear that suit of white I gave him. He won't. Darn little fool!"

And the young man, discouraged by the futility of human purposes, went about his own affair. Dan had troubles enough to keep him busy in India.

II

HIS errand it was to go up Assam way, find a certain rich landholder, and get permission for a pair of brothers in Dundee to rent an acre of mud bank and frontage for a jetty on a creek of Ganges or Brahmaputra. The job would not be simple. That acre of mud, a far-famed sore point in the strategy of jute merchants, belonged to a native lordling who called himself the Maharaja of Mayaganj. Great firms in the world of jute—the Watts, M. David, even Ralli—were rumored to have tried vainly for foothold upon the oozy inlet of yellow water that dreamed away so many blazing days under its wall of rushes, and cared nothing for commerce or European haste. The Maharaja stated its position in a few words.

"No doubt your plan would fetch money in abundance," he had told the most eminent of jute wallahs, face to face. "You should know, sir; for you think of nothing else. But I—you see I am tired of money-talking. You will eat and sleep here before going home? We have no more to learn from each other."

So saying, bland and scornful, the ruler of Mayaganj dismissed all who came before his melancholy brown face.

"Jute wallahs make me sick," declared the Maharaja. "Enough of them!"

At the time of Dan's visit, no one knew where this laconic world-weary gentleman might be. Some said that he had sailed for Europe, others that he was immuring himself in an old red castle, to enjoy long orgies in penetralia far from the eye of day; others had seen him yesterday, fresh as the lark, aboard a Sundarbans boat; still others were certain that he had gone to Kashmir on shikar and would not come home before Christmas. It being a sound principle, when in doubt, to apply at headquarters and consult the highest possible authority, Dan went to Mayaganj direct.

An hour before sunset he landed in the muddy street of that town, and took the only gharri, an unpainted box with half the spokes leaning from its wheels and all the slats broken in its window shutters.

"To the *dakh-bangla*," said Dan, crouching so that his helmet should not bump the roof again.

The driver avoided a black sow that lay churning the middle of the road, then halted his pony, and shouted down the trap window:

"There is no *dakh-bangla*, sir."

"Well, drive on," said Mr. Towers with an inward groan. "We'll see the village anyhow."

The prospect of sitting all night under a tree did not allure him; nor was the gharri clean enough to sleep in. He drove on, aimlessly. The village proved to be a wretched lane of bazaar hovels, poor in commerce—but rich in elephantiasis, for a baker with legs like mahogany tree trunks was making bread upon his doorway platform, and upon another a creature with a proboscis in a stuffed and shapeless face, and awful brown boxing gloves for hands, sat grinding curry powder. These sights, and worse, left Towers in no mood to ask a native lodging for the night. It was a relief to find the gharri bumping along past miserable fields and thatched dwellings by the waterside.

"Turn back," said our traveler. "I'll spend my time aboard the landing hulk."

He Seemed Not Only a Minotaur, But a Minotaur Brought to Bay

But the driver, who had some idea beneath his dust-colored turban, refused to rein about.

"Here is the Sahib!" he exclaimed.

Strolling toward them in fact came an elderly Englishman, clean, white-clad, with a fishing rod over his shoulder and a casual air, like Mr. Wemmick going to be married. At sight of a Caucasian face behind the broken window shutters he grinned, saluted and, promptly crossing the mud, put his head inside the carriage.

"How are you?" said he. "Another man in trouble. I was going fishing at the palace, but this is better. May I get in?"

He did so without ceremony, cramping his long limbs beside those of Mr. Towers. He was a lean old gentleman with tired gray eyes and a lonely smile.

"To the house, gharri wallah!" he ordered. And as an afterthought, "My name's Caltrop," said he.

Dan would have told both his name and his present difficulty.

"I know, I know!" sighed Mr. Caltrop. "A man doesn't spend twenty-odd years at the Ganj for nothing. Devilish odd years. You come have a bathe and a drink before dinner."

He slanted his fishing rod carefully out at window, so as to avoid catching its tip in the overhanging pipal boughs, then yawned and sank back into silence and friendly lassitude. As their box jolted along the blaze of sunset poured through it, reflected from the waters of the *kul* below, striking upward among the tree trunks, hot and blinding, like a breath from the bottomless pit of flame.

"I'm the only white man here," said Caltrop, as if that explained the history of many lifetimes. He yawned again, and spoke no more during the drive. Yet Towers knew he was enjoying it profoundly.

Dinner they both enjoyed, and not in silence, though Dan did most of the talking. Caltrop's house was only a kutcha building, a mound of yellow thatch among trees and encroaching tiger grass; but after that street inhabited by elephant-legged monsters, Ganesh and his crew, it seemed a heaven of luxury; it seemed almost like home, to be at a good man's table thus, refreshed and made welcome. Caltrop himself, listening, dozing over the coffee and benedictine, sat low in his chair and smoked a pipe, like one to whom the presence of a companion was half real, half a contented fancy.

"So," drawled this lean hermit, "you wish to see my Maharaja, do you? It won't be any good, Towers. Not a bit. Even I don't know where the beggar is, and if I did —— Oh, it's no use. Go on, tell me some more of your life. Most entertaining. What energy!"

While Dan told him he reached lazily behind his chair and pulled from a sideboard drawer the first sheaf of papers that his hand lighted upon.

"Humph!" said Caltrop, choosing one paper at random. "In confidence, now"—and he tossed it across the table—"look there!"

It was a long bill, written in the English commercial hand of some baboo.

JEEJEEBHOY MOHUN DASS & CO. LTD.

CHOWRINGHEE ROAD

In Account With

H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF MAYAGANJ

	DR.	CR.
To 1 doz. pointer dogs, Rs.	3000	
2 pots marmalade . .	2	
Mechanical piano, U. S. A.	6200	
3 Best English fowling-piece	4500	
Bootlaces	1	
Champagne, as per invoice	2160	
Brandy, as per invoice.	1820	
4 silver caskets for cigars, at Rs. 300 . .	1200	
Repairing mechanical piano	580	
1 doz. books, our Selection No. 1 .	90	
Old Tom, as per invoice	300	
2 cases roller skate . .	450	
Pigeon foodings	40	
Repairing the carpet	15	
Porter, 4 bottles	2	
Sola Topes	26	
Horse, per Ibrahim of Penang	5000	
Puppy cake	850	
Embrocation for horse	8	
Embrocation for self.	8	
Marshmallows, U. S. A.	15	
By 3 motor launches returned		4650
Horse, per Ibrahim do		5000
Mechanical piano do		6200

Dan laughed, and handed back the sheet.

"They don't reckon annas and pies," he observed.

"No; never with H. H. the M." Caltrop sighed. "He's not a bad fellow, though. Humph! Tragic. Let's take a walk and see his palace if you care to."

The Englishman put the bill away, refilled his pipe, stretched his long worn limbs, and rose.

They took their walk together in twilight, by a neglected path that, overhung with weeds and bushes, led them up slightly rising ground to a crenelated wall of old faded brickwork, and between buttresses in this wall to a heavy door. Caltrop unlocked the door, and with a weary motion invited Dan to enter. They stood in a dark, mournful garden crowded with funereal trees, untrimmed shrubbery and marble kiosks whose fantastic cupolas and pillars were

(Continued on Page 28)

LIVE AND LET LIVE!

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

ROBERT L. JONES was his name; but they called him Bobbie. That affectionate diminutive had been attached in youth and seemed likely to attend him through life, at which the young man himself was inclined to protest. He had been Bobbie in knickerbockers and Bobbie in trousers, Bobbie in school and Bobbie in college, and he didn't so much mind being Bobbie when round with the fellows; but it was a bit wearisome to find that he was also to be Bobbie in the real-estate office of Calahan & Son—except when old Calahan had him over the coals for something, and then it was "Jones! Let me see you a moment."

"The very devil!" Bobbie used to stew. "Why don't they call me Pussie or Susie? I'd just as lief!"

But no one ever did, for the simple reason that there was nothing effeminate about Bobbie. The man who plays right guard at Dartmouth in his freshman year, then moves over to tackle and stays there for three solid seasons of as tough gridironing as the green-and-white ever went through, is not effeminate. He may be modest; he may foozle and blush when his fingers touch a certain woman's; and he may be as putty in the hands of a scheming business pirate like Martin Calahan; but he will have some grit and stamina, and, if pushed into going over the top, is likely to develop a good deal of power in attack.

However, more distasteful than the name to Bobbie was his clear perception of the fact that people loved him more than they respected him.

"It's just that I haven't got much of a nut for business," was his own way of diagnosing the case; "and I'm so darned easy-going and gullible that everybody puts it over on me."

Martin Calahan was a diagnostician of keener sort.

"The trouble with you, Bobbie," he decided one day as he fingered his faded goatee and gazed out of small saffron eyes over pouched cheeks at the subject of his speculations, "the trouble with you is that you are too sportsmanlike. You're bright enough, but you think too much of the other fellow. Leave him to take care of himself; that's his particular business in life. You take care of yourself; that's your call to exist."

"Just the Price of the New Car Drusilla's Palavering for for Her Birthday," Commented Mr. Lathrop Witheringly

And it seemed after a time as if Bobbie had learned this. At any rate, he did master a few of the simpler rudiments of selling—such as, for instance, not to knock one's own property and not to boost one's rival's. Once in a while, too, he sold a lot, and Calahan began to think the fourteen hundred a year he was paying the young man, just to have one born gentleman round the office whose a's were broad and soft, and who could meet the swells who came down to rent cottages for the summer, was not money absolutely thrown out of the window.

By and by, too, it began to be noticed that Bobbie, instead of selling a lot only now and then, was actually vending a good many of them. At least Bobbie noticed it; and he brought that fact to the attention of Mr. Calahan so repeatedly that, to get rid of hearing about it, he raised Bobbie's salary to sixteen hundred; and then, after importunity and six months of elapsed time—the lot selling still continuing—to eighteen hundred, at which point the raising stopped with a kind of jar, as if it had struck something hard.

But the probability is Bobbie did not notice that, for about this time Drusilla began to absorb more and more of his thoughts, his dreams, his energies, his time. Drusilla was tall and comely and she had rakish black eyes; which latter, however, were not to her discredit, for they were veiled by modest lashes and she possessed a heart of gold. Bobbie, by the way, was also tall—taller than he looked, on account of the football shoulders—but, instead of being dark like Drusilla, he was blond; and, as the reader must already have suspected, he possessed no gold soever.

When Bobbie had reported the raising of his salary to eighteen hundred, Drusilla agreed with him that the time had come when he might safely ask her father. The young man, aided and abetted as he was, went to this task grimly but hopefully.

The Lathrops lived in the big house of many gables on the edge of the town, where the old stone fence comes down the hill and the country proper begins. Wide lawns surround the mansion and chestnut trees and a wealth of shrubbery almost hide it from the road. The time chosen was three in the afternoon, when Daniel Lathrop, awakened from his after-dinner nap, was enjoying a cigar on the veranda before ordering the car round for a run down to the docks to see what, in the two hours since he had left, might have happened to the comfortable business in coal, lumber and stone the Daniel Lathrop Company carried on. This was supposed to be the most approachable hour in her father's day, which was why Drusilla, clever strategist, had chosen it; yet Bobbie had not got his matter half out when Papa Lathrop cranked himself up with a cough and jarred Bobbie with a glance that searched and sifted him to the toes.

"Twen-n-ty-seven years old, young man," he interjected with brusque displeasure, "and no smoke on the ball yet!"

This cynical observation was delivered with a tone and an emphasis calculated to make clear that Bobbie, by such tardiness of personal achievement, had set himself entirely outside the pale of hope.

"But I—I've got prospects," floundered Bobbie.

"Prospects!" snorted Lathrop, color appearing in the roots of his iron-gray hair. "You work for that flimflammer, Calahan."

Bobbie—credulous child—was honestly shocked.

"Mr. Calahan is not a flimflammer," he protested loyally. "He's a fair and square business man."

"Don't I know?" peeved Daniel Lathrop, letting his gray eyes wander away to the horizons of time long past. "Didn't I have dealin's with him once? He's a cheat! He would do you out of the dinky little salary he pays you if he could."

"It's eighteen hundred a year he pays me," corrected Bobbie with dignity; this was one of the details he hadn't got out yet.

"Just the price of the new car Drusilla's palavering for for her birthday," commented Mr. Lathrop witheringly; and then he contemplated the ash of his cigar during a moment of embarrassed silence on Bobbie's part, for there was no answer to be made to a remark like that by a man in his position.

Nevertheless, in this interval of speechlessness Daniel Lathrop's expression grew softer, and when his shrewd eyes turned up to meet the yearning wistfulness in Bobbie's, it seemed as if he had actually been considering him seriously.

"Show me something, young man!" he proposed frankly. "Show me some smoke and then we'll talk about Drusilla. And—say!—show Calahan up too. By hokey, Bob Jones, if you work for Calahan another year without finding out that he's a shell-game artist, you're either not very bright or not very honest yourself."

The flush of anger mounted on Bobbie's cheek.

"Oh, no offense, lad; no offense," propitiated Mr. Lathrop with calculation. "Bless your soul, boy, I know you're as straight as they make 'em; but Calahan's not. He's a crook! Not a big one, you understand; just the ordinary garden variety of small-town sharper in a community that's got a little too big for him, and he's makin' a bluff at tryin' to keep up. Not very keen either—Calahan's not. Most anybody who set out to could throw him."

Mr. Lathrop's car came round the corner just then and he embarked for town, thoughtlessly omitting to invite Bobbie to ride in with him—an oversight for which the latter was truly grateful, since Drusilla was waiting under the apple trees.

She knew by Bobbie's walk what her father's answer had been.

"Never mind," the girl comforted playfully when Bobbie had told his story. "I love you, even if you're not smart."

"But I am!" bristled Bobbie. "Just as smart as any of 'em. Calahan says I'm smart."

"Show them, then, Bobbie," urged Drusilla with a challenge in her smile. "Show them!"

"There you go!" protested Bobbie, feeling himself conspired against. "Just what your father said to me: 'Show me something, and then we'll talk about Drusilla'—as if you were a chattel to be bought with some sort of achievement." The young man's indignation was quite real.

Drusilla bit her lip. "Bobbie," she said, looking at him very seriously, for her whole expression had changed, "did it ever occur to you that you ought to show me something too?"

This time Drusilla's eyes were not rakish or tantalizing or mischievous. They were sober and tender; and the look of them went through Bobbie like a white-hot streak.

"Let it hurt you a little if it must, Bobbie," she said, seeing readily enough that it had hurt him. "But it's an idea you ought to get."

Bobbie flushed and his glance fell, for he understood her allusion perfectly, unexpected as the shaft was. Her father was money-making; her cousins were mostly money-making—hustling, thriving fellows in the near-by towns; and he—he was not money-making. Perhaps he had rather been taking it for granted that old Daniel Lathrop was making money enough for all three of them. That, he now saw, was a fault, even in Drusilla's eyes.

"Drusilla, you're right," he said, and his head was lifted high and balanced proudly on the broad shoulders. "I'll show you! I'll show your father. I'll show 'em all."

Drusilla did not express the entire voltage of the thrill of joy that this assurance, so ready, so serious and so manly, gave her; but she smiled happily and then framed upon her lips a red double rose that was entirely ripe for plucking. Bobbie plucked, after noticing first that a low-hanging bough screened the roadway, and then watched while Drusilla, twirling her fantastically figured blue-and-white parasol over a graceful shoulder, made way, with a springy girlish stride, across the turf to the house, hidden amid trees and shrubbery.

Trudging thoughtfully back to town, Bobbie decided a part of his failure lay in the fact that he lacked opportunity. One of the outstanding traits of the young man's character

was that when he felt the lack of a thing he never had the least hesitance about going to someone who might possess it and asking for it. He was almost naïve about that; and he could do it neatly. Bobbie Jones was a most unobjectionable asker. The outcome of this half hour of trudging and thinking was that he went straight to Mr. Calahan and told him he thought he could do better work for the firm and for himself if he were a partner instead of an employee.

Martin Calahan, brooding over the future of his own ugly son with all the solicitude of a hen with one chick, was naturally struck with the presumption of this idea—not to say the preposterousness of it. Yet, with his usual soapy manner, he gazed at Bobbie kindly, much more kindly than Daniel Lathrop had looked at him when he proposed a partnership with the Lathrop family.

"You haven't got it in you, Bobbie," he assured him, and his air was that of fatherly regret. "To tell you the truth, you're not a natural real-estate man. You haven't got the drive. Look at Ben, out there now, bucking the line every minute. Nothing stops him; nothing bests him. Just put over a deal to-day for a new tract of housebuildin' land. Ben's got the makings of a man of big business."

Bobbie followed the proud, affectionate glance of Calahan Senior through two open doorways to the private office of Calahan Junior, and his eyes rested with unreasonable distaste upon the flat-nosed, elephant-waisted figure of Ben.

"Ben has got the goods. You haven't," was Martin's frank but uncomplimentary induction, after a fresh comparison of the two.

"I'll admit I haven't got the same kind of goods as Ben," conceded Bobbie, with a malice in his humor that was no more recognized than the humor itself.

But Calahan, thinking swiftly, had by this time hit upon a scheme for dampening the fires of hope in the breast of his too-aspiring employee.

"You think you've got the stuff in you to make a member of the firm," he postulated cunningly. "Why, you don't even know that you earn your salary as it is; and I don't. Tell you what I'll do, Bobbie"—and Martin's manner was that of conferring an important favor: "I'll cut your salary off and put you on a commission basis entirely."

Bobbie did not faint, but things grew dark round him. No salary? Why, salary was the red corpuscle in the blood of life to him. With salary he paid his board and his dues at Country and Cotillon Clubs. With salary he managed those sartorial effects that so pleased the eye of Drusilla.

Calahan, meantime, was developing the new idea—smacking his lips over it, in fact—for he did dearly love to cut off an irritating expense; such, for instance, as the salary of Bobbie Jones.

"I'll pay you ten per cent," decided Martin, figuring with a pencil on a memorandum pad. "No, twelve—I'll be liberal with you—twelve per cent straight on all our property you sell like, for instance, the lots in the Western Addition; and fifty per cent—no, sixty per cent—of our commission on all property you sell for account of our customers. See that!"

Calahan held up the figures on a piece of paper. But Bobbie could not see the figures at all. He was thinking about the slack weeks of winter that followed the little flare-up of business in the fall; yet there was Mr. Calahan pressing the figures into his hand.

"Show us something!" he challenged; and Bobbie was immensely irritated at this unconscious iteration by his boss of what everybody else had been saying to him this day.

It seemed to him that he and his employer ceased to be friends right there; in fact, were in danger of becoming mortal enemies. It was on this latter account that Bobbie demanded coldly:

"Put it in writing."

The Old Lady Dispossessed Bobbie of Pen and Chair, and Wrote a New Agreement

Mr. Calahan touched a button; a stenographer came and he dictated the form of a contract between Calahan & Son, parties of the first part, and Robert L. Jones, party of the second part, while Bobbie tried to assume an unmoved air and to pretend he had got exactly what he wanted out of this interview. As a matter of fact, he had not. He felt that he had been practically discharged. At any rate, he had been detached. Yet that night he told Drusilla about it boastingly.

"They've given me a chance at last," he said.

"Isn't that great?" said Drusilla; but he could see that she thought it was rather rotten.

He had, therefore, to prove to her that it was great; and he buckled in. For the first time in his business career Bobbie Jones and real work shook hands, became acquainted, and went about arm in arm oftentimes from morning till midnight. The young man learned through stern necessity to chase a commission relentlessly, to dog it to its lair and wring it ruthlessly from the hands of procrastination and indecision.

In consequence the first month on the new basis saw his earnings net a hundred and ninety-four dollars; and the second month they were two hundred and forty. But the strain of this told on Bobbie. He used to find himself in the midst of a talk with a girl at a dance, or in the moment of addressing his ball on the links—in the rare times now when he got to the links—with veiled eyes and mind, while a chaffering pro and con for the sale of a lot went on in the back of his brain. He was getting thin, too, and nervous. Drusilla complained that he was quick-tempered and absent-minded, and much less entertaining than formerly.

"Never Mind," the Girl Comforted. "I Love You, Even if You're Not Smart"

The girl must have whispered something of this to her father, for one day, across the Sunday dinner table, and apropos of nothing at all, Mr. Lathrop remarked:

"Why don't you sell something bigger? It's not much more work to sell a ten-thousand-dollar lot than a two-hundred-dollar one."

Bobbie acknowledged the suggestion with a grateful nod, but in his heart he looked at Daniel almost pityingly. As if anyone could suppose that Calahan & Son would let him have a crack at a ten-thousand-dollar lot! Aloud he said:

"That's just what I've been thinking, Mr. Lathrop. I've got to get hold of something bigger."

The next day this something bigger burst on him like a sunrise at one A. M. Bobbie was down on the water front trying to sell a lot in Calahan's Home Tract to Pedroni, the tugboat captain, when a shower drove the two of them for shelter into a little ship chandler's store, with its clutter of strange shapes and its smell of tar, tallow, soap and turpentine. Pedroni was hard to land and finally wriggled off the hook. The ship chandler, a bearded postgraduate of the sea, with bright, shrewd eyes behind his glasses, coughed sympathetically.

"You can't pin them Dagos down to nothin'," he remarked.

Bobbie was not in a mood for sympathy.

"No!" he snapped disgustedly, and was folding up his maps and papers.

"Scuse me for buttin' in," apologized the old man with a nervous tug at his beard; "but what's a feller with a line of talk like yours wastin' it on two-hundred-dollar lots for? Look at this!" He waved his hand toward a rime-misted window.

Bobbie looked out; but all he could see was water—the wide sweep of the estuary where it branched out from the river and sprawled over some miles of mud flats.

"What's the idea?" he inquired carelessly, still busy with his papers.

"Shipbuildin' plants," said the old man, pointing to two or three small shipways on the opposite bank, where light wooden craft of from a thousand to fifteen hundred tons were coming on toward launching.

"I don't get you," confessed Bobbie.

The old man tapped the daily paper he had been reading.

"The world is crazy to get ships. Capital is crazy about organizin' shipbuilding companies—great big concerns that will be puttin' up twenty or thirty of them ocean greyhounds and cargo-carriers at once, maybe—that'll want fifty to a hundred acres of land for a plant."

The old man seemed surprised that Bobbie still looked unenlightened.

"Don't you real-estate fellers ever calc'late that one of these shipbuildin' plants might locate at Port Judson?" he inquired, peering up into Bobbie's eyes. "It's on deep water; it's close to the sea; and it ain't so tarnation far to coal. Besides, there's the other railroad, only four miles off, that could run in a branch line. Or you can float your steel and lumber in for that matter, just the same as you'll float the ships out."

"It's covered with water," objected Bobbie, looking out with renewed interest, but scratching his head.

"There's sand and clay at the bottom," assured the old man. "The dredges fill it in for a few cents a yard, and part of a ship plant has to be water—deep water too."

"By George!" exclaimed Bobbie, and he went outside to get a better look; where, with the old man at his side, waving his folded newspaper and pointing out the advantages of the situation, he grasped the possibilities quickly. Feature after feature of the enterprise broke out in his mind like sails on a ship, till all at once there was the idea, full-rigged, every foot of canvas spreading and scudding like a seven-master across the forewater of his eye.

"By Jove, Mr.—Mr. —— What's your name?"

"Elkins; Cap Elkins is my name," said the old man.

"Jones is mine," confessed Bobbie, thrusting out his hand. "That's a good idea of yours, captain. A big idea! I'm going to get busy on it."

"If the haul is a good one I calc'late you'll remember the old duffer that give you the hunch," suggested the ship chandler artlessly.

"I certainly will, Captain Elkins!" declared Bobbie; and, to make assurance doubly sure, he shook hands with him again.

About seventeen minutes later Bobbie was entering the office of Calahan Senior.

"Mr. Calahan! Mr. Calahan!" he began, bubbling with excitement, and commenced immediately to reproduce, with elaborations, the talk the old ship chandler had given him.

Martin Calahan listened coldly.

"My business is sellin' land—not water," he announced by way of a first objection; and then he rebuked Bobbie solemnly for such ill-judged enthusiasm. "Jones," he said, "there's three thousand acres of that tideland down there, and it ain't changed a mite since I was a boy and used to sail catboats over it. Not a mite! It's so worthless it isn't even assessed. If anybody was to want a piece of it they couldn't find who owned it. You go along now and sell them lots down on the west side; and you let that salt water alone."

Bobbie went out to his desk crestfallen, and Calahan Senior beckoned to Calahan Junior through the glass partitions. Ben, after due deliberation, being exhausted by the renting of a house that had constituted his entire labors for the day, swaggered in.

"What do you suppose that Bobbie has got buzzin' in his nut now?"

"Frisk me!" sneered the fustian son of a fustian father.

"Water lots!" laughed the old man. "Thinks we might get out and tie up a lot of that tideland with options, and then sit down and wait for one of these big shipbuildin' plants to come down here and take it off our hands for a million dollars an acre!"

Ben threw back his head, closed his eyes and parted his wide lips in a coarse haw-haw that kept time to the merry undulations of his father's sandy goatee.

Bobbie knew that these cachinnations were aimed at him, and they angered him greatly; but, besides that, they deepened the hue of his resolution to the point of instant action. Across the street was the courthouse and in it the assessor's office with maps, while adjacent thereto was the recorder's office with its transcripts of all deeds. The young man, in his heat, went over and demanded information of these dusty archives. They yielded it reluctantly, and such as they gave convinced Bobbie that Calahan was mostly right as to the present and past of this tideland property. It stood in the old maps under various names and only a single piece of it had ever strayed upon the assessment rolls, and that was apparently for the reason that a narrow strip of it stood aboveground at high tide and gave assurance of something really there besides a bed for clams. This property, too, by reason of its contiguousness to the estuary channel on one side and the solid shore line on the other, was far and away the most promising possibility as a site for a shipbuilding concern.

Accordingly Bobbie glued his purpose to it tightly, noting, as the next important detail, that it stood in the assessment rolls in the name of Hancock. Investigation revealed that the original Hancock was long deceased, but that his widow survived and lived in Wallacetown.

Bobbie went home to sleep on this information, but slept only a little. He was thinking of what the old ship chandler had said; of what Daniel Lathrop had said, and Calahan; yes, and Drusilla. And a thrill of elation passed through him—for the young man felt it in his veins that he was now about to show them!

Next morning his confidence was so enlarged that he went out to look at Drusilla's future home. It was an oak-studded knoll that lay just halfway between the Lathrop residence and the Country Club, and it sloped away gently toward the sea. It would be an admirable setting for a bungalow, and a bungalow would be an admirable setting for Drusilla. For the first time, now, Bobbie had the courage to inquire from Parson Ellis what his price was.

"I cal'late two thousand," said the parson.

"Asking price, two thousand dollars; selling price, eighteen hundred," reflected Bobbie, knowing the way of these people.

The day being Saturday, he could take the afternoon train for Wallacetown without the necessity of apprising anyone but Drusilla whither he was journeying. There he learned without difficulty that the Widow Hancock lived two miles out of town; and, the weather being fine, he walked the distance, to find the lady at home and revealed to him as a gaunt, gray woman in the vigorous sixties—keen, impatient, wary.

"Robert Jones, of Port Judson? Be you Myry Jones' boy?" she demanded abruptly.

Bobbie, in some surprise, admitted that his mother's name was Myra.

"Land sake!" ejaculated the widow, recessed eyes gleaming brightly. "Myra and me went to school together." From this moment all signs of wariness disappeared. "Ten years ago Myra died—wa'n't it?"

Bobbie nodded gravely.

"I thought I remembered readin' it," observed the widow sympathetically; and, with this much concession to sentiment, both her expression and her manner bade the visitor state his business, and state it quickly.

The doing of this revealed at once a painful awareness on the part of the widow that she possessed certain water acreage in Port Judson.

"I've paid forty dollars a year taxes on them lots since I can remember," she complained. "I'd 'a' dropped 'em long ago, but Silas always clung to them lots. 'They'll be valyable some day,' was his argyment; but I'm tired of waitin'. If you'll give me two thousand dollars you can have 'em. That's just about half the taxes I've paid on 'em since Silas died."

Two thousand dollars! Something inside Bobbie jumped like a horse taking a hurdle. Why, he—even he—by borrowing round, could raise two thousand dollars, and in his dreams these lots were worth ten—perhaps twenty—thousand dollars! But there was that other side to Bobbie which Martin Calahan had not yet entirely educated out of him.

"Oh, Mrs. Hancock," he protested, "they are worth ever so much more than that!"

"Honest, ain't you?" interjected the widow quickly; but her eyes lighted cannily as she followed up his admission with: "And you calc'late they might be worth more than two thousand, eh?"

"More than twenty," ventured Bobbie, somewhat extravagantly—"that is, they may be. Of course they mightn't be worth anything, you understand. It's just a dream of mine—or of another man's, really; but if we can induce one of the big shipbuilding companies that are being organized now to locate at Port Judson, why, they might pay twenty—yes, or even thirty thousand for your property, because really it's the most desirable site there."

The widow smacked her lips avidly, but there was calculation in her eye as she asked:

"It's a matter of inducin' 'em to come, is it?"

"That was my idea," said Bobbie; "that we would undertake to show them why they should come to Port Judson, and then we could sell 'em your land."

"You figure you'd have to assist Nature a little?" inquired the widow shrewdly.

"Yes." And Bobbie, determined to drive a good bargain for his firm, added: "We'd ought to have a pretty stiff commission for all that work—ten per cent, at least."

"My only fear is that they won't come," confessed the widow anxiously. "Yes; I'll give you ten per cent commission on any amount up to thirty thousand. You said thirty, didn't you?"

Bobbie blushed to remember that a few moments ago, in his extravagance, he had said thirty, though now the widow's concerned look and that expression of avidity about the mouth rebuked him for raising hopes so recklessly. Nevertheless, his mind still clung to the figure for a moment and computed its possibilities. Ten per cent of thirty thousand dollars was three thousand, as Calahan & Son's share; and sixty per cent of three thousand was eighteen hundred, as his share—just the price of the site for Drusilla's bungalow.

"Yes, I did mention thirty thousand," admitted Bobbie; "but of course ——"

The look in the widow's eyes was hungrier and her withered lips trembled as she cut him off.

"Tell you what I'll do, young man," she proposed hopefully: "I'll make it an object to you to put some dynamite into this scheme of yours. I'll give you ten per cent on any price you get up to fifty thousand dollars." Bobby smiled at the mere idea of fifty thousand dollars. It was not in the perspective of possibilities. "And for all you get over fifty thousand dollars," concluded the widow impressively, "I'll split even with you, share and share alike—fifty-fifty, as they say in these smart times."

Mrs. Hancock straightened up and gazed at Bobbie benignly, with the air of having bequeathed a fortune to him. Bobbie managed to look respectful; but that was all. Thirty thousand for the water lots was the top edge of his imagination.

"You draw up the agreement now," said the widow, "so it'll all be set down in black and white, and we'll know just where we stand."

Feeling mildly important, Bobbie obliged, sitting down at an old walnut desk in a corner, to which the widow had directed him, and removing the cap from his fountain pen. Meantime that lady summoned the hired man.

"You take the automobile," Bobbie heard her say, "and go down to the village and bring out Squire Morris, with his seal, to witness some writin's."

It was evident the widow was going to have the thing done up right. This was more apparent when she took up Bobbie's draft to look it over.

"Calahan & Son? Who are they?"

"That's my firm," explained Bobbie proudly.

"Calahan? Calahan?" The widow put up her brows while she inquired impersonally of the past. "Not Martin Calahan?"

"Yes; Martin Calahan," assented Bobbie suavely.

"Not for me, then!" voted Mrs. Hancock with decision. "I don't do no business with the Calahans. Not after what Martin done to Cousin Dan'l once."

"Cousin Dan'l?" inquired Bobbie.

"Dan'l Lathrop, my second cousin," vouchsafed the lady, and added: "The hull family cut their eyeteeth on the Calahans then."

A puzzle cleared up in Bobbie's mind. So that was it! Calahan had got the best of a deal with hard old Daniel Lathrop sometime in the dim past, and this accounted for that stubborn gentleman's aspersions on the honesty of his employer. Instead of warning Bobbie against Calahan, this rather enhanced respect for his astuteness.

"I don't do no business with the Calahans," insisted the widow obstinately; and then, as Bobbie's countenance fell, she suggested: "But why don't you take it on as a private spec' of your own?"

"Oh, that wouldn't be ethical," assured Bobbie. "I am in their employ—their representative."

"Finicky, ain't you?" decided the widow, eyes still skimming the contract. "And here—you didn't put in about

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"Hoo-ray!" Shouted That Hilarious Old Salt, Throwing Up His Newspaper. "Hoo-Hooray!"

Japan Amazes and Amuses

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

THE last time I sailed out of Yokohama Harbor Fujiyama "came down to the sea." So I knew that sooner or later I should return.

Ordinarily that justly famed mountain stands afar off, a white-crested glory seen across miles of gray roofs, of glistening rice fields and soft low hills. And too often it is hidden away for weeks on end in banks of cloud. But on very clear days, and especially in winter, it seems sometimes to come very close and to hover in the foreground of one's vision in compelling and almost overwhelming majesty. Truly, it is not an overrated mountain.

Lucky for you, if you like Japan, that you leave Japan on such a day, because if Fuji does not lift her head out of the clouds long enough at least to speed you on your way you will never come back. This is a thing to be believed.

And I believe it. I believed it for many years. Time and time again I have sailed away from Yokohama, and always, without fail, shining Fuji has shone for me. And always I have said:

"Yes, of course I shall return." And for the thirteenth time I am here.

This is my thirteenth visit to Japan; I landed here the first time just thirteen years ago; and Japan is the thirteenth country I have been in since the war began. If I believed in any but pleasing superstitions I might, at this point, get up, turn round twice and knock on wood.

The Charm of Old Japan

BUT I think I shall just sit still and take no precautions at all. It will be interesting to give the fates their own way for once. In any case if it means only that this is my final and farewell appearance in the Island Empire I shall not be too terribly grieved. Already there is a thought in the back of my mind to be likened unto the meaning of the old adage about carrying a pitcher once too often to the well; and it may just be that I have a vague idea of saving, if I can, a few old impressions to take with me on my way and to turn to with some satisfaction in the days to come, when the memories in the making now shall have been blended in a general acceptance of a made-over world. Such impressions, if one has them, should be kept away from Japan, because in Japan, as Japan now is, they fade so far into the background as to be all but completely lost.

It is the Japanese themselves who are writing these days about the seductiveness of old Japan. And in English too. It is as though they were afraid it would be forgotten.

"Trifles from her past are forever gathering friends among sensitive minds," writes Mr. Yanagi. "Flowerlike, moonlike, she charms and catches you unaware in a silver net." Which is true; but with all his delicate appreciation of that old life this writer is a rank modern who exults in the "thirsty, free, green minds" of the young Japanese, and who claims with characteristic ingenuousness that in everything relating to progressiveness and thirst for knowledge "we, the younger generation, are the seniors of our forefathers, perhaps even senior to all other nations."

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth!

However, I am going back to my ship now and come ashore face forward. To begin then:

The only thrill to be enjoyed on a transpacific voyage in these perilous days is provided by the stormy petrel.

The Banners Over the Street Advertise Moving-Picture Shows

Packing Japanese Goods for America

Street Scene in Yokohama, Japan

When that extraordinary bird stretches its black neck up in preparation for a swift skimming flight across the surface of the sea it looks so much like a periscope that its mode of living would surely be hazardous if transpacific ships carried guns. Though maybe they do. Let us rather say that the life of a stormy petrel would be in danger if transpacific gun crews were anything but steady-nerved and casual.

Rumors of submarines in the Pacific are practically continuous, and some precautions are taken to meet a possible German *coup*, but of course one is not expected to say what they are. My own placid sense of safety all the way over was due largely to my belief that no submarine would dare to venture into the zone through which we chose to travel, even though it might be able to get past the naval watch of many nations. Midsummer though it happened to be, there were days when our northern horizon was saw-toothed with ice mountains, and all the time we sat on deck huddled in rugs and furs, or hunted comfortable corners in the library away from marrow-chilling winds. When the winds were still, cold fogs would rise and the great horn would begin to bellow. It was not pleasant, but it was to be preferred to the taut suspense one suffers on the seas where German submarines are known to bear one company. Though I must hasten to record that this route was not chosen for any other reason than that it is the shortest way across the Pacific.

When we started down the western curve of the great half circle that we cut across the ocean there were days when we had no horizon at all, so completely enveloping the fog was. And it seemed to me as though, wrapped in mist, we were steaming farther and farther away from the war and from all that the war means to the world that is suffering its consequences. And so we were. The Japanese may say what they will, Japan is farther from the war than any other country involved, and probably realizes it least of all. At any rate that is the impression one gets.

There is a little man who comes aboard your ship outside Yokohama and who says:

"Ekka-scuse, please, I am the—sh-sh-ah-Custom House."

And by sibilantly polite degrees—much intake of breath through closely shut teeth—he gets the purser to tell him everything that any self-respecting purser would tell to anybody. Then: "*Yoroshii!*" he says in solemn satisfaction; which soft and conciliatory word means "All right!" in any and every sense that may happen to apply.

However, this official is not to be laughed at. He is a highly accomplished little man and a very useful citizen of a country whose language has not a chance on earth of ever being chosen as the universal medium of communication. In our ports we have to have interpreters for all the languages but our own, and it is safe to say that a large majority of them are foreigners who have acquired English, and not Americans who have acquired foreign languages. We have no time for such nonsense, but maybe our attitude would be different if we were poor and small and sufficiently hampered in our national efforts and ambitions.

Business English in the East

JAPAN, in her eager adoption of English, the almost universal language of trade, is gradually becoming bilingual; in fact, the whole world is. Money talks, and it behooves those who desire to attract money to speak money's, for the time being, favorite language. I used to think that pidgin English was a name applied to a Chinese jargon that sounded to English ears like some kind of bird talk, and when I learned that "pidgin" is a perfectly legitimate word which means "business" I felt as though I had been robbed of one of my most fanciful conceptions. Business English long since became a necessity in most of the ports of the world.

But we must look to the future. If the Japanese are able to establish their claim to seniority in all the heritages of

humanity the time may come when other peoples may be learning business Japanese. Stranger things than that have happened; and there are straws in the wind—straws in the wind!

Just now there is a fiction extant, which nearly all foreign newcomers in Japan accept as truth, to the effect that if you speak a little of the language of the country the Japanese will believe you know something about their customs and conditions, and will be more likely to be fair in their dealings with you. So the newcomer often makes laborious efforts to acquire a few useful words and sentences. The numerals, together with "How much?" "You are asking too much!" "You are a robber!" and "What do you think I am?" are supposed just about to fill the bill; but to all differences of opinion with regard to the fairness of a price asked for anything the Japanese answer is usually in English, not in Japanese.

"Ver' cheap!" they always say; "not too dear; ver' cheap!" Though lately they have learned a brand-new answer. It is:

"Oh, yes, ver' dear! Ev'thing ver' dear! Ev'thing Japanese buy ver' dear! Wartime! Ahy-yahy! I ver' sorrow! Please you take."

There is one little book of useful phrases and sentences which was compiled by a Japanese and which, as an illumination of the Japanese character, is better than anything else I have ever come across. One of the conversations which he soberly sets down opposite an easily pronounceable Japanese translation is supposed to be between a customer and the keeper of a curio shop. It runs like this: "Have you any good pouch toggles?"

[Parenthetically, what the author calls a pouch toggle is a *netsuke* in Japanese—a little carved ivory or wood button affair for suspending the purse or pipe and tobacco pouch from the girdle.]

"Yes, some very fine ones; but they are very expensive."

"Oh, of course! Naturally! But show them to me, please."

"Here is one by Yoshimura Shuizan, of Nara. It is very old and very rare."

"Yes, it is rather good. How much do you ask for it?"

"It is so rare that I really don't like to part with it."

"No, certainly not! You are a collector, not a dealer. You all are. I know you. You are in business for your health. Well, how much do you want for it?"

"The lowest price I can take is one hundred yen."

"What! One hundred yen! Why, you old villain! You make me laugh!"

"I cannot come down."

"Well, you will come down if you expect me to buy it. I'll give you twenty yen for it."

"Oh, honorable mister! Impossible!"

"Now don't make me haggle. I don't like it. This is not the first *netsuke* I ever bought, and you may as well stop quoting fancy prices. I'll split the difference with you this time and give you twenty-two yen, fifty sen."

"Fifty yen, please, honorable mister."

"Twenty-two yen, fifty sen!"

"Very well; I suppose it cannot be helped. I will part with it to you at that ridiculous price, but it is a great sacrifice."

"Yes, you rare old philanthropist! You are so pleased at having robbed me that you can hardly contain yourself!"

Another pleasantly enlightening little talk is between a hotel landlord and a departing guest.

"Please bring me my bill," says the guest. He gets it, and before the landlord has a chance to say anything he exclaims:

"Why, you unmitigated rascal! What do you mean by giving me such an outrageous bill?"

"Honorable mister, lately, owing perhaps to the war, everything is very dear."

"Well, it has hit you harder than it has anybody else. Come now, this is unreasonable!"

The landlord is evidently not quite sure of himself.

"Perhaps it is a miscalculation, sir," he says.

"Well, you find out!" retorts the guest.

The landlord goes away and returns presently with a corrected account.

"It was a clerical error, sir. I have made it right."

"Oh, you have, have you? What is your regular charge for a room for the night?"

"Eighty sen, sir."

"Then why have you charged me two yen?"

The guest evidently thought he had him there; but not at all.

"Oh," says the landlord, "foreign gentlemen always pay two yen."

It really is a wonderful little book.

But to start back toward quarantine:

He doesn't mean any harm, Mister Custom House doesn't. He knows as well as anybody that the customs inspection of first-class baggage at Yokohama is a mere matter of form, even in wartime. You see, very few travelers ever bring anything to Japan for keeps. A few foreign residents may, and I suppose they are duly attended to; but their comings and goings do not constitute the bulk of the traffic. It is the exceptional, the very rare foreigner who comes to Japan with an idea of taking money out of the country, while the usual visitor brings a tidy sum with him to be spent for fascinating knickknacks and other native products. One reads of the thousands of visitors who come every year and who leave hundreds of thousands of yen behind them. Leaving it behind them is just about

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THE MAXIM—CAVEAT EMPTOR

By WILBUR HALL

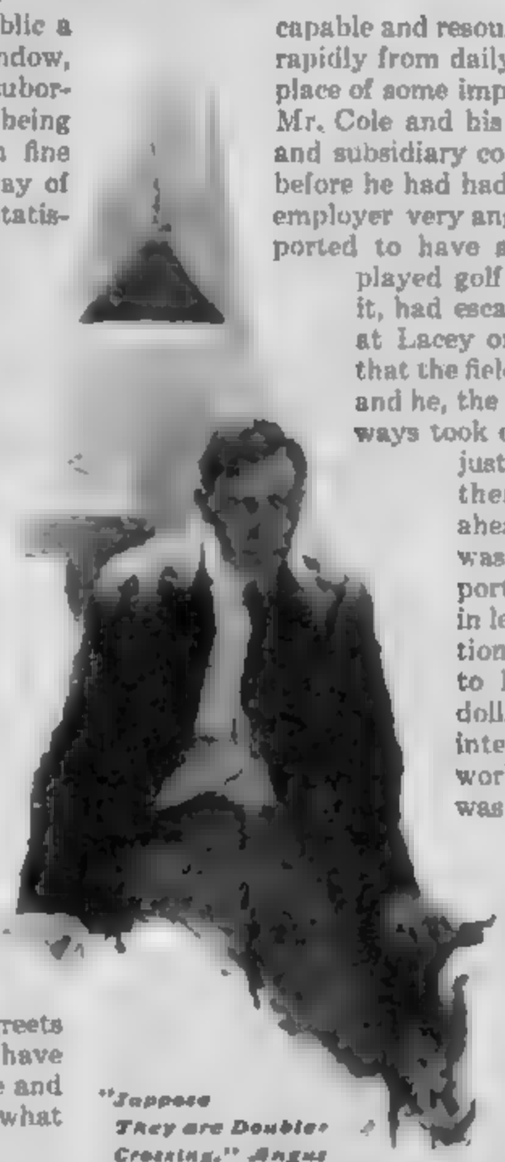
ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT IS a well-known fact that our great men, such as governors, captains of industry and movie producers, save much time and annoyance by the simple device of hiding in back rooms during business hours and keeping between themselves and the public a series of shock absorbers—the girl at the wicket window, the office boy running largely to neck and wrists, a subordinate clerk with a bundle of papers and an air of being rushed to death, and sometimes a chief clerk with fine puckers between his eyes and an absent-minded way of saying "What was it you wanted?" I suppose that statisticians could tell you exactly how many days, weeks, months or years our personages gain by way of these inner and outer tylers. But I rise to ask at this time whether anyone has ever sought to determine how much they lose by the same process!

The offices of Oil King Cole, through which passes about one-third of the whole petroleum business of California, are conducted on the theory that no one who goes there to see the capitalist really wants to see him. It is assumed instead that what they really want is to become chummy with the office boys, or to exchange banter with a stenographer, or to lean in and confide their secrets to Earl Wade, the tariff clerk, or to Roy Roberts or Tom Briggs, or to Mark Jones, the statistician, or to lay their naked souls before the cold eyes of General Manager Frederick Gallinger. Usually the system breaks down the visitor's reserve; it is only occasionally that one of them appears who will not be convinced that the oil king is not the man he wants to see. Such a hard-headed citizen is led into a private cell, if he is insistent enough; there he waits, *incomunicado*, as we police reporters used to say, until, quite worn out, he leaves, slamming a door. Out of the whole number perhaps one per cent penetrate to the inner sanctuary. And there, likely as not, Oil King Cole greets them with open arms and a cigar, and asks if they have had any trouble getting in. Probably they always lie and say no. If one of them would up and tell the oil baron what he thinks of his system ——

Angus Lacey did so on one occasion, and it was contemplation of his experience that prompted the above animadversions. Angus, as it happened, was employed by Oil King Cole himself as a superintendent of certain important field operations, which should have made him cautious. But Angus had a way of expressing his convictions, and no false sense of delicacy ever deterred him from frankness when he was unreasonably delayed or annoyed. We have, therefore and therefrom, the tale of the ancient and somewhat dubious legal maxim: Let the buyer beware!

As his name indicates, Angus Lacey was Scotch; as his position with the petroleum potentate suggests, he was a capable and resourceful youth. He had risen rapidly from daily labor in the oil fields to a place of some importance in the activities of Mr. Cole and his twenty-odd oil companies and subsidiary corporations. A few months before he had had the temerity to make his employer very angry, and Cole, who was reported to have a blood pressure and who played golf every afternoon to reduce it, had escaped apoplexy in his wrath at Lacey only through the discovery that the field superintendent was right and he, the oil king, wrong. Cole always took defeat stormily, but he was just, and he liked a fighter; therefore Angus had forged ahead. His immediate task was the construction of an important oil-pipe line forty miles in length, and on its completion, his employer had confided to him, depended a million-dollar sale. The young superintendent was crowding the work, and the end of the job was in sight when he was told of an opportunity to invest his savings in a certain obscure oil stock. A little in doubt, Angus decided to go directly to Mr. Cole and ask his advice.



"Suppose They are Double-Crossing," Angus Mused; "What's the Best Card to Play Against Them?"

It was the first time he had ever been in the oil baron's offices, and Angus was impressed by their Axminsters, their mahogany, their plate glass and brass, and their attendant young ladies. One of these drew his attention immediately, due to the fact that she sat in full view at a big desk labeled Information.

Lacey crossed to her side, leaned one big hand on the desk top, and tried to hide his large feet one under the other.

"That seems to be what I need," he said agreeably.

"Beg pardon?" The young woman was formal.

"Information," Angus added.

"What of it?"

"Could you spare me half a dollar's worth?"

She giggled. "It's free."

"Oh, is that all? Tell me how to get in to see Mr. Cole without wrecking a door or two, then, please."

"Did you wish to see Mr. Cole?"

"Oh, no; I came up for the view. But as long as I'm here I might as well."

She shoved toward him a pencil and pad of printed forms with an adroitness born of experience.

"Will you fill out the card?"

Angus took up the bit of paper and read it, frowning. Then he leaned down and began filling the blanks.

"Name—Angus Lacey. To see—Mr. Cole. Appointment—no. Introduced by ——" Angus hesitated, then wrote: "Accident. Nature of business—personal."

He returned the pad.

"Do I have to have a doctor's certificate or an indemnity bond or anything?"

"No." The sunburned youth must be shown his place. "Mr. Lacey? Is that your name?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"Only by hearsay. I've always been called that."

In spite of herself she smiled.

"You have no appointment with Mr. Cole?"

Angus regained the pad and read what he had written there.

"It says here that I haven't."

She colored.

"Mr. Cole is very busy," she snapped. "My instructions are to have this card filled out by all callers. That is all I can do."

"Of course." Angus grinned at her. "But didn't they teach reading at your school?"

"Certainly they did! Be seated! I will see Mr. Cole's secretary!" They were all exclamations, and most oil-field superintendents would have been properly impressed by their curtness.

But Angus was not impressionable.

"Don't bother to get up, then," he said politely. "I'm not looking for Mr. Cole's secretary."

The girl turned her back on him.

"Will you have a chair?" she inquired frigidly, and made a telephonic connection with some inner room.

The experience that followed amused Angus for a time, but his amusement soon palled. After he had successfully resisted the efforts of five or six subordinates to discover the exact nature of his "private business," Angus was confronted by Luke Simpson, General Manager Gallinger's chief clerk. Luke was harassed by the cares of state, and in no mood to trifle with flip strangers. As he came to an open door he rasped:

"Are you Mr. Macey?"

Angus sat down and picked up an oil journal.

"Are you Mr.—Lacey?" Simpson corrected testily.

"Oh, were you yelling at me?" Angus drawled. "Yes, I'm Lacey. I want to see Mr. Cole. On private business that isn't public. I'm building a pipe line for the Atlas Oil and Refinery Company from the Brea field to the Pacific's topping plant at Wilmington. My parents were Scotch. I'm twenty-eight and I voted for Wilson last time. I smoke five-cent cigars and live with my mother. I'm not married. I have no children. I have an account in the Hibernian Savings Bank. Are there any questions I've forgotten?"

The chief clerk choked.

"Mr. Cole is busy, Mr. Lacey," he said, with his ears burning. "He never sees callers without appointment. If your business concerns your work on the Brea pipe-line feeder I'll have to ask you to take it up with Mr. Gallinger, the general manager."

"But you see," Angus said with the patient manner of a mother correcting a headstrong child, "it doesn't. I don't want to see Mr. Gallinger. I want to see Mr. Cole. Until Mr. Cole sends word to me that I can't I'm going to keep telling you that. Is that fairly clear?"

Simpson was miserably conscious that he was not carrying the affair off any better than it had been carried off by the clerks who had preceded him. Little spots of red appeared on his smooth cheeks, spreading from his sensitive ears, and he saw from the corner of his eye that the girl at the information desk, a stray office boy or two and his own assistant, Tolliver, were watching him. He swallowed hard.

"Will you step this way, Mr. Lacey?"

"Which way?" Angus inquired, without rising.

"Into another office. Then I'll find out whether Mr. Gallinger ——"

Angus stood up suddenly and reached for his hat.

"I've changed my mind," he said serenely. "I'll have to or I'll lose it. Tell you what I will do—I'll go. Figuring principal and interest, I'll make more by dropping money into a broken slot machine than I will feeding questions into your office force. Some time when I meet Mr. Cole in the field I'll ask him what I wanted to ask. But here his clerks are too busy to open a door and shoot one fair question at him. So-long—and whatever you do, don't give up the ship!"

By the outer door the field superintendent went. As luck would have it, by an inner door there entered O. K. Cole himself.

"Here, Simpson," he jerked irascibly, "I've been ringing for you for an hour! Get me those Grossmont leases. What have you been doing the last day or so?"

Simpson flushed.

"I was just speaking to a caller—man named Lacey, Mr. Cole. He wouldn't state ——"

"Lacey? Angus Lacey, from Brea?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why didn't you send him in?"

"Why, he—er—he wouldn't—that is, he didn't—say what he wanted with you and so ——"

"Oh, you triple-dashed imbecile!" Oil King Cole roared in one of his sudden bursts of blood pressure and rage. "What in the realms of Satan has that to do with it? When Lacey wants to see me I want to see him. Where is he now?

"Run out and hail him! He's one employee with imagination enough to talk back. Bring him in again—and don't talk back to me, you poor stalk!"

In a maze the chief clerk scurried out into the corridor. Oil King Cole returned growling to his room. Two minutes later Simpson reappeared.

"Well?" the oil baron snapped.

The clerk leaned against the door jamb for support.

"He said he couldn't see you now, sir," he stammered.

"Couldn't? Why not?"

"He said that he was going down to find out how many stories this office is above the ground, Mr. Cole."

The oil king stamped his foot.

"Don't joke with me, Simpson," he sputtered. "Be careful there!"

"Yes, sir," the clerk blurted desperately. "Lacey said that if it was more than ten stories to the sidewalk he was coming back and throw a few clerks through a window! Then he took an elevator."

II

WHEN crude oil was worth more than it is now and there was an oil boom sweeping the West, certain daring speculators built out wharves from the shores of the Pacific Ocean near a town called Summerland and erected derricks thereon to bore beneath the ocean's waves for petroleum. Among them were the organizers of the Fairfax Oil Company, which started with high promise. So confident were its promoters of their future that they ordered a ten-thousand-barrel tanker constructed to carry the oil they were going to get to distant markets they were going to obtain. That tanker was never used, but lay idle at Ventura wharves until it was towed down to Los Angeles Harbor and tied up for good. The Fairfax Company found two wells, pumped them for a while—with meager results—grew disgusted, and traded them for prospective oil ground near Santa Maria. The early stockholders lost their pristine hope of getting rich quick and put their stock certificates away with other trophies of ill-fated enterprises. There was no market for the stock; their wells had passed into other hands; their Santa Maria property was of doubtful value; and their oil tanker was rusting away at her berth. Silas Greene, vice president of the Fairfax and owner of a one-eighth interest in the corporation, charged his whole investment off his books and forgot it.

But the Santa Maria fields began to develop. If Silas Greene had not been saddened by his one flyer in oil he might have taken notice of the fact. Instead he paid no further attention to petroleum. Therefore, when Angus Lacey, nosing about for a place in the oil world to put his hard-earned savings, found that friends were talking of buying up the Fairfax stock and reorganizing to prospect in Santa Maria, he had no difficulty in securing an option on Mr. Greene's one-eighth interest, at a ridiculously low price. Thus committed, Angus sought Oil King Cole's advice, with results not entirely encouraging to an earnest young seeker. When he failed to penetrate the outer trenches and left, it was to fall back on his own judgment, and that led him, on the following Sunday, to the beet and bean fields of Ventura County, where he closed the bargain with Mr. Greene and, vice that gentleman, became the owner of one-eighth of the capital stock of the Fairfax Oil Company, capitalized at one million dollars.

The old gentleman, who had a kindly heart, held Angus at the door for a moment as he was about to leave.

"By the way, Lacey," he volunteered, "maybe you didn't know the company has a steel tanker—the Hueneme—tied up at Los Angeles Harbor."

"No, I didn't know that."

"Well, knowing it won't put any money in your pockets, 'taint likely. But I thought I'd tell you."

"What condition is the Hueneme in?"

"'Bout the condition a beet cultivator would be in if you left it sitting round in the sun and rain for eight years without using it, I reckon. It was a good boat once. We tried selling it a time or two, but there's a lot of new wrinkles about oil tankers last few years and nobody wanted our old hulk. Look it over sometime, Mr. Lacey—and luck strike you!"

He said it in the tone a man uses in expressing condolence with a friend who has lost a mother-in-law, and Angus chuckled as he walked off.

The Fairfax Company was duly acquired by his associates, reorganization was effected, and Angus went on with his work for Oil King Cole with a new feeling—the feeling of the small-bore operator on his own hook—as nearly satisfied with his investment as one of his experience in the oil fields ever gets to be.

He was building, by day labor, a forty-mile feeder pipe line for Mr. Cole's Atlas Oil Company from the Brea and Fullerton fields to an oil refinery operated by the Pacific Refinery Company — formerly known as the Standard Pipeline Company—near the Los Angeles Harbor. This pipe line was planned ostensibly for the purpose of delivering crude oil direct from the Atlas wells to the topping plant or refinery. But Cole had confided to Angus one day in the field that his real motive was to give the Atlas its own pipe line and make it so attractive that the Pacific Refinery Company would buy the whole thing—land, wells, good will, pipe line and all. The sale price, he had told Angus, would be somewhere near a million dollars, and early negotiations had already been completed.

"I'm going to keep out of the refining business," he had said. "It's a game for the big financiers who yawn if you mention anything under a million dollars. Now me—I'm a promoter. I like to see things fly. I want quick returns. Sitting down by a retort to watch it dribble gasoline into a tank doesn't appeal to my imagination."

"Even with gas at twenty-two cents?" Angus had laughed.

"Not even with gas at twenty-two dollars!" Oil King Cole had answered. "I'd rather lose a hundred thousand in one well, and do it all in sixty days, than clean up a million in a year by peddling the stuff in five-gallon cans. And therefore, young man, the sooner we can start pumping oil through that pipe line of yours the happier I'll be. You claim to be quick in the legs—let's see you hustle!"

Angus hustled—and his personal business affairs weren't allowed to trespass on working hours either. Some time after he had put his Fairfax Oil Company stock in the Hibernian vaults, he drove over his rapidly advancing pipe line for a look at things, to discover that six-inch pipe, ordered sixty days earlier and promised a week since, had not arrived.

He called a foreman.

"What's the matter with the Reese pipe, Johnson?" he asked.

"Well, I'll Go Up and Tell That Factory Superintendent How the Word 'Rush Order' is Spelled in the Sign Language!"

"I don't know, Mr. Lacey. I telephoned in yesterday and got their factory super. on the phone. He said the pipe was coming all right, but that he couldn't tell when."

"Oh, he did, did he? Well, I think I'll go up and tell that factory superintendent something he doesn't know."

The foreman grinned. "What's that, Mr. Lacey?"

"How the word 'rush order' is spelled in the sign language! Go ahead with the ditcher, and I'll have pipe enough by Thursday to keep your gangs moving if I have to weld it myself!"

Characteristically Angus went to the highest authority with his troubles. Within two hours he was in the office of David Reese, the smiling and affable iron founder.

"Hello, Mr. Lacey," Reese said, shoving forward a chair. "Sit down and smoke. What's on your active mind to-day?"

Lacey pushed the chair back with his foot.

"How about that six-inch pipe you promised me for the Atlas Company feeder, Mr. Reese?"

"That?" Reese drew out a cigar. "Oh, let's see. Sit down and be sociable, and I'll find out for you."

"What'll you find out?"

"Why it hasn't been delivered. I suppose that's what's worrying you."

"How did you know it hadn't been delivered?" Angus demanded.

"Oh, I wasn't sure. I just supposed, as I say ——"

"Well, you supposed right. Now why?"

"Let me call our factory man ——"

Angus interrupted.

"Don't bother about any of the old stalls, Reese. Why haven't you delivered on time?"

Reese laughed.

"Well, Angus, I'll tell you why. We've had an order for six-inch from the Pacific Refinery Company that has simply swamped us. We had to turn over some of your pipe to them. They're coming down from Taft with a pipe line, and we get all their business at this end!"

"Oh, that's it."

"You'll See Me Now if I Have to Take You on My Knee and Hold You There!"

Angus turned to a window and stood for a minute looking out on the smoke and flare from the foundry. The Reese Iron Works had thrown him down. As old customers, and taking deliveries in small lots, the Atlas Company had merely ordered pipe by letter and had given no contract. But in spite of the fact that Oil King Cole was a man most people would have exerted themselves to please, the Reese company was deliberately braving his wrath in order to cinch a big contract from another oil power.

Angus faced round and sat down in the chair he had previously refused.

"Now, Reese," he said bluntly, "come clean!"

"How do you mean, Angus?"

"What's the game? You aren't passing up Oil King Cole for amusement. I don't ask for any help, but I want to know where I stand."

Reese wriggled.

"Lacey, the truth is that Livingood and Bowen, of the Pacific Refinery, are racing a line through to beat some competitor or other. They offered us a contract that will mean enough profit to build part of our new factory. I've been trying to get your pipe out, but every foot we've welded Livingood has grabbed. That's all I know."

"Did those people say anything about delaying Mr. Cole's line?" Angus asked shrewdly.

"I'm telling no tales, Angus."

"Then they did. Why didn't you warn me, Reese?"

"I wrote to Cole's offices that the pipe might be delayed. Got an answer from Gallinger."

"Oh—Gallinger." Angus grunted. "What did he say?"

"Said the Atlas Oil and Refining Company hoped that the Reese Iron Works would respect a written order from it without a contract, and signed himself 'Yours sincerely,' etc."

"Yours sincerely, eh? Lucky I didn't sign that letter, Reese! The long and short of it is, then, that I can't count on pipe from you—not definitely?"

"I'm afraid not, Lacey. You'd better buy anywhere you can. There's a small amount of six-inch line pipe to be found here if you look for it. And if you like I'll have our city salesmen go on a still hunt."

Angus rose.

"Do that, Reese. I wish you had let me know about this hitch personally, but I guess you did your best. It can't be helped now. So-long!"

He went out gloomily. If it had been only a matter of pipe with which to complete his Brea line for the Atlas, Angus would have gone through without thinking of a consultation with Mr. Cole. But there seemed to be something more behind the thing than mere accident. Angus could not forget that the sale of the Atlas property to the Pacific Refinery Company had hinged, Mr. Cole had said, on the completion of this particular Brea line. It was not precisely his business, but he decided to make one effort to reach his employer.

With his former experience in the oil king's offices in mind he did not go there again. He telephoned. After some delay the operator connected him with Mr. Gallinger. The general manager was curt. Angus was uncommunicative. Mr. Cole was not in—was never in in the afternoons. He could not be reached. What was it Mr. Lacey wanted?

"Oh, nothing, thanks," Lacey answered. "Good-by." And he hung up the receiver.

His orders concerning the pipe-line feeder had all come direct from Oil King Cole himself. The capitalist had told him confidentially about his plans for selling. Doubtless he had told General Manager Gallinger also, but Angus was wary.

If he couldn't talk to Mr. Cole he wouldn't talk.

He went back to his own field of operations and spent most of the night puzzling over what he had heard. The Pacific Refinery Company obviously was not worrying over delays in the construction of the Atlas line from Brea to its own plant at the harbor. If they were building down from the northern fields with a one-hundred-and-twenty-five-mile pipe they would probably have small use for the Atlas Company, with its limited output and its forty-mile feeder. It seemed evident that they were double-crossing Oil King Cole. "Suppose they are," Angus mused; "what's the best card to play against them?"

He took down a state map and pondered over it. The Pacific Refinery Company was headed for Los Angeles. Angus put his finger on the spot marking the city, and casually lowered it. Then he jumped up.

"By Jack, that's it!" he cried. "They are making for the harbor! That's why their little refinery is there. They'll ship direct—crude, gas, naphtha. They can load and move every petroleum product, down to asphalt, from the end of their pipe line direct to any port on the Pacific!"

He began to consider the thing again, from this viewpoint. Evidently their secrecy was calculated to keep others from competition until they were established.

"But if they have a dock they have to have a permit and leases and all from the city—and they couldn't keep that out of the papers!" He was thinking aloud, striding about his office feverishly. "I don't believe they've located at the harbor yet, and that's the truth!"

The key to the situation came to him at once. He knew the harbor well enough to know that there would not be many pipe-line docks possible there. If Oil King Cole could tie those facilities up he would have Pacific Refinery Company caught in the door! And by adding four miles to the Atlas feeder Angus was building he could carry Brea oil bang to the water front!

At nine o'clock the next morning he was in the outer offices of the oil king. He refused to confide in subordinates at all, but sat by the outer door, his eyes on it. At a few minutes past the hour Mr. Cole came in with a rush. To his amazement his way was barred by a young giant whose hands were oil-stained.

"What the triple-dashed realms of the devil ——" the capitalist began, reddening.

"I'm Angus Lacey," the superintendent said, keeping squarely in front of his chief. "I've got to see you. The poorest answer in the world for you right now is no."

Oil King Cole raised his voice in a roar.

"No!" he bellowed. "No! No! No! I can't see you now and I won't see you now. Clear out of here!"

He side-stepped, but Angus thwarted him, and Mr. Cole flattened himself against his field superintendent's bulk.

"Change your signals, Mr. Cole," Angus said coolly. "I've got a million-dollar scheme hatching that is like an egg—it won't keep after the shell's cracked. You'll see me now if I have to take you on my knee and hold you there!"

Oil King Cole suddenly broke into a gale of laughter.

"Come in then and unscramble the egg. I don't like to be told what to say, but for once in my life ——"

An inner door banged behind them, leaving the outside office force agape.

Two hours later, in company with C. P. Morphy, one of Cole's personal attorneys who had been summoned, Angus left the sacred chamber of the capitalist with orders to go as far as he pleased. It had been Lacey's scheme, but the other two—wily in the ways of big business—had revamped and dressed it up considerably. It was now complete, decorated, embellished and good to look at. When the younger men were gone Oil King Cole chuckled over it and made a mental note concerning the future career of Angus Lacey.

Then, turning to his desk and the papers accumulated thereon for his perusal, he picked up the topmost document.

By chance it was one which, when signed by Mr. Cole, would consummate a clever coup and take over the Santa Maria oil ground of a corporation known as the Fairfax Oil Company. The contents of the paper the oil king was fairly familiar with, but he glanced at it hurriedly. The Fairfax Company, as he remembered it, had once operated at Summerland, but had later traded its seaside plant for land in the Santa Maria field. Someone had recently bought up most of the old stock and reorganized the company. But they had failed to search the title to the Santa Maria acreage—and that title was faulty. Oil King Cole's document set forth the facts regarding the discovery of the flaw by a speculator and the advantage taken of it by some of his own shrewd employees. The stockholders of the Fairfax Company would wake up some day to find themselves minus their oil ground. Well, it was only business!

Oil King Cole did not even stop to think of the unfortunate investors. Before Angus Lacey was quite out of his mind he took up a pen, scrawled his unlovely signature at the bottom of the papers, and rang for a boy.

III

ANGUS LACEY, in his midnight cogitations on the failure of the Reese Iron Works to deliver pipe to him for the Brea pipe-line connection with the Pacific Refinery Company's plant at Wilmington, had projected the business circumstances behind that failure with uncanny accuracy. Within a few days Attorney Morphy, charged with Lacey's chaperonage, satisfied himself and Mr. Cole that the Pacific people had no intention of taking over the Atlas Company and its pipe line. Instead it began to dawn on Cole that they had deliberately lured him into building that feeder to distract his attention from the fact that they were coming south from the Bakersfield territory with a one-hundred-and-twenty-five-mile pipe line of their own. They had been compelled to move with great circumspection—and because of Angus Lacey's interposition that was their undoing.

For investigation, made by Angus immediately, developed that the Los Angeles Harbor Commission had granted no dockage privileges for a pipe-line terminal on the water front. Lacking such grant, no pipe-line company could approach the harbor, for the commissioners required application to themselves for a permit to build a wharf for the delivery of oil from pipe line to tank steamer. The commissioners told Angus frankly that any such permit would have to be extravagantly safeguarded, for they pointed out that a break in a pipe, the accidental opening of a gate valve, or careless handling of the metal-armored hose, reaching from quay to ship, might result in flooding the harbor with oil, to the material damage of every bottom lying there, as well as to piers, docks and wharves. Provided such safeguards were arranged, however, they assured Angus that they would be glad to consider his application at once.

In his own name, therefore, he immediately filed notice of application. And he went away chuckling, for he discovered that of practicable locations for such a loading station as would be required for handling oil at the harbor, there was only one—and he would have that!

In the week that followed he was a very busy young man. Aided by Attorney Morphy, and with the perfunctory presence of two or three friends, he took over an old corporation that Oil King Cole had organized two years before for some purpose apparently lost in mystery and that was called the Tidewater Terminal and Dock Company. The charter of this moribund company was sufficiently broad to permit of operations under it by Lacey's program, which was all that was necessary.

Represented by Angus, the Tidewater Terminal and Dock Company immediately made application, under notice previously given by Lacey, for the lease from the city of Los Angeles of a hundred-foot frontage at the harbor, together with a permit to build the necessary dock, pipe lines, offices, storage and pumping stations, dolphins and so on, for the delivery of crude oil to tankers direct from the field.

Also, with the aid of David Reese's city salesmen, Angus located and bought enough six-inch line pipe to keep his Brea feeder moving steadily toward the harbor. Under Foreman Johnson that work went on without serious delay. Luckily Lacey had already finished his four pumping stations necessary to movement of the sluggish oil, and the erection of a small storage tank at the harbor end of the line was started immediately under contract.

Also, guided by Attorney Morphy and aided by a capable young politician who was under obligations to Oil King Cole, his Tidewater Terminal and Dock Company contrived to rush through the city council a franchise for the

extension of the pipe line from a point near the Pacific Refinery's plant, where it was originally to have terminated, to the water front at the harbor.

Finally, with the assistance of subordinates in Oil King Cole's offices, Angus had started correspondence with various companies owning oil tankers, with a view to furnishing a market for Brea oil if it was delivered at the water front for them.

He was checking up on his operations and studying his program for loopholes that might conceivably leave his new project flat, when two pieces of information reached him at once. One came by telephone from the office of the secretary of the harbor commission; the other by word of mouth from an excited and angry friend. With the two in his head Angus sought Attorney Morphy.

"Well, young Rockefeller," the lawyer greeted him, "have you cornered the California oil market this morning?"

Angus grunted, unsmiling.

"I've got troubles enough to sink a flatboat, Morphy. I want to talk turkey to you."

"Fire away."

"In the first place, the Pacific Refinery Company has come to life at the city hall. Secretary Matson just telephoned that the company's attorney, man named Bowen, is up there tearing his hair. Matson sounded worried. I guess I sound the same, don't I?"

"A little, Lacey. They'll try to block us, of course."

"How can they?"

"Well, if I were Bowen, for instance, I'd try to talk the harbor commission into turning the Tidewater Terminal down on the grounds that it hasn't any connections, either from the fields or from a tanker line. The Pacific Refinery Company has its own pipe line and its own steamship facilities. Also he may offer a bonus. There are half a dozen things he may do. And playing politics through the city council is not the least of them."

"I see. Matson says they've applied for a dock location, and are going to press it along." Lacey pondered heavily. Then he banged the lawyer's desk. "That's only half my trouble, Morphy," he said abruptly.

"What's the other half?"

"It's personal. I'm too mad about it to see Oil King Cole—he has blood pressure, and if I told him what I thought of him it would kill him and I'd be hung."

"This is a confession, then? Or are you making me accessory before the fact?"

"I don't know what that is, but I want to tell you, as one of Cole's attorneys, that he has tried highway robbery on the wrong victim for once in his buccaneering career!"

"Those are pretty strong words, Lacey."

"Do they sound like a Sunday-school lesson?" Angus retorted hotly. "If they do I'll make 'em shorter, because I want you to get what I mean!"

"You haven't told me anything yet."

"I'm going to do it now. About a month ago I put every cent of my savings into a reorganized oil company, the Fairfax, with land in the Santa Maria field"

"Fairfax?" Morphy repeated. "Fairfax. It seems to me I've—isn't that the company ——"

He stopped abruptly, and something resembling a faint flush showed on his cheeks.

Angus snorted. "Yes, that's the one. I suppose you're the downy bird who helped Oil King Cole put the skids under it, aren't you? But let that pass. The fact is that you've stolen our land with some juggling over titles, and all we have left is a charter and a water-logged oil tanker in the mud at the harbor. And I'm broke. Now go on and laugh!"

The attorney leaned forward.

"Look here, Lacey," he said gravely. "I'm sorry about this. I didn't know you were tied up with the Fairfax, or I might have warned you in time. And I'm sure Mr. Cole didn't know. Business is business ——"

"Safe robbing isn't!" Angus interrupted tartly.

"It wasn't safe robbing. Your company bought a pig in a poke. You took over the Fairfax property without investigating the title to that Santa Maria ground, didn't you? I thought so. Well, the title was worthless. We had known it for weeks, and a few days ago we bought it from the men who discovered the flaws in your papers and took advantage of them."

"Advantage!" Angus repeated. "That's a good word. It's the one a second-story man uses when he finds a window unlocked! I tell you that you and Cole and his outfit have robbed four or five fellows who put all they had into this thing in good faith!"

Attorney Morphy studied the floor for a minute.

"I can see your side of it, Lacey," he said slowly; "and I don't think I blame you for being sore. But there is a maxim in law that you ought to know. It will save you some bad burns later, perhaps."

"Oh, damn law!" Angus blurted.

"No, you don't mean that. The time will come when you'll be calling on the law to back a righteous claim of your own, and you'll be sorry you spoke."

"All right! Shoot the legal maxim."

"It is the rule of *caveat emptor*."

"Disguised in French, of course!" Angus snapped disgustedly. "When you lawyers catch a new excuse for an old form of crime you put it into a foreign language. Talk American!"

"Give me a chance, Lacey. *Caveat emptor* is Latin, and it means: Let the buyer beware!"

"If he's dealing with Oil King Cole I should say that was one of the best legal maxims I've ever heard of."

Morphy laughed.

"Nevertheless, the principle is sound, Lacey. Whenever you buy anything without a written guaranty you buy at your own risk. The law assumes that you know what you are doing. If you don't—it's your loss. Isn't that fair?"

"Oh, that's fair enough, I suppose. And if I had the other side of the case you'd have a fair Latin maxim that would support that. But we won't quarrel about it now. In spite of all your legal maxims, I'm stung. And, as I told you to start in, I'm not going to be stung without slapping back, not even by Oil King Cole himself! I was born of a fighting family and I haven't gone into my second childhood yet. You've made all this caviar business plain—now I'm going to make something plain to you."

"In my private capacity, or as one of Mr. Cole's retained attorneys?" Morphy asked the question with a smile.

"In any capacity you've got! When I go after a man I want him to be one of the first to know it. If it didn't take a jimmy and a search warrant to get into his offices I'd drop in on him this morning and tell him what I think of him myself."

"Well, Lacey, I'll keep out. If you are going after Mr. Cole I'll preserve complete neutrality. Only I want to warn you that he's a pretty big handful for your first bout!"

"I'm warned, thanks. Nobody can accuse me of picking on him, then."

"And what are you going to do to him, if it's any of my business?"

"I don't know yet, of course. I can't think up schemes as fast as a lawyer thinks up maxims. But I can invent a new legal phrase."

"You can try, at any rate." Morphy was grinning good-naturedly.

"Listen, then. If *caveat emptor* is good for me, then you tell Oil King Cole to *caveat* his victims, especially if they are Scotch! Now I've got to hike along and work my head off for the man who grabbed my savings. I suppose there's a legal phrase for that, but I can't wait to hear it. So-long!"

Angus had little time to meditate on revenge, however, for several days. Oil King Cole might be the blackest villain on earth, but he was the high boss, and he had given the young superintendent a man's job. After the goods were delivered Lacey would be free to carry on his private feud, even if he had to resign to do it. For the present the little Tidewater Terminal and Dock Company was having its difficulties.

The attack of the Pacific Refinery Company on Lacey's application for dockage privileges was no half-hearted affair. Angus found the harbor commissioners waiting for him when he appeared at their offices the next morning. They had taken up his application at that session. At the same time Attorney Bowen, representing the Pacific, had appeared in person, and his remarks had carried a kick.

"Just what backing have you, Mr. Lacey?" one of the commissioners asked.

He was a much perturbed gentleman, trying to balance the good of the city against the innumerable conflicting private interests at the harbor, and finding it a vexatious task. Angus answered straightforwardly:

"I can't very well mention names, Mr. Gordon. The Tidewater Company is willing to put up any reasonable bond you demand, and will show its good faith by starting work as soon as you hand us the lease and the construction permits. It is a fact that we have no tankers, and it is true that we have no pipe line from the field. But the day you act we will satisfy you that we are able to deliver oil and that we have a market."

"Why can't you tell us those things now, Mr. Lacey?"

Angus had anticipated this question, and he talked fast to conceal the fact that he wasn't answering it.

"I think you can see, gentlemen," he said. "The Pacific Refinery is a big corporation and we are a small one. If they don't know where we are going for our crude petroleum or where we are going to sell it when we get it, they can't pull strings to obstruct us on either end. They are

(Continued on Page 94)

"Hey, You! Drag That Old Tramp Away From Here. Move Along! The Junk Will Sink in a Minute and Choke the Channel!"

THE SOUL OF THE ASSAULT

By GEORGE EUSTACE PEARSON

This story is dedicated, in the name of his comrades of the Battalion Snipers, to Donald Ross, Corporal, No. 148, P. P. C. L. I., in recognition of the large part he played in the operations herein described.

O-oh! The Jack Johnsons; they whistle and roar!
I don't want to go to the trenches no more;
I want to go over the sea
Where the Allemands can't get at me.
O-oh! My! I *don't* want to die!
I want to go home;
I want to go home.

A Princess Pat Piper

THE God of Battles, who had made Twenty-one, himself turned aside from it and held his nose. Trench Twenty-one was an abomination and an eyesore of struggling humanity; such a medley of foul smells of men, both quick and dead, of ancient water fouled by both, that it cried out aloud to a heaven which merely opened up and added more water. It was an inextricable tangle of dead and living men flung together into this mold, which made them, for the nonce, one.

It lay at the tip of the St. Éloi salient in that wet February of 1915, the right-hand side of the apex dominated by the long low-lying Hollebeke Ridge. Two hundred yards to the right there lay what we named, in our simple soldier fashion, The Mound; "The Mound of Death" a fervid press called it. It had been the graveyard of a score of regiments.

Ours, the Mad Brigade, the Eightieth, was holding the salient, which was but a projection on the larger one of Ypres. The five regiments relieved one another, each in its turn. During our occupation it had changed hands thrice, though never while the Patricias had been in occupation. Such was its admixture of dead French, Germans, and of all the races of the British Isles and the Dominions beyond the seas, that it had achieved dubious fame as the International Trench. For the matter of that, the entire region was one vast cemetery.

In the International Trench

THE main German trench faced and paralleled it some fifty-odd yards away. Their sap was more dangerous. Profiting by recent events, our friend, the enemy, had dug by night and by day. They had relieved one another at the tunnel-like breast until now its sinuous length menacingly paralleled our Twenty-one, a bare twenty yards distant. It was the vital spot, the throat of the two armies, each of which clung to it with an inexorable pressure that never faltered. The British giant lay sprawled in exhaustion, stubbornly fending off those clutching fingers that so ferociously clawed at his seat of life. Individual stubbornness of regiment and man prevented either from recognizing the sure signs of approaching dissolution. That only!

The incessant hand-to-hand struggles of infantry that had been flung desperately at one another in attack and vicious counterattack, and the incessant close-up hammering of opposing artillery, had so battered and torn the one-time trench as to reduce it to something that had all the properties of an open ditch, provided always that the ditch in question was the stagnant outlet of a viscous sewer. It was apparently untenable, but was in reality long enough to afford, under the pressure of our direst need, the pretense of shelter to scant fifty men. As a result of a belligerent activity, which allowed no opportunity for repairs, it was broad enough to afford liberal passage for a wagon, had one been there. Its depth had been filled in by the sloughed-in mud from each wall, a process which had been aided alike by the elements and the steam-shovel-like quality of the frequent intensive bombardments, which were technically known as "preparation for infantry attack"; so that now its depth scarcely exceeded a foot in any place. And even that was level-full of a putrid liquid that was neither mud nor honest water, but which, in perverse recompense, exuded such an odor as may be found only in upturned cemeteries. The victims of artillery fever could so testify at such times as they buried their olfactory organs in it, which happened whenever that extremely active arm of the forces here engaged indulged in the process known as tickling the trenches; in other words, shooting at each other's infantry.

A flimsy parapet, as ragged as a crosscut saw, gave doubtful shelter to a flattened man, or, in rare spots that seemed by comparison a haven of refuge, a place where one might scrunch down in a sitting posture. But even there the hard-hitting Mausers of the enemy had so gutted the mud-filled sandbags as to make them only a poor screen, which hid without protecting, and which was of no avail against the mushroom bullets of the heavier elephant guns of the Germans. And this might be relied upon to maintain itself incessantly for the twelve hours of the night, and sporadically throughout the day.

From the secure shelter of the more distant Hollebeke, old Fritz amused himself during every hour of the twenty-four by pouring from machine gun and rifle murderous volleys into our unprotected rear; efforts which were, in turn, linked together by the unwearied efforts of his snipers.

Our lads lay on the dead—Saxon and Celt, Pict and Scot, French and German; every turn of hand or foot disturbed some one of them. The Canadians were still warm; the others disintegrating. Here the square head of a Prussian, the back of which made a straight line up from a bull-like neck that was unrelieved by any line of gray matter behind the ears, rose in solemn gravity from the fetid slime; there the heavy steel-shod ammunition boots of a Tommy bloomed from this garden, submerged from the ankles to the head he stood on.

We had at least the doubtful consolation of thinking that the poor, dear *Boches* opposite suffered in proportion, up to their waists in mud and mufflers, as we were. Later, even that small grain of comfort was denied us.

There was no grousing. That belonged to the softer days of camp and the future ones of "cooshie" billets, of which it was so integral a part. There were no loopholes. Fritz had a patent on them. We fired over the top—when he would permit, or at other times when some one of us fell a prey to trench rabies.

And of braziers or any other pretense of fire there was, of course, none.

There was no man so foolish as not to know he should be hit. It was merely a case of "When? Where? and How?" And: "Well, if Bertha's got my number I'll stop one; if not, not!"—an inelegant reference to the ledger which, according to our best trench authorities, the owner of the Krupp Works kept. None felt shame at admitting they ardently longed for that day when they should receive their Blighty. That and "My nerves!" were never-failing subjects of discussion in billets. Never here.

The Drummer

Making the Best of It

BUT sworn comrades quarreled over the flimsiest of trench affairs—the shifting of a leg, or the filling, on one's knees, of a sandbag. And trench nerves were never very far in the offing. In the worst, the rare cases, this might mean mutilation of self in hand or foot; anything to get out of this and rest, rest, rest! Each day was packed so full of abnormal incident that it had become the commonplace, and memories of a really normal past became weird in their abnormality. Yet the man who talked the loudest of his nerves ended all discussion by saying: "Well, we're in for it; so dry up! If you're goin' to be a soldier be one!" and then struck up, from his particular section of that open grave:

Old soldiers never, never die;
They simply fade away.

Then, as now, the Big Push mirage loomed strongly on the horizon just ahead, and buoyed up all those who needed its foolish comfort for the day when we should "get our own back." In the interval of waiting each made for himself what scant comfort he might, the better to fit himself for the shooting of Germans, which, after all was said and done, was what we were here for, the *raison d'être* and end of all. It became as commonplace as the shooting of crows and caused much less compunction, though it was infinitely more exciting. This was our creed: To "do in" as many of Old Fritz as we possibly could before we stopped "ours." A man who had served in Africa, and had shot big game there, smacked his lips: "They're the biggest game of all—men!"

Todeschi was a new draft man. He came running in on the relief and flung himself down. It was just after second shell time, when all were betwixt a sweat and a chill to know whether the last bombardment presaged an infantry attack or whether it was merely a *strafe*. We were listening in proportion to our fears. Todeschi struggled to make himself more comfortable. The man nearest kicked him violently on the shins. "Lie still; you're rockin' the boat! Whatcha think this is—a bleedin' tea party?"

Todeschi was a child of the emotions, as befitted his Rumanian-French parentage; a lilting nightingale who had

Interior of Church at West Outre, Belgium, Where Princess Pats Were Billeted

made our last billets joyous with the spontaneity of his bursting song; an artist to the soul of him. He did not sing here. This was his first trench. Like many others, his conception of the Western Front had been gleaned from the current illustrations of the penny papers, which ran mostly to portrayals of rosy-cheeked Tommies opening large mail convoys containing everything from beef-tea cubes to cholera belts, as well as the insect powder the latter would inevitably produce a demand for. Or perhaps it was an off day with the mail, so that the poor abused trench dwellers had to fall back upon a game of cards, unless the warmth of the sun had driven them into their commodious dugouts. These, of course, in the brief intervals between victorious charges on corpulent and bespectacled professors and anæmic Soho waiters.

It was the next time out and after a night's sleep. The commanding officer came to him, wearing that incomparable smile which had once caused an observing private to remark: "By damn, by the colonel's face you can't tell whether he's laughin' or cryin'!" He rubbed his hands, as always when highly pleased.

"Well, Todeschi, and how did you like Twenty-one? Nice trench, wasn't it?"

Todeschi gazed reproachfully at him, his soul in his eyes: "Oh! ——"

Mulligan was another of the draft men. Already his fondness for the comforts of his body had earned him that sobriquet of what was to us the chiefest of them. He cast a disapproving eye about him: "'Ell and 'igh water!" Such was his disgust that he refused to take his pack off, and lay down on his back in the water in full marching order, with his face turned hopelessly to the rain, while the projecting portions of his equipment sank deeper in the muck beneath. The appearance of daylight inspired him to rise. Easier said than done. It required the blasphemous efforts of an entire section. The water was not thin enough to pour off him; it slipped—in gobs. His pack, haversack and water bottle were merely rough projections.

Mulligan's Unmolested March

WITH a muttered oath he flung desperately out the rear. "Strike me if I'll stay 'ere! Not 'awf!" He walked deliberately out on the forbidden stretch of road, which even under cover of darkness was beyond the pale, so well was it commanded by machine guns of the enemy.

"Blimey! If Ol' Mulligan ain't gone an' bloody well awsked for it!" And others: "Well, Gawd love a p'liceman! 'E don't 'awf think the Allemongs got the wind up their bloody selves. Not 'im! No fear." "Get a bleedin' German kiss, 'e will!" "Serve 'im bloomin' well right too!" "Well, strike me pink if they ain't bloody well goin' to let 'im swank aw'y wiv it!"

Mulligan, in fact, had lost his earlier air of dejection and was beginning to take a sinful pride in his unfortunate condition. He was marching in gloomy grandeur up and down the narrow strip of road which intersected both sets of trenches at this point, doing a right-about turn each time as he reached the point in it opposite Twenty-one, and repeating that performance just before he came to the shelter of the hedge at the upper end. He would not look otherwise than straight ahead and affected to see nothing; but from the tail of his eye he could see the wonderment his cool effrontery had occasioned, and was not displeased. And with half an eye he could as easily have seen the white patches at the loopholes opposite that betokened the watchful eyes of Fritz.

Once he stopped to beat his mud-caked arms about his breast, as a teamster might on a December morning in Manitoba. It was a full hour before he returned, cursing the Germans and all their works; saying that they, too, were in this plot against a British soldier man, so that they would not even shoot him! So this was Twenty-one and these its alternatives!

By night we lay on our stomachs, as it was then that the fire was worst; by day on our backs, unless the rain came in too steady a downpour. The luckier ones sat, but very guardedly. This reversal of position had at least the virtue of lending variety to the view. At our feet there stretched the wide-packed cemetery peculiar to the region, and from portions of which the bodies protruded, owing either to the haste with which they had been interred or to their later disruption by shellfire. Mostly they were French, and from them there flowered small pine crosses on which sadly hung vacant chapeaux, sometimes bullet-riddled. Each cross bore the name, the class and age of the silent one; sometimes a bit of trenchant phrasing: *Pro Patria! Vive la France!* but never the name of the regiment.

Even here their native art thrived lustily. The irregular outline of each grave was marked out by bits of broken bottles or ragged ration tins. The more pretentious sported a sodden bunch of flowers, or perhaps some rough floral design, outlined with sticks and stones on the receptive canvas of the mud by tender *poilu* hands. The name and number, with a simple R. I. P., served for the crosses of the less imaginative British.

Shelley Farm

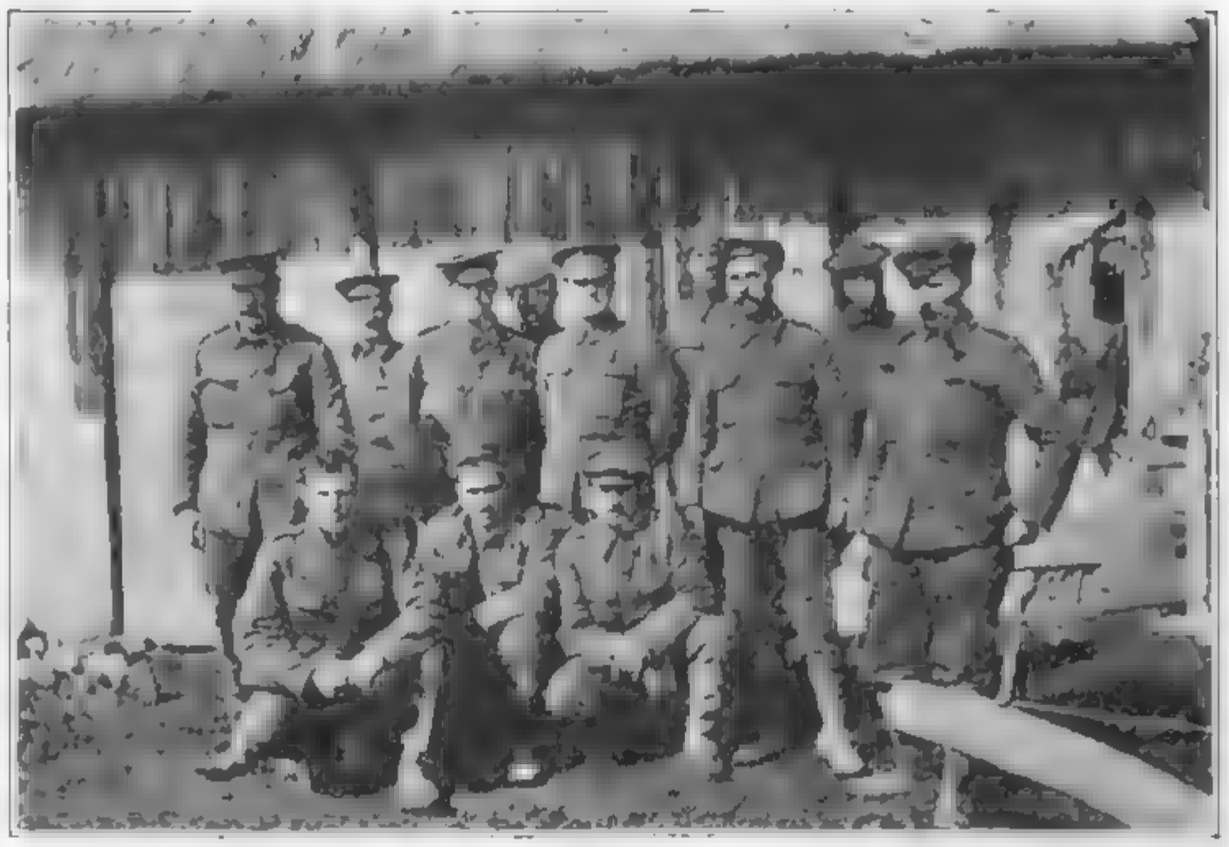
FARTHER on the ground sloped sharply to a five-yard rise in a distance of some fifty yards, to the slender hedge that formed the base of the St. Eloi triangle. The hedge intersected the lines of Number Nineteen and Number Twenty where they violently hugged the Mound of Death, and Number Twenty-two, on the other side, where it lay between Twenty-one and that vicious Hollebeke. It was over this highly exposed stretch of ground that the relief which each night brought must dash. Between us and the hedge there stretched a vista of crisscrossed and mocking communication trenches, which probably never were, except on some coldly executed headquarters map. Actually they served merely to wed the slimy water of one stagnant Johnson pool to another. And, as always, the inevitable crosses of the nations dotted the entire expanse.

Rupert Brooke thought for us all:

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares;
Washed marvelously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset and the colors of the earth.
These had seen movement and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

Near the intersection of the hedge with Twenty-two, the Gap gave up a narrow slot of light amid the dark mass of the hedge. Here a dead Frenchman lay, as he had lain, so the wiser ones averred, since Agincourt. On the other side we could barely glimpse the corner of the tumbling ruin of Shelley Farm, that place of many memories: an obvious name and well earned. We could make out the mournful mooing of a cow from where she had for so long hung hopelessly over her calf, except at such times as a salvo from the guns sent her careening wildly over the slippery fields, only to return stubbornly in a quieter interval to stare in puzzled wonder at the bloated carcass of her offspring.

In front there was less than we could see—because, in fact, so much. Twenty yards away that other world carried on. We could plainly hear the splashing of the mud as it left the shovel of the sapper on shift at the



The Princess Pats' Stretcher Bearers, Formerly the Scotch Pipers

Of These Eight Princess Pats All Have Been Casualties Except One Man, Who Did Not Go to the Trenches
Street Scenes in West Outre, Where the Princess Pats Were Billeted

breast of that steadily advancing and menacing sap. The cough of the pump was constant. Occasionally there were voices. Certainly there was no fraternization.

The scant No Man's Land between could only be seen in the rare intervals of quietness by dint of great shifting of bodies and bags. The wire lay so close between that it was impossible to distinguish ours from theirs. Here and there a gap in it relieved its threatening monotony. Dangling on the barbs and lying on the mud beneath were the empty tins of Maconchie rations, the endless plum and apple, and the stringy bully beef, which, together with their German equivalents, thus constituted a regular and bell-like portion of the defense against surprise attacks.

A Group of Princess Pats

On the wire the swollen bodies of black-faced men—grotesque, spiderlike—fraternized at last. In the night a stray something struck the only substantial portion of the neck of one of them, so that its head fell off and the morning found it gazing reproachfully up at the late owner.

And beyond that, vision ceased at the sturdy parapet of the German sap, the white expanse of which was here and there relieved by the threatening inkiness of a loophole, from which, as like as not, the barrel of a rifle protruded. As for us, we shot, for the most part, desperately over the top, which at least gave us this advantage, that we could always maintain fixed bayonets with which to repel boarders; something that the use of loopholes precluded as likely to prevent a rapid withdrawal when the rifle should be needed in a hurry.

To watch the blackness of the loophole for the momentary whiteness that meant an observing Fritz offered our only chance of a hit; except, of course, at night, when we might do snapshooting at the flash of rifle fire. Here and there the blue coats and red pants of departed *poilus*, derisively converted by a deft soldiery into sandbags, silently pointed the warning finger of Fate at us—that is, if we had been amenable to such logic; the fact being that we found them most convenient bull's-eyes.

The Give and Take of War

WE HAD bailers—those foolish soup bowls from which the long and awkward handle projected vertically at the most inconvenient angle, so that it was a juggling feat of the highest order to reach the parapet with half of the miserable two gallons one started with. We occasionally used them to advantage in the worst places by removing the sticks and, by a judgment so nice as to have shamed a quick-lunch waiter, reached the top of the parapet, where, if it were night, we solicitously dumped the contents over on the German side of the fence, from which it as certainly leaked back on us and, like as not, undermined our parapet into the bargain.

The splash promptly drew forth a smart rifle fire at the spot, which, however much we cowered, frequently penetrated the sievelike parapet with the usual result: "Ol' Bill's got his R. I. P."

By way of variety a school of star shells might go up the better to direct the lashing spray of a machine gun, which taught us to keep our hands idle and our heads down. The flares streaked up in the parabola of a Safety-First Fourth of July rocket, which broke into a fizzing sputter on its graceful downward turn. It was merely decorative if it broke in front, but highly illuminative if it burst in the rear, where it threw the ragged outline of our surroundings in strong silhouette for those unfriendly German eyes; so that their machine gunfire sliced like a sword at the top of our abortion of a parapet, combing it, and so further weakening it that repairs became doubly dangerous. Under such conditions all but the most desperate breaches went unheeded. The sound of a sack stealthily flopped into such a place drew forth showers of bombs that invariably left a cruel aftermath of wounded.

With the bombs there came out of the night derisive laughter, taunts and gibes. Our men looked at one another and growled, deep from their empty stomachs, strange oaths that were flung out in so cautious a growl as to render them the more terrible in their unspoken threat; while we crawled in Indian caution, our bellies dragging the mud; rifle and bayonet in one hand, first-aid package in the other to give succor.

We, too, naked for bombs, and received the next night a pitiful dozen of our homemade plum and apple tins, packed full of all kinds of army hardware. And so, the next time we bailed, we, too, laughed derisively. And when someone shouted: "Nar then! Put a little 'ate into 'er!" we chanted:

Keep your head down, Allemand.
If you want to see your Fatherland
Keep your head down,
Allemand!

And under our breath we damned them heartily as we twisted the button and counted slowly—"One—Two—Three—Four"—and heaved together; so that at the stroke of "Five" we hoped Fritz would not have time to wonder what had happened to him. But those pots were made for jam and not for this; our hopes were vain, particularly if, as happened here, someone found his bomb too heavy and so let go too soon, in which case it came back and exploded among us where we huddled, while the rotten parapet shook.

The toll our offensive probably took was as nothing to the steel shower that found us, for hours afterward, smothered in it like rats in a trap, in payment for the impudence that was so foolishly unsupported by a larger supply of jam pots. With such a warning, we too watched for opportunities, and flung back, before they burst, sundry German bombs. However, we sat in the mud and took it; bound up our wounds, shifted our dead, and sullenly cleaned from our rifles the mud each fresh outburst threw over them. They had our number, but not our goat.

Their trench mortar was very bad. It came so silently and sprang by so closely from its medieval catapult that we could sometimes dimly see the unwieldy missile as it hurtled clumsily through the air, before it burst with all the ardor of a small mine and sent up the greasy column of an oil well, which rose inkily for fivescore feet before it recoiled on us in a shower of trench débris and odd limbs of men. Always, of course, there was the desultory fire of hidden batteries, which was answered in part by the snap of our seventy-fives in the wood beyond Kruistraat Huik.

Under these circumstances the tale of our casualties grew day by day, and steadily held, each twenty-four hours, to sixty per cent of the men we took over at the dusk of each night from a huddled group of half delirious and wholly sodden, stupid, staring men, who clutched feebly at their rifles and cried loudly, in the name of God, for rum and rest.

And each night, at each fresh alarm, that gallant gentleman of the strained and haggard face came among his men to inspire them with the freshness of his own high courage. Like all others, he had aged years in weeks. His ever-ready smile bespoke the girl heart, which thrived despite a lifetime of soldier training; and in the last analysis he was a man of parts. It was at those worst moments that he came the quickest at the bidding of an orderly's appeal, crashing through the gap, half blind from old wounds, falling into stinking water holes and out again, to fling his slender length among his men, radiating such a store of cheer and artful badinage, combined with the most tender solicitude, as to uplift the dullest of them and feed anew the fighting fire of each. So not once but many times men swore mightily and registered this oath: That Francis Farquhar could have his heart's best blood!

Each wound tore freshly at the raw wound in his own heart. At each blasting burst that tore its way through flesh and blood, he muttered through his teeth: "The swine!" And so he stayed until perhaps some other breathless runner stormed in with a tale of worse than this befalling down the line. It was then that the maternal quality of the perfect officer welled up in the great heart of the man: "Good night, my children!" He faded off amid the graves and mist.

And if not he, then it was his other self, the second in command, the regimental and official angel, *née* Major Hamilton Gault, who had fathered us, and of whom his senior had but lately said to the general officer commanding: "I give you my word—the man fairly chills my blood!" Not scorning danger, but rather, like Nelson, failing to recognize it, he toyed with death in all its ugliest phases, taking it into his slim hands and dissecting it as might a curious child the internal arrangement of a clock. He was, I think, happiest in the neck-deep water of a gloriously muddy trench, subsisting on the scantiest rations of those about, the unquenchable fire of his spirit scorning every weakness of an unusually frail body.

Now God be thanked, who has matched us with this hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary:
Leave the sick hearts that honor could not move,
And half men, and their dirty songs,
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh, we who have known shame, we have found release there,
Where there's no ill, no grief; but sleep has mending.

Naught broken save this body; lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there,
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

—*Rupert Brooke.*

That trench was the instrument which drove home into the heart of the soldier the consciousness of the great wrong that had been done the race by the thing that had bred this, and the conviction that it must never be permitted to happen again. Withal, there was such quickening of the soul as to melt the tough bone of thought in the dullest mind, and so to give to conscious thought a rebirth that reacted in a twisting of all old impulses. It became so that there was no human relationship, however sweet, however dear, which did not, beside this one here experienced, fade into distant nothingness. The regiment displaced all our other loves. It became a glorious symposium of father, mother and sweetheart; gave, asked and received our dying all. These men, who fought, cooked and died together, came to assume to one another a certain rough tenderness of affectionate disgust that replaced for each his more domestic love, which he had now, in his heart of hearts, half forsworn and perhaps wholly forgotten.

The Idol of the Princess Pats

ALL our old affections were of that remote, that far-off and shadowy world where men and women pursued all those quiet domestic avocations of a tranquil life which could by no strange whimsey have aught to do with this, even in recollection. And if there were no other reason it would be weakness to dally with the soft danger of the thought. And that this other world could so exist by the side of this one seemed strange indeed to us, whose hearts were daily and hourly crucified by the painful deaths of our newer loves. Each fresh loss so ate into our hearts and vitals as to make living painful and death welcome, searing the soul. And so those others back home, whom we had once known, became indeed very far off, and were so relegated to those distant regions of our hearts that little cares or thoughts of them might not by any chance conflict with our thought of or our duty to our all-mother—the regiment.

Stambore, a Princess Pat

And so, when some of them back home in Britain and in America told us of their aims for peace, our hearts were filled with a great rage that we should be so misunderstood. For why did we suffer this if not to end it for all time? And peace now would not do that.

"We beat you at the Marne;
We beat you at the Aisne;
We gave you hell at Neuve Chapelle;
And here we are again!

The rain was pitiless and so constant. We looked in vain for a sun that never shone.

(Continued on Page 32)

The World and Thomas Kelly

XIV

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE smart brougham carrying Tom Kelly to Beausejour, the Newport summer home of the Scotts, rolled up the crushed bluestone drive—set with blue Californian spruce to match—swiftly rounded the flower-bordered circle and came to a stop before the portico. The groom, a dapper little Englishman who reminded Tom strikingly of Pennington, jumped down from his seat beside the pink-faced coachman and whipped open the door with a quick touch of his cap. Both men were dressed in immaculate liveries, and both seemed scornfully impersonal.

It was Tom's second visit to Newport, and its contrast with the first was vividly in his mind as, reclining upon the soft cushions, he had been whirled proudly up Rhode Island Avenue. Now he felt quite at ease. He was fully aware that his tailor, to whom he was heavily in debt, had made a good job of him and that his new blue serge suit fitted his figure to a nicety. Round his straw hat was a colored band indicating to the world that he was one of the elect of Harvard, and on his hands, or rather in one hand, was a pair of those very yellow chamois gloves that had so aroused his contempt when adorning the hands of Catherwood in the gallery of Memorial Hall only three short years before. The wheel of his fortunes had certainly revolved since those dull days and now he was triumphantly atop of it.

He remembered how he and his mother, taking their afternoon strolls, she with her tiny black sunshade acock, had paused before those very granite pillars bearing the insignia of Beausejour, and gazed timidly up the same driveway through which he, a welcome guest, had just been swept in regal state. Then, they had been in momentary apprehension lest some gardener or other functionary should tell them to move along. Now, the very gates swung open at his approach. It made him think of that vocal exercise their old instructor in freshman elocution had given them. He had been a well-meaning but rather ridiculous little man, who, placing his fingertips upon his swelling waistcoat, was accustomed to say in a voice pregnant with adenoids:

"Remember, gentlemen, the abdomen is the center of the personality. Now, after me, gentlemen!"

Then he would intone in a hollow bellow:

O-pen—wide your—gates!
King John—your King and England's—
doth—appro-o-ach!

Tom laughed, mentally substituting King Tom for King John.

"O-pen—wide your—gates!" he chanted in a whisper as they rolled toward the house. "King Tom—your King and Newport's—doth—appro-o-ach!"

He was a little in doubt as to whether he should slip the little groom anything or not, but concluded that there was no indication of expectancy in the man's manner. So he sprang out of the brougham, nodding a thank you, and reached back for his racket cases. The groom had them, however, and was already engaged in handing them, together with his new pigskin English kit-bag, to the footman in blue livery who had mysteriously appeared from behind one of the marble pillars. The carriage drove away, leaving him standing in the full glare of the afternoon sun on the red tiles of the white stucco porch. A tall gray-haired man in evening dress now emerged from the doorway.

"Mrs. Scott is resting," said the butler, "and both gentlemen are out on the water. Will you go to your room, sir?"

It was but four o'clock of a brilliant July day, and rich odors from the near-by garden floated across the driveway. Tom had expected Allyn to meet him. It was a pity to waste such a beautiful afternoon. He might have got in a few practice sets of tennis. Still, the footman seemed to think he ought to go to his room, and the fellow probably knew.

The heavy shadows of the massive hall were almost chilly after the heat of the roadway, and it was quite dark in there. He made out a huge white marble fireplace, in imitation of the one at Blois, and some white marble seats upon which were thrown with elaborate carelessness a few crimson velvet cushions. Up a broad, thickly carpeted staircase he followed the footman to a landing leading to the bachelor's wing, and thence down a long, silent hall to the end, where a door was standing ajar.

"In here, sir," said the man, preceding him.

Tom inspected with amazement his new training quarters—the Royal Suite—or whatever it might be called. He had had no previous conception of the opulence of his friend's family. A bright Indian rug covered two-thirds of the polished hardwood floor. Over a wide fireplace hung a stag's head—a Royal—an ivory tag giving the place and date of its execution: Dunrobin, September 21, 1893. Dainty cerise silk curtains hung from the valanced windows and the single two-thirds bed was covered with a spread of the same material. Where the pillow should have been, according to the etiquette of Newbury Street, was a round bolster, also of silk. There were easy-chairs of leather and upholstered wicker, a polar bear rug lay in front of the fireplace, and engravings of English beauties, alternating with sporting prints, hung over the bed and along the walls. A round table offered the current weekly and monthly magazines arrayed in neat, overlapping rows, and, lest they should prove too intellectually exhausting, against the wall was a sort of sideboard, ranged on which were boxes of cigars and cigarettes of different brands and sizes, and a row of decanters with a bucket of cracked ice and aerated waters.

"Whew!" thought Tom. "This is pretty soft!"

"The bath is here, sir," said the man, opening another door.

"Oh, very well," answered Tom, not knowing whether it was *comme il faut* to express appreciation of one's accommodations in a friend's house. "Holy Mike!" was what he in fact remarked to himself at sight of the bath. It was an enormous room, tiled from floor to ceiling, and fitted with every known device for cleansing and refreshing the human body. Shower, sitz and needle baths supplemented the more plebeian services of a porcelain tub, raised on silver claws and standing in the middle of a white glazed desert. French soaps in sealed packages lay at hand, and a series of glass rods held woolly Turkish towels as big as tablecloths. It made Tom want to strip at once. And he had already resolved to have a drink as soon as he should be left alone. The valet finished arranging the contents of the valise upon the dressing table and in the wardrobe and, having asked Tom for his trunk check, announced that Mrs. Scott always had tea at five on the terrace, and then withdrew. Tom examined everything all over again with great enjoyment.

"Golly!" he repeated under his breath. "This is all right. Pretty soft, eh?" And, as he took in appreciatively the fine points of a steel engraved Grecian lady coyly emerging from the Ionian Sea without any dampness being visible upon her polished limbs, his mind reverted for an instant with grim satisfaction to the tin tub shared in rotation by the boarders at the Mountain Home House. Then he stepped over to the window seat and looked out upon a rose garden in full bloom.

A marble sundial stood in the center and on a bench in the shade of a high green border sat a young woman apparently reading. The sight of her set Tom's heart thumping, for she seemed to him the most beautiful, ethereal creature he had ever seen. She was a slender brunette, and her dark hair was curiously arranged like a huge halo above her heavily penciled eyebrows. Just at that moment, as if moved to retrospection by something she had been reading, she looked up and their eyes met. Hers were soft, brown and startled. She blushed slightly, gave an almost imperceptible acknowledgment of his presence by a slight inclination of her head, and looked swiftly down again. Tom, feeling guiltily that he had violated a maiden's privacy, hastily backed away from the window. But his blood was all astir and his pulses beat in unruly turmoil. Who was she? Well, he'd find out at tea time, anyhow! He poured out a drink for himself, and selecting a small *claro* cigar of an unusual shape he lit it and then threw himself back luxuriously in one of the leather chairs. The whole thing seemed a wonderful enchantment. The house was like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty—only she was not sleeping. He wondered what she would look like asleep! How black that riot of hair would look against a pillow! After a time he arose from the chair and glanced stealthily out of the other window. She was gone. The shadow of the hedge had crept across the green where stood the sundial. He almost doubted that she had been there. A humming bird came and hovered uncertainly for a moment just beneath him, and then likewise disappeared. From a distance he could hear the soft vibrations of a piano whenever the unseen player struck the upper notes. He looked at his watch and discovered to his surprise that it was already a quarter to five.

"Fallen on your feet this time, Tommy, old boy!" he again congratulated himself, wondering what it cost to run such an establishment. And he was getting the whole benefit of it for nothing!

He washed his face and hands, brushed his hair, and having put on a clean collar and fresh tie, ventured forth to find the "terrace." A footman arose from out of the shadows in the front hall and directed him through a drawing-room crowded with bric-a-brac and ornate furniture to the opposite side of the house, where a lawn sloped gradually away from a veranda lined with Chinese vases full of flowering shrubs. Near a flight of stone steps leading to another grassy slope he could see two ladies sitting beside a wicker table on which shone various articles of silver. The thought of approaching them alone and announcing himself filled him with terror and he doubled back to the veranda. He was on the point of fleeing to the protection of the bachelor wing when he heard voices in the hall and saw Allyn coming through the drawing-room in the company of two other men.

"Hello, Allyn!" he said, going to meet them.

"Hello, Tom!" answered his friend. "We've been off on the Siren to judge a race—otherwise I'd have been here to meet you. Father—this is Tom Kelly."

She Seemed to Him the Most Beautiful, Ethereal Creature He Had Ever Seen

The tall man with narrow face, high-arched nose and pale gray eyes, who had followed Allyn to the veranda, bowed rather stiffly and held out his hand for Tom to shake. His manner was perfunctorily courteous but detached, and he gave the impression of being somewhat bored with the particular thing that he happened to be doing but in hope that the next might prove more entertaining.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Kelly," he remarked. And then added hastily: "Yes, yes. We must get out to tea or your mother will accuse us of *lèse majesté*."

"And Mr. Parradym—Mr. Kelly," added Allyn.

The third gentleman struck Tom instantly as being of an entirely different and novel type. He was rather stout, neatly but not smartly dressed, and had a red, good-natured face with a large, inquiring nose and kindly, rather watery, blue eyes.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Kelly—to be sure!" said he, giving Tom's hand a warm pressure. "The coming champion, we understand."

Tom soon learned that Mr. Parradym never referred to himself and always included all those present in his conversation. The three, led by Allyn, crossed the terrace and descended the steps to the tea table.

"Mother, this is Tom Kelly," repeated Allyn, addressing a slender harmony in mauve. The lady bowed graciously, using her lorgnette.

"My sister—Mrs. Wingate ——" continued Allyn.

Tom turned and found himself bowing to the girl of the rose garden. A married woman! She held out her hand, giving him an intense, eager look. There was something appealing in her brown eyes, a note of pathos, as if she vaguely sought protection.

"You were in the rose garden!" exclaimed Tom. "I disturbed you! I'm sorry!"

Allyn laughed cynically, and the girl flashed a look of annoyance at him.

"You can usually find Lulie in the rose garden—when there are guests in the bachelor wing!" he remarked banteringly.

Mrs. Scott made an impatient gesture, and said something to her daughter in French which Tom did not understand. He had abandoned French after his freshman year. Whatever it was it caused Mrs. Wingate to flush and bite her lips. She looked helplessly at Tom and made a slight gesture with her shoulders as if she knew that he would understand. Instantly his instinct of chivalry was aroused and he would have come valiantly to her support could he have thought of anything to say. It was very rude of Allyn and cruel of his mother!

"We had quite a pretty race," said Mr. Parradym, rescuing the situation. "The Alethea won by less than a length!"

"By the way—what are the orders for to-night?" inquired Mr. Scott of his wife.

"You and I are dining with the Overtons. Allyn and Lulie are going to the Wellfleets, and I accepted an invitation for Mr. Kelly to dine at the Fanshaws," she answered.

Tom was appalled.

"I really," he began, totally aghast—"I don't know Mrs. Fanshaw—I haven't met her!"

"That's nothing!" Mr. Scott informed him. "You are what is known as an available man. You not only can dine out every night—you must dine out every night."

"Cheer up," urged Mr. Parradym. "I'm dining there myself and it's not half bad. Lots of worse places. And Fanshaw has some very excellent old Madeira."

"I should die!" groaned Tom quite naturally, and the others laughed in spite of themselves. "Can't I stay at home?"

"Look here, mother," suggested Allyn suddenly, "I have it. Let Lulie chaperon Tom to the Wellfleets and I'll take in the Fanshaws. They'll never know the difference. The Wellfleets would much rather have him, anyway—he's something new."

"And give you a chance to make love to Mimi Fanshaw!" shot back his sister at him.

"Well," said Mrs. Scott, "if it would make Mr. Kelly any more comfortable not to go alone —— Of course nobody cares, really—it will surely be all right—if you prefer?"

Tom glanced quickly at Mrs. Wingate and something told him that she would not be displeased if he accepted Allyn's suggestion. Already he felt as if some secret bond of sympathy existed between them.

"If I have to go out I'd much prefer to go that way," he answered. "Honestly, I'd feel like a cat in a strange garret—I shall, anyway."

"Only there'll be another cat there that you know!" chuckled Allyn.

And again Tom could find no words. The butler and two footmen now made their appearance for the purpose of removing the tea things and Mr. Scott decided that he must go to write some letters. They all accordingly arose. Mrs. Scott affably informed Tom that it was a great pleasure to have him with them and then, nodding to the others, walked stiffly off beside her husband.

"What happens now?" wondered Tom. It was only half after five—the coolness of the evening was creeping through the gardens, the shadows reaching out across the grass—the loveliest hour of the day.

"Do you play bridge?" asked Mrs. Wingate.

"No," answered Tom, feeling very stupid, "I never learned."

"What a shame!"

Emboldened by her tone he asked:

"Will you teach me?"

"I'd love to," she answered. "Anything you like."

"She knows all sorts of games," said Allyn significantly. "By George, Lulie," he whistled, "you and I promised to go over to the Langhorns' at five-thirty. We're late now! Come along!"

"Some other time, then," murmured Tom.

She held out her hand and as he pressed it she turned away, leaving, as it were, a precious possession for a moment in his clasp.

"You two fellows will have to take care of yourselves, Parry," remarked Allyn. "Why don't you take Kelly down to the club?"

"Oh, I'd rather stay here and smoke a cigarette," answered Tom. "That is, if Mr. Parradym doesn't mind."

In truth he wished to learn without delay everything there was to know about Mrs. Wingate. Was there a Mr. Wingate? for example. She was not in black—could not be a widow.

He took Parradym's offered cigarette, unconsciously inspecting the brand.

"You needn't be afraid," laughed the other. "They're Scott's—not mine. And I tell him where to buy 'em, so I know they're all right. Yes," he added with a dry smile, "I'm a little brother to the rich. You might as well know it now as later."

Tom was so taken aback by this extraordinary frankness that all he could do was to ask lamely:

"Are you staying here?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Parradym. "I usually spend July here. Have for the last fifteen years. It's a very comfortable house—and quite all right in most ways! Besides our hostess is an excellent executive, and gives her husband his orders every morning—all of us, in fact."

They had strolled the length of the terrace and instinctively had turned down another flight of steps leading into a grassy corner from which they could see the breakers surging against the rocks.

"And now to answer your question about Mrs. Wingate ——"

"I didn't ask you anything about her," interrupted Tom.

"Oh, didn't you? Well, excuse me, but everybody does want to know about Mrs. Wingate. Yes, she has a husband, really a very good sort of fellow too! But they don't get on for some reason—several reasons—and as she has three millions of her own she manages without him very well."

"Are they divorced?"

"No not so far as I am aware," answered Parradym. "But substantially so. Only as there is no question of either alimony or the custody of children they never have thought it necessary to go to court."

Tom said nothing. It was certainly no concern of his what domestic arrangements the Wingates might choose to make, and yet for some reason he was disappointed. His dream had faded into nothing.

"But there are others!" murmured Mr. Parradym as if to himself.

Tom began to be secretly annoyed with his cheery-faced fellow guest. What right had Parradym to assume that he had taken any sudden romantic interest in Mrs. Wingate?

"You wonder what business it is of mine?" said his new friend. "None! Except in so far as a casehardened old social parasite ought to try to keep the game on a fair basis, and give the players the benefit of his experience. You don't know me. I've heard a little about you. I know more than you think from looking at you. I'm a friend of the family and I'm a friend to all nice young fellows. We all have our faults and we all ought to be charitable toward others. But this is rather a dangerous house, between you and me, for a young chap to start in."

Tom's annoyance had deepened into mild indignation. Let this comfortable old parasite, as he admitted that he was, speak for himself and not for others! He was about to let drop some hint of this sort when Mr. Parradym laid his hand gently on Tom's shoulder.

"What a wonderful sight!" he said, pointing out toward the open sea.

It was true. The wind had fallen until the ocean lay undulating in long streaks of near-colors, off-shades of purple, yellow, blue and crimson—like watered silk. A mile away the snowy sails of a sailing yacht reflected the dazzling light of the setting sun. All was still save for the slow splash of the waves against the rocks and the chirp of birds in the bushes about them. Overhead the sky was an arc of deepest blue.

"This is the real immortality!" muttered Parradym.

Tom was only conscious that his associate had said something. He was looking, to be sure, in the direction of the sea, but all he saw was the appealing face of Lulie Wingate.

"I beg your pardon—what was it you said?" he asked.

She Was in His Eyes a Captive Princess and He Was Already Her Champion

"GOT everything you want?"

Allyn had popped his head in at the door of Tom's room, where he found the latter, assisted by a valet, hastily getting into his dress clothes. In reality the valet was only in the way, since Tom had not the remotest idea what use to make of him and found it very inconvenient when he wanted to put on his trousers to have the fellow clinging to their legs. It seemed almost as much of a stunt to get into them as to leap through a hoop, but he presently discovered that, after you had inserted your leg, the valet released that particular trouser at the precise moment requisite to enable you to get it through to the floor instead of leaving the limb suspended in mid-air. Even then the process savored of skipping rope.

"You bet I have—and more!" answered Tom, buttoning his suspenders in front while the valet performed that office for him behind. "I hope I'm not late?"

Allyn took out a small watch of the thickness of a cheese knife.

"It's only just eight o'clock," he said. "The carriages aren't ordered until quarter past ——"

"Don't you dine at eight?"

"Oh, nobody ever gets anywhere before eight-thirty. What would be the use? Someone would be sure to be late and keep everybody else waiting."

Allyn filled himself a glass of whisky and soda from the sideboard and lit a cigarette at the alcohol burner.

"Lord, yes! Time to burn! Have a drink?"

Tom nodded.

"Give Mr. Kelly a Scotch and soda," Allyn added to the valet, who, having obeyed, removed himself.

"Here's how!" remarked Tom, taking a long pull at his glass. Smacking his lips, he gazed appreciatively round the apartment.

"By the way, who is Parradym?" he asked casually.

"Parradym? Oh, he's a good-natured, easy-going sort of chap—rather cynical, but kind-hearted and keen as a razor. I tell you, nothing gets by old Parry! He could make a lot of money if he wanted to work, but he doesn't want to. He's been everywhere, seen everything, read every book ever written, knows everybody, but is poor as a church mouse. Nobody knows exactly who he is, and I guess he isn't anybody exactly. They say he writes for the magazines and newspapers under a *nom de plume* and manages to get along in that way, but he only needs enough to pay for his wash, because he spends most of his time visiting or playing golf on the Riviera. He told me once his entire winter had cost him less than a thousand francs. But I'd trust him with my last sou and follow his advice even if it led me over a cliff."

"I wonder if it ever would!" mused Tom.

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know! Just a thought of mine."

"You're right!" replied Allyn. "I chose a bad illustration. Parradym's advice wouldn't ever lead you over a cliff. On the contrary, it can always be followed with perfect safety. It is the gospel of expediency raised to its *n*th power—so much so that at times it almost seems to be idealistic rather than utilitarian. You remember 'Phil'—4? 'The idiopsychological theory of ethics' and all that rot? To be perfectly frank I should say that the only danger from poor Parry would be that, if you followed his advice, you might remain quite comfortable when you ought to go on over the cliff. You remember:

"'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die!"

This sudden flash started Tom.

"Why, Allyn!" he cried, "do you believe that? I thought you were a rank materialist!"

Allyn smiled rather wearily.

"I haven't the remotest idea what I am," he answered as he emptied his glass and replaced it on the sideboard. "And even if I had, I'd probably be mistaken."

"I don't understand," said Tom. "How could you be mistaken if you knew what you were?"

"Why, I mean that I might think I was one thing and all the time be something else. My reason might lead me to accept a certain set of conclusions as sound, and my instinct would lead me to follow another. I might be an egoist in theory and an idealist by nature. Sometimes I suspect that's the way it is with Parry. He'll preach a doctrine of utter selfishness and give away his last quarter to a drunken tramp—'to hurry him along to the bone yard,' as he says."

"Whatever he is, I guess he's a wise old guy!" answered Tom. "I never knew you thought about such things!"

"Think about 'em!" groaned Allyn, suddenly turning upon Tom, the black circles round his eyes showing in strong contrast against the pallor of his skin. "With me it's just the other way round. I've got a chronic, burning thirst. I drink. I have to or I'd go crazy. But do you suppose I believe in it? No, I don't! In theory I'm a teetotaler. I'm for the grape juice and soft stuff. But that's all the good it does me! I'd go shouting for Prohibition at the head of the procession—and just naturally turn into the first saloon; that is, my feet would but my head wouldn't. However, I'd get the drink. That's the instinct—the craving of the body—that drives me along, just as some other fellow's instinct would drive him along, 'over the cliff' maybe, when he knew or thought he knew that he was an ass for going."

"Mrs. Scott sent me up to say that the carriage was waiting," said the valet, appearing at the door, and both boys ran hastily down the corridor. In the hall were Mrs. Wingate and Parradym, the host and hostess having already gone along; while at the door stood two broughams, their lamps lighted.

"Jump in with Lulie, Tom!" directed Allyn. "I'll probably drop over to the Welfleets' along about eleven. See you then, old man."

Mrs. Wingate was already lifting her skirt to get into the first carriage and displaying in the process a ravishingly slender ankle. She turned and glanced over her shoulder at Tom. "Will you follow me?" she asked archly.

"Anywhere!" answered Tom for her ear alone, yet he felt that he would have proclaimed it joyously from the housetops with all the world listening. He sprang up the steps and seated himself beside her, his body tingling as he felt his arm touching the delicate texture of her white wrap, from which her face gleamed like that of a gypsy; and he turned, intending to cast a glance of scorn at Parradym through the open window. The ruddy countenance of that gentleman was already there, however.

"Deal gently with the boy, Lulie!" said Parradym good-humoredly. "I have told him you were a 'Serpent of Old Nile!'"

The brougham leaped forward, leaving the window vacant and crushing Tom deliciously against his companion.

"I—I think they are all perfectly horrid to you!" he blurted out excitedly. "But I want you to know that I'm on your side!"

He dared not look at her as he made this declaration; but he gloried in the fact that he was following his instinct. Had not Allyn said that instinct inevitably prevailed over mere intelligence? That was the case now with him. She was in his eyes a captive princess—misunderstood, slighted, abused—and he was already her champion.

"I knew you understood, the first time we met—at tea," she answered with gratitude. "It is so hard, if one cares for the things that are really worth while, to find any sympathy here. So I am quite lonely. My mother could not possibly understand how I could wish to read a book for example. You recall how they all attributed some ulterior purpose to my being in the garden?"

"I'm glad I saw you first that way!" said Tom tenderly. "I shall never forget how you looked sitting there with the sunlight in your hair! How strange I never knew Allyn had a sister!"

"He might as well not have any!" she retorted bitterly. "You see how I'm made to feel like an interloper, or at least like an unwelcome guest—as if somehow I was entirely to blame for my unfortunate marriage. But we mustn't talk of these unpleasant things!" she added gently. "We must be gay and happy in order to make a proper entrance into this grand mansion of chattering fools. You will tire of all this in a week. How I envy you your splendid youth, your future—your work!"

Tom was not aware that he had mentioned any of his plans for the future, but her tone was enough to lead him to renew fervently his vows of loyalty; yet mingled with his real admiration for her and the flame of passion which she aroused was the conscious satisfaction that he, Tom Kelly, was actually making love to a beautiful three-million-dollar heiress and getting along rather better than could have been expected. It quite went to his head. If he could do this with her—think of all the other and less distinguished girls! But he must be true! A little fun—merely the mildest flirting—with others. He could hardly control his voice as the carriage paused to allow another, immediately preceding it, to roll away round the brilliantly lighted circle in front of an enormous house, the verandas of which, as well as the grounds, were hung with Chinese lanterns.

"The House of Mammon!" whispered Mrs. Wingate bitterly.

A groom in livery snapped open the door and saluted.

"Carriages are being ordered for one o'clock," he said.

"Heavens!" muttered Tom. "It doesn't take five hours to eat dinner, does it?"

Lulie Wingate threw him a protecting smile.

"There will be dancing afterward; you can stay if you wish. But I am tired of it. Be here at eleven, Jules."

They passed in through a row of footmen, one of whom directed them to opposite sides of the great entrance hall, and when Tom emerged from the reception room he found

"Mother, This is Tom Kelly," Repeated Allyn, Addressing a Slender Harmony in Mauve

(Continued on Page 110)

The Surgical Operations on President Cleveland in 1893

By W. W. Keen, M. D., LL. D.

Emeritus Professor of Surgery, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia

Mr. Cleveland in His Library at Princeton

ON AUGUST 29, 1893, the Philadelphia Press published a three-column dispatch, or letter, from "Holland"—Mr. E. J. Edwards—its New York correspondent, startling the whole country by giving the first intimation of an alleged serious operation upon President Cleveland, performed by Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, of New York, on board Commodore E. C. Benedict's yacht, the Oneida. He gave the names of the medical men present and many details of the operation. This was said to have been done on July first, immediately after Mr. Cleveland had called the special session of Congress for August seventh.

Holland stated that the operation consisted in the removal of some teeth and of considerable bone, as far as the orbital plate of the upper jaw on one side. This dispatch was substantially correct, even in most of the details, as will be seen later.

The news was immediately spread broadcast and at once gave rise to an animated controversy. At the time of the publication of the dispatch Mr. Cleveland had been in Washington for the special session of Congress on August seventh, and four days later had gone to Gray Gables, his summer home on Buzzard's Bay, for rest and recuperation, as was publicly alleged. He returned to Washington on August thirtieth. On September fifth he opened the First Pan-American Medical Congress, in Washington, when his voice was "even clearer and more resonant" than on March fourth at his inauguration. Two weeks later he spoke at the Centenary of the Founding of the City of Washington. He met many persons officially and socially. No scar or other evidence of an operation existed, his voice did not betray him, and his general health was evidently as good as could be expected of one who had endured a horde of pestiferous officeseekers and the terrible anxieties of the existing financial crisis.

Many newspapers denied that any operation had been performed; others said that, at the most, it consisted in the removal of two teeth and possibly a little rough bone. They cited not only the lack of physical evidence already mentioned, but the statements of Doctor Bryant, of Cabinet officers, of the President's private secretary, and a signed statement by Mr. L. Clarke Davis, editor of the Public Ledger and a close friend of the President, who wrote that Holland's statement "had a real basis of a toothache." Some papers denounced Holland's letter as "infamous," and claimed that the whole story was a "cancer fake," and so on.

Doctor Bryant, who was the only spokesman for all the medical men who had participated in the operation, was naturally unwilling to discuss his patient's case for professional reasons, and the weighty additional reason of the serious influence of any full statement he might make upon the tense and disastrous financial crisis. He rightly minimized the operation as far as possible.

How Great Destinies Hung by a Thread

BUT many papers pointed to the recent denials of the doctors in the case of General Grant, and of other public men, which proved to be inexact. They declared the alleged statement of Colonel Lamont, the Secretary of War, Mr. Cleveland's most intimate friend, who had also been on board the Oneida during the operation, that the President was "a sick man—how sick we cannot tell," was the correct statement of the actual facts.

To comprehend the grave responsibilities resting on Mr. Cleveland's surgeons and the necessity of preserving absolute secrecy as to any serious operation having been performed upon the President, it is essential to understand the financial panic then in progress. This Burton describes as a crisis "which in its severity has rarely been surpassed"; and Charles Francis Adams, in his Autobiography, calls it "the most deep-seated financial storm in the history of the country." It was a crisis that would have been changed into a national disaster had the actual facts become known before Congress assembled on August seventh. As the Nation said on August third—long before the operation was known: "A great deal is staked upon the continuance of a single life."

On the very day when Holland's letter was published the Commercial and Financial Chronicle said editorially: "Mr. Cleveland is about all that stands between this country and absolute disaster, and his death would be a great calamity."

Had the seriousness of the operation on Mr. Cleveland become known earlier than it did, and before his evident good health put to rest the fears of the community and emboldened the sound-money men in Congress, the panic would have become a rout. The reason for these strong statements is that Mr. Stevenson, the Vice President, was a pronounced silver man. Had the very serious nature of the operation become known, the public would at once have jumped to the conclusion that the President was doomed. Cleveland would at once become the setting sun, Stevenson the rising sun, and the Silver Clause of the Sherman Act almost certainly would not have been repealed. What that would have meant to the country can scarcely be imagined.

"To Mr. Cleveland—and we might say to Mr. Cleveland alone—belongs the honor of securing the passage of the Repeal Bill."—(The Nation, October 26, 1893.)

The financial crisis was acute, even world-wide. In 1879, after a long interruption, the United States had resumed specie payments. In 1871 Germany had demonetized silver. In 1877 the three Latin nations had done the same. Switzerland and Greece, and shortly afterward the three Scandinavian nations, followed their example. In 1892 the leading nations of the world were in a wild scramble for gold. Austria-Hungary was seeking one hundred million dollars for a resumption of specie payments, and the Bank of France was adding to its supply. Russia, on January 31, 1893, had accumulated four hundred and fifty million dollars. The Bank of England, in order not to lose its gold, had kept its discount rate at three per cent, though in the general market the rate was only one per cent.

In 1890 occurred the collapse of Argentine credit, and the Baring Brothers became very nearly insolvent.

In May, 1893, twelve British Colonial banks suspended. On June 26, 1893—five days before the first Cleveland operation—India, the only large user of silver except the United States, also demonetized silver. No nation wanted to be caught with a large amount of silver on hand when the world once more placed itself firmly on a gold basis.

In the United States the situation was deplorable. From 1879 to 1890 our business had been conducted on a gold basis. But the silver heresy had spread far and wide among our people, and the influence especially of the senators from our northwestern silver-producing states was energetically used.

The Populist convention in 1891 demanded the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of sixteen to one, and government ownership of railroads, telegraphs and telephones. Its candidate polled over one million votes, carried four Northwestern States, and received twenty-two votes in the Electoral College. The Populists threatened to become a power to be reckoned with. A number of prominent economists and statesmen in Great Britain and the United States also supported bimetallism. "The people" wanted "plenty of money." To many of them free silver "had a most enticing sound, indicative of opulence. They had a vague notion that . . . the free coinage of silver would increase the number of dollars a head in the United States. . . . When assured that unlimited silver coinage would drive gold out of circulation they replied that silver was good enough for them if they could only get enough of it; . . . that this country was big enough to do anything it pleased without asking for leave or license from the monarchies of Europe."—(Peck.)

In 1890 we had, in all, a gold reserve of over one hundred and eighty-five million dollars—eighty-five millions in excess of the hundred millions set aside to guarantee the integrity of over three hundred and forty-six million dollars of greenbacks. By January 31, 1893, this reserve had fallen to one hundred and eight million dollars. On Mr. Cleveland's accession—March fourth—it had fallen to less than one hundred and one million dollars. The Treasury was kept solvent only by omitting payments into the sinking fund and by not expending appropriations voted by Congress. The Secretary of the Treasury also begged patriotic banks and bankers to let the Government have their gold. But this gold soon disappeared in redeeming paper money. He also repeatedly sold bonds. Even these bonds, to a degree, defeated their own object; for the purchasers drew some of the gold they paid into the Treasury for the bonds by presenting to the Treasury its own notes, which the secretary was obliged to redeem in gold on penalty of seriously impairing the credit of the United States.

Our Dwindling Gold Reserve

THE Sherman Act had been passed in 1890. It was an almost fatal "truce," as Mr. Cleveland called it, between the advocates of free coinage of silver and their opponents. This Act imposed an additional yearly purchase of fifty-four million ounces of silver, against which Treasury notes were issued, all redeemable in gold. From 1789 to 1878—eighty-nine years—we had coined only eight million silver dollars. From 1878 to 1893—only fifteen years—we had coined over four hundred and nineteen millions. In silver bullion, cart-wheel dollars—which nobody wanted—and subsidiary coinage we had six hundred and thirty-five million dollars of silver on hand!

Besides this, the influx of gold into the Treasury from customs almost ceased. In December, 1891, and January, 1892, two-thirds of the customs were paid in gold. A year later, in the same months, instead of two-thirds, there were paid in gold only four per cent and nine per cent respectively.

The depleted and steadily diminishing gold reserve not only had to meet the mass of obligations just mentioned but had to supply the gold demanded in payment for American securities, which were freely sold by Europeans because of their lack of confidence in our finances. The balance of trade, also, was against us, and the difference had to be paid in gold. The very simple and obvious way

to get the gold was to exchange paper for gold at the Treasury. When so received the Government did not cancel these notes, but reissued them—only to have the same process repeated in an endless chain!

It seems to us now passing strange that Congress persisted in such self-evident folly, in spite of the public action of Chambers of Commerce and other similar organizations, the opinions of financial experts, and Mr. Cleveland's repeated but vain appeals for relief: but "something had to be done for silver." When an anxious husband was told by the doctor that he was at the end of his resources and that all that could be done for his wife was to "trust in the Lord," "Oh, doctor," was the reply, "it isn't really as bad as that, is it?"

In our similar financial emergency and most appropriately in Denver, the "silver capital," where six banks failed in two days—the clergymen evidently thought it was "really as bad as that," and urged the President to appoint a day of fasting and prayer.

No wonder that the loss of confidence in the ability of the Government to sustain its credit, and the various sinister influences already described, precipitated a panic!

At his inauguration, on March fourth, Mr. Cleveland declared he would exhaust all his legal powers to prevent any depreciation of the currency. To that end the Secretary of the Treasury boldly trenched upon the hundred-million-dollar gold-reserve fund, but gave ominous warning that the Treasury would pay gold for Treasury notes only so long as it had gold lawfully available for that purpose. Before the crisis finally ended the gold reserve had fallen to only forty million dollars.

In February, 1893, the Reading Railroad went into the hands of a receiver. Early in March call money went to sixty per cent, and in July to seventy-three per cent. In June the banks had to avail themselves of clearing-house certificates, which were in continual use until November first. Early in August the savings banks put in force the thirty days' notice for withdrawal of money.

Our population in 1893 was just about sixty-six millions. During that year six hundred and forty-two banks suspended. Presumably this would be equal approximately to the suspension of one thousand banks in 1917. The most vivid appreciation of the seriousness of the situation can best be had by reading the "summary of the news" in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, or other newspapers, for 1893, or even for the middle six months of that year. Scarcely a day passed without several and sometimes many suspensions. Bank failures occurred, banks and trust companies closed their doors, receiverships and business embarrassments, even of large concerns, appeared in dismal reiteration. At Golden City, Colorado—a singularly inappropriate place—the silver men once went so far as to burn Mr. Cleveland in effigy.

Mr. Cleveland, from the very first, had planted his feet firmly on a sound-money basis and stood like a rock in its defense. On February 11, 1891, after the enactment of the Sherman Act of 1890 in the interests of the silver men, and long before even the nomination of a candidate for the election of 1892, the Reform Club of New York held a meeting to protest against free silver. Mr. Cleveland wrote a letter to the club, the closing sentence of which spoke of "the dangerous and reckless experiment of free, unlimited and independent silver coinage."

The Act Repealed

BY HIS foes this was called "defiant frankness" and "blazing indiscretion." They declared that he was politically dead and buried, and this letter was his epitaph. But the Nation recognized it as a master stroke. It actually made him the inevitable standard bearer of his party against the wishes of its leaders. In the Electoral College he polled 277 votes out of 444. His party, however, weakly catered to the silverites by nominating Stevenson, a silver man, for the Vice Presidency.

When Congress met in special session, on August seventh, Mr. Cleveland's message urged the absolute repeal of the Sherman Act, without any substitute and without any compromise. On August eleventh Mr. Cleveland returned to Gray Gables. While there he was rejoiced to learn that the House had passed the repeal on August twenty-eighth by 239 to 101 votes—more than two to one. The repeal then went to the Senate.

The day after the vote in the House Holland's letter disclosing the operation was published.

Though there was believed to be a majority of the Senate in favor of repeal, in spite of the fact that seven silver states, with only one-sixtieth of the population, had about one-sixth of the membership of the Senate, the battle raged long and fiercely. "Senatorial courtesy" prevented "cloture," and the weary debate went on and on until the obstruction became a scandal. Jones, of Nevada, covered one hundred closely printed pages of the Congressional Record with his speech. Allen, of Nebraska, spoke for fourteen hours. An attempt at a continuous session, to wear out one side or the other, failed after thirty-eight hours. Late in October the Senate did not formally adjourn for fourteen days.

Wild schemes, also, were proposed to alter the proportion of gold and silver from one to sixteen to one to seventeen, eighteen, nineteen; and even twenty to one. The last was actually proposed by Senator Vest, of Missouri. Secretary Carlisle gave it its quietus with a bare bodkin thrust by showing that the recoinage of our silver would require several years, during which time there would be two sorts of dollars of different values, and would cost one hundred and twelve million dollars!

Finally, on October thirtieth, the repeal passed the Senate by 48 to 37 votes—including five "pairs."

The country was thus saved from the dire disaster that threatened; but the noxious effects of the silver heresy did not pass away until the election of 1896.

This, then, was the threatening situation, which was at its very worst when Doctor Bryant and I operated. The operation itself was as nothing compared with scores that both of us had performed; but on it hung the life not only of a human being and an illustrious ruler but the destiny of a nation. It was by far the most responsible operation in which I ever took part.

On Sunday, June eighteenth, Dr. R. M. O'Reilly—later Surgeon-General of the United States Army—the official medical attendant on officers of the Government in Washington, examined a rough place on the roof of Mr. Cleveland's mouth. He found an ulcer as large as a quarter of a dollar, extending from the molar teeth to within one-third of an inch of the middle line and encroaching slightly on the soft palate, and some diseased bone. The pathologist at the Army Medical Museum—who was kept in ignorance, of course, of the name of the patient—reported, on a small fragment which Doctor O'Reilly removed, that it was strongly indicative of malignancy.

Doctor O'Reilly, foreseeing the need for an operation, advised Mr. Cleveland to consult Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, long his medical attendant and intimate friend. Doctor Bryant quickly went to Washington and confirmed the diagnosis. The President, after the examination, with no apparent concern, inquired:

"What do you think it is, doctor?"

To which Doctor Bryant replied:

"Were it in my mouth I would have it removed at once."

This answer settled the matter.

Mr. Cleveland and His Eldest Son, Richard, at Their Home in Princeton

Secret Preparations

DURING the discussion as to what arrangements could be made, "the President would not under any circumstances consent . . . to a time and place that would not give the best opportunity of avoiding disclosure, and even a suspicion that anything of significance had happened to him. The strong desire to avoid notoriety . . . was dwarfed by the fear he had of the effect on the public of a knowledge of his affliction, and on the financial questions of the time." He decided that July first was the earliest suitable date. Colonel Lamont, the Secretary of War, and a close personal friend, was then informed of the facts, and it was soon arranged that to secure secrecy the operation should be done on Commodore Benedict's yacht, the Oneida.

The next question was as to how soon the President could probably safely return to Washington. August seventh was decided on.

Meantime Doctor Bryant had written me, asking for a consultation "in a very important matter." As I was about to go to New England I suggested that I should go to New York at noon and that we meet at three-fifteen on the deserted deck of the Fall River boat, which did not leave till six P. M. There, without any interruption, we laid all necessary plans. The living rooms on the Oneida were prepared and disinfected; an operating table and all the necessary instruments, drugs, dressings, and so on, were sent on board. Arrangements were made with Dr. Ferdinand Hasbrouck, a dentist accustomed to giving nitrous oxide, to assist.

On June thirtieth I reached New York City in the evening, went to Pier A, and was taken over to the yacht. Dr. E. G. Janeway, of New York; Doctor O'Reilly; Dr. John F. Erdmann, Doctor Bryant's assistant; and Doctor Hasbrouck had also secretly gone to the yacht. The President, Doctor Bryant and Secretary Lamont, at a later hour on arrival from Washington, openly drove to Pier A, whence they were taken to the yacht.

Just before he left Washington, on June thirtieth, Mr. Cleveland issued a call for a special session of Congress on August seventh, with the object of relieving the financial dangers by the repeal of the Silver Clause of the Sherman Act.

On arriving on the yacht the President lighted a cigar, and we sat on deck smoking and chatting till near midnight. Once he burst out with "Oh, Doctor Keen, those officeseekers! Those officeseekers! They haunt me even in my dreams!" I had never met him before; but during that hour or more of conversation I was deeply impressed by his splendid personality and his lofty patriotism. I do not believe there was a more devoted patriot living.

He passed a good night, sleeping well without any sleeping medicine. Before he dressed, Doctor Janeway made a most careful examination of his chest and found nothing wrong. There was little if any arteriosclerosis. His pulse was ninety. His kidneys were almost entirely normal.

I then examined him myself. He stated that he was sure the rough place

(Continued on Page 53)

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Our Army Limit

IT IS calculated that in view of the length of the haul, every American soldier in France will require five tons of shipping—not merely to carry him oversea but to keep him supplied with food, clothing, guns, ammunition, and to fetch a substitute if he is wounded. On this calculation, maintaining an army of a million men in Europe would require five million tons of shipping. That is the limitation upon our direct contribution to the struggle in the trenches. Available tonnage will increase slowly.

Statements recently made in the House of Commons throw some light upon the obscure shipping situation.

The first of last April, it appears, England had sixteen million tons of ocean-going bottoms, a decrease of a million tons since the beginning of war—largely because naval construction had almost monopolized shipyards. Though British yards launched nearly two million tons of merchant ships in 1913, the output in 1915 and 1916, combined, was only a million and a quarter tons. But the submarine turned attention decisively to merchant vessels. The output this year will be two million tons, and three millions next year; while between June last and the end of 1918 American yards will turn out three million tons.

In April submarines sank ships at the rate of ten million tons a year. Of late, destruction appears to have been not over half that. But it is evident that, unless submarine destruction decidedly lessens, it will be well into next year before tonnage begins to increase appreciably; and the growth then will be slow.

A million men count for comparatively little in this war. We must calculate, on the present situation and prospects, that it will be a long while before we can get into the trenches in any decisive fashion. Therefore, wherever in any other direction there is a chance for quicker action we should develop it with all possible energy.

Soldiers' Insurance

AN AMBIGUOUS paragraph in the House bill under which the Government proposes to write insurance on the lives of its soldiers and sailors says: "During the period of war the insurance shall be term insurance for successive terms of one year each, convertible after war, without medical examination, into such form of insurance, with such provision for premium payments, as may be prescribed by regulations."

That needs clarifying. Enlisted men are uninsurable except at a cost that would be prohibitive for the rank and file. The Government proposes to overcome that disability by underwriting the lives of its soldiers and sailors. But, when the war ends and enlisted men return to civil occupations, the disability that Government service created disappears, and the men are insurable on the same terms as anyone else. Government insurance should then cease, except where a man's physical condition has become so impaired while in Government service that he is not insurable at normal rates.

The paragraph above quoted would plainly authorize the Treasury Department to continue indefinitely in the business of insuring lives after the war. It should be so amended as to leave no doubt that Government insurance shall cease at the end of the war.

Treasury estimates of what it will cost the Government to insure lives and pay indemnities for death and disability under the provisions of this bill are very likely too low. But it should always be remembered that the bill is proposed as a substitute for the pension system.

Conscription of Language

IN THE introduction to his autobiographical book, Joseph Conrad observes: "He who wants to persuade should put his trust not in the right argument, but in the right word. The power of sound has always been greater than the power of sense. I don't say this by way of disparagement. It is better for mankind to be impressionable than reflective. Nothing humanely great—great, I mean, as affecting a whole mass of lives—has come from reflection. On the other hand, you cannot fail to see the power of mere words."

We doubt it, even in the broad sense in which Conrad meant it; but that is neither here nor there, for there are certain matters in which everybody prefers the guidance of sense. The most emotional citizen, if he were buying a farm, would not put his faith in an impressionistic survey of the land or an impressionistic abstract of the title. If he is building a party fence he wants his contribution of labor, posts and wire determined by dry arithmetic, and not by an emotional reaction.

Senator La Follette and his followers want to levy war taxes in the impressionistic manner. They put their trust not in the right argument, but in the right word; and rely upon the power of sound, not of sense.

For mere sound, "conscription of wealth" and "coining dollars out of blood" meet all the requirements of the case; but anyone capable of reasoning should be able to see that they contain no sense. They mean: "A great affliction has come upon the country; therefore, let's exterminate the plutocrats"—as the Russian bureaucracy used to say: "We've got into a mess; let's massacre the Jews."

But this is the most inauspicious of times for that. A nation busy with the great and complicated problem of war may well be excused from gratuitously undertaking the great and complicated problem of redistribution of wealth.

Inflation

THE quantity of paper money in circulation in Europe has increased more than eight billion dollars since war began; it has been multiplied by more than three.

Bank deposits, though no exact and comprehensive figures are available, have increased several billions.

There are that many more dollars with which to buy things. It is evident enough that if you had a small isolated community, whose stock of money—that is, whose purchasing power—was suddenly multiplied, there would be a more lively bidding for goods, and prices would go up; also, that reducing the stock of money might involve many pinches. There will certainly be more or less inflation here as a result of war financing; and quite a little revolution—scarcely noticed save by experts—has recently been taking place in our monetary machinery.

Two years ago the Federal Reserve Banks held about a quarter of a billion dollars of gold. They now hold nearly a billion and a half. Their liabilities on account of deposits and circulating notes have increased from a little over three hundred millions to about two billions.

Under the amended law member banks must keep their entire legal reserves on deposit with the Reserve Banks; under other amendments the central institutions are making a vigorous campaign to gather nearly the whole gold stock of the country into their hands. Recently the bank at New York circularized banks in that district to the effect that gold certificates passing into the hands of the banks should be sent to the reserve institution in exchange for credit or reserve notes. Our Reserve Banks now hold far more gold than any central bank in Europe.

A big, powerful central bank, with a large degree of control over credits, has actually come into being here, and will doubtless prove an invaluable instrument in dealing with the difficult problem of inflation.

The Words of a Prophet

FOR a whole generation the man who has most comprehensively followed the broader movements of the human spirit, as disclosed on printed pages, has probably been Georg Brandes, the great Danish critic. Thirty-six years ago he wrote that the love of liberty, in the English sense, was dying out in Germany, giving place to a state worship, and would presently disappear:

"And when that time comes Germany will lie alone, isolated, hated by neighboring countries, a stronghold of conservatism in the center of Europe. Around it, in Italy, in France, in Russia, in the North, will arise a generation imbued with international ideas and eager to carry them out in life. But Germany will lie there, old and half stifled in her coat of mail, armed to the teeth and protected by all the weapons of murder and defense which science can invent. There will come great struggles and greater wars. If Germany wins, Europe, in comparison with America, will be politically as Asia, in comparison with Europe."

Seven years later, on the death of the present Kaiser's father, he said that, with Friedrich, "the last representative of a human Germany disappeared; a national Germany only is now left." He pointed out that Denmark was compelled to keep on good terms with its mighty southern neighbor: "Yet we must admit that, at present, Russian intellect is much more liberal and inspired than the German. . . . Not liberty, but order and might, is the motto of new Germany. And the days in store for Europe may be expressed in the words of the song in Vaulundur's saga: 'Hard days; sword days; death days.'"

That was written long ago, but it puts a finger on the whole trouble. A Germany whose government is human, which respects liberty as we understand it, whose motto is liberty, not order and might, is what the world needs.

One War Achievement

FOR nearly two years, and up to about a year ago, it seemed all but impossible to make munitions of certain sorts—shells, shrapnel, and the like—in sufficient quantity to meet the demands of the armies. The British premier said it was a war of munitions.

But toward the close of 1916 British capacity for turning out munitions had so enormously increased that the government practically stopped buying in the United States. Last month the Canadian Munitions Board gave notice that the production of this sort of munitions in Canada would cease, also, because Great Britain found it could make all it needed at home—though the expenditure of such munitions appears to be even greater than it was a year ago.

Of course this does not mean that the Allies will cease buying war supplies in Canada and the United States. Goods other than munitions in the narrow sense will be wanted in immense quantities. But in that crucial matter of turning out guns and shells, upon which the whole war seemed to hang, England is now so independent as to dispense with much aid from America.

It simply shows what can be done where there is a will to do it. For months we have heard nothing of the old complaint of lack of munitions. The war problems that now seem crucial and uncertain—tonnage, airplanes, food—will be solved in the same way.

The Crime

THE Manchester Guardian calculates, on the best available information, that, to the first of last month, nine and three-quarter million men had been killed in the war; twelve millions more had been permanently crippled; four and a quarter millions were held as prisoners; one hundred and seven billion dollars had been spent by the warring governments; and eight billion dollars' worth of property had been destroyed.

For three weeks in July, 1914, the Austrian Government considered what demands it should make on Serbia in view of the probability that the assassination of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand had been planned by Serbians. It was well known that Russia would defend Serbia's independence. After full deliberation Austria made demands that no state calling itself independent would have submitted to, except under compulsion; and required absolute compliance within forty-eight hours. And in this course Germany acquiesced.

Deliberately and after full consideration Germany and Austria took the chance of war in order to further a dynastic purpose of the Hapsburgs. That is the crime which nearly ten million dead men and twelve million cripples now prove against the Hohenzollern and Hapsburg dynasties. The criminals will go unpunished if those dynasties retain their power to upset the peace of the world at will.

An Error in Figures

IN AN article by Carl W. Ackerman in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for July twenty-eighth, the statement is made that "Last year 75,000,000 tons of pig iron were shipped to Germany." Sweden's total production of iron ore in 1915 was 6,883,308 tons and has never exceeded 7,500,000 tons. Her exports of iron ore to Germany have never been more than 5,000,000 tons and were probably less than 4,000,000 tons last year.

The further statement is made that "During the first three months of this year Sweden imported from the United States 16,332,000 tons of pig iron." According to the official records of the United States the pig iron exported to Sweden during those three months amounted to 11,930 tons, and was less than 40,000 tons for the whole fiscal year ending June 30, 1917.

Sweden's exports of iron ore to Germany are of the very greatest value to Germany for war purposes, but Germany is not by any means receiving from Sweden such wholesale assistance as the figures in this article would indicate.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHIQUE DE L'ARMEE PARIS

Madame Audrien

THE authorities were not satisfied to give her a simple *croix de guerre*, they dressed it up with some extra palm leaves in order better to express their appreciation, and one does not have to look at her twice to feel entirely convinced that she deserved all she got.

In the town where Madame Audrien was working there were many wounded and much terror among the people because the place was being shelled without warning. She comforted the wounded and the terrified under fire, got people to places of safety, nursed the injured and procured clothing for the destitute. We do not recall the name of the town where all this happened, but it is not likely that the town will ever forget the name of Madame Audrien.

Bernard M. Baruch

WE WOULD suggest that our readers take several looks at the snapshot of the gentleman fisherman in the center of this page, for it is not likely that Mr. Baruch will be photographed again at so pleasant a recreation for some time to come. He no doubt has all the work he can handle these days without going after any more with a hook and line.

Recently when the War Industries Board was formed to serve as a connecting link between the Government and industry, he was appointed as one of the seven members, and as a member of the purchasing board of three he has full charge of buying all raw materials for the United States and the Allies. He has also been an active member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense since its formation. Mr. Baruch is no longer in business on his own account, but he has for the past months been devoting his time and his unusual abilities to the business of winning the war. These days of exceptional conditions and emergencies are bringing out the exceptional men.

Alice H. Wood

MRS. WOOD is just as executive and just as keen as she looks in her picture, but it is a question whether she has spent many hours during the last weeks seated so comfortably at a desk. Instead, as executive secretary of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense she has been traveling through eight states coördinating women's organizations for war work, and she has brought home from her trip a deep appreciation for the way American women are putting patriotic service before other considerations and for the organizations that they have already built up for themselves that make their work immediately and effectively available for the present crisis.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war Mrs. Wood started organizing women's activities in her home state, Illinois, and it was due to her success in her work there that she received the appointment she now holds. So instead of having just one state to plan for she now must think in terms of all the states.

She has undertaken a big and important work in Washington. And one could hardly ask for a better proof of her whole-hearted interest in it than the fact that she spent most of July and August making one-night stands in the East and Middle West, lecturing on women's war work.

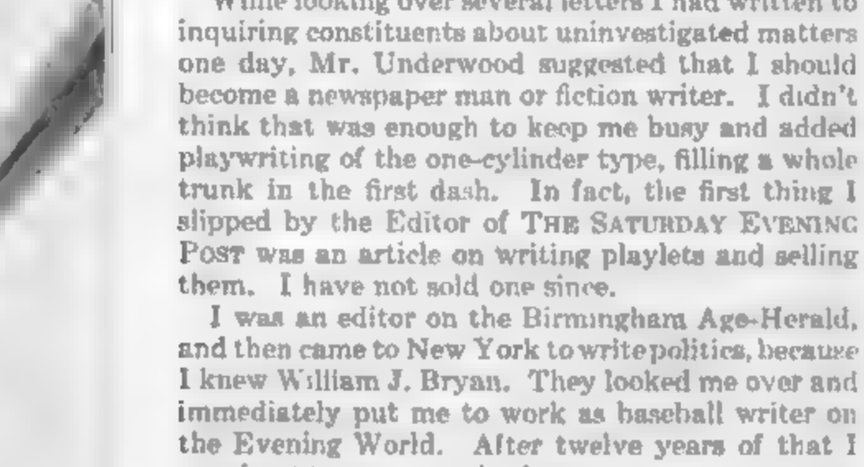


PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING

Bozeman Bulger—Himself

By Himself

THE young man to the right was born in Dadeville, Alabama, and has lived a normal life for thirty-nine years, even to writing plays. His only prejudices are against putting milk on rice, sugar in cornbread, and the Republican ticket.

My early ambition was to be a ballplayer, and I progressed far enough for them to force me to become a lawyer. With law license in hand I promptly joined the Army, and when no more wars were in sight your deponent became the private secretary of Senator Oscar W. Underwood, then a congressman.

My modest pride in his subsequent achievements, I think, is natural.

While looking over several letters I had written to inquiring constituents about uninvestigated matters one day, Mr. Underwood suggested that I should become a newspaper man or fiction writer. I didn't think that was enough to keep me busy and added playwriting of the one-cylinder type, filling a whole trunk in the first dash. In fact, the first thing I slipped by the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was an article on writing playlets and selling them. I have not sold one since.

I was an editor on the Birmingham Age-Herald, and then came to New York to write politics, because I knew William J. Bryan. They looked me over and immediately put me to work as baseball writer on the Evening World. After twelve years of that I am about to return to the Army.

At heart I am a duck hunter, and my favorite amusement is watching Irvin Cobb try to hit them. I also believe in woman suffrage.

The snapshot at the foot of the page was taken recently at an officers' training camp, just after Captain Bulger had received his commission.

HURY SEKE

Continued from Page 9

soiled by dampness, patched by unwholesome moss. A dark, lumpish building rose in the center of the garden; and along a battlement where the opposite wall notched the sky galloped the curving silhouettes of many large monkeys. Nothing else moved or gave sign of life.

"This?" said Dan. "Palace grounds? You mean this!"

"A blighted spot, isn't it?" replied the Englishman. "Here's the tank where I fish, by His Highness' kind permission. My one and only sport. So you may imagine!"

They passed an oblong pool, reflecting the shadow of weeds. From its border some furtive animal bounded away into the night.

"Beastly muddy fish," added Caltrop. "No telling what they eat."

He paused before a great open pavilion with sandstone columns and a floor tessellated in black and white marble which, like the tank water, caught a dusky light and glimmered. A number of little objects cluttered this floor, flung hither and yon.

"Roller skates. Tired of 'em. His Highness' rink, you see. He used it nearly a fortnight. Rum spectacle it was too! Want to peep into the palace?"

As they climbed a terrace toward the lumpish building Dan made it out to be a faded red affair, very old, with a modern façade of window glass forlornly staring down over the garden. They pressed their faces to the panes and looked within. All dark and lifeless, it contained a museum of trifles; for a splendid gilt throne at the far end was swamped among a school of hideous Chippendale and Louis Quinze trinkets, overhung by a forest of gaudy lamps, none lighted, all brass and tinsel and glass pendants. The long carpet, so far as visible, resembled an evil dream.

"Palace!" remarked Mr. Caltrop, turning away. "Room of state!"

"You must know him pretty well," said Dan.

"I'm his financial agent. For my sins."

"Where is he, then?"

Caltrop laughed.

"Where? For all I know he may be behind that tree or in Tibet. Come, see a little more of the grounds."

As they returned past the great marble and sandstone pavilion all the monkeys, undulating back and forth like black imps on the garden wall, set up a horrid chorus of screams.

The noise had a curious effect on Mr. Caltrop. Forgetting his inertia, he darted among the columns, caught from the checkered pavement a piece of roller skate and hurled it upward at the yelling Hanuman shadows.

"Be quiet, you brutes!"

The monkeys fled, to coagulate far off in dark groups that chattered along the wall.

"You don't know how irritating they can become!" declared Caltrop. "Nerves, I dare say. I'd lose my billet if the Maharaja saw me doing that."

A deep and mournful voice replied suddenly from close at hand.

"No, you would not," it said. "I'm just, Caltrop Salab, in a way."

The lean Englishman stood erect, removing his helmet toward a clump of shrubbery from which the voice appeared to issue.

"Is that you, sir?" he inquired coolly.

"I was not in Tibet, but behind the tree."

A broad white shape wavered near them. Despite the gloom that had closed with nightfall, and which lay dense under this tunnel of matted banyan and tamarind branches, Dan saw a pair of brilliant eyes regarding him. The face in which these eyes gleamed appeared mournful, broad and dark, with hanging jowl and pouting lips. It was like meeting the Minotaur in his labyrinth; for the face, or what part could be seen, wore the gravity of a bull—a sad bull, with many cares and no playmates.

"Is this another jute wallah?" asked the voice. "You are welcome, but you need not seek any industrial favors of me, sir. If you will enter the palace I shall have the lamps lighted and a provision of drink made for you."

The words, the tone of their utterance, carried a conviction that all was vanity.

"No, thank you, sir," said Dan.

The eyes turned away and were lost under shadowy branches. The white shape faded like a heavily moving, broad-backed ghost.

"Good evening, then," returned the Maharaja's voice gently. "I regret that my monkeys annoyed you."

Caltrop said nothing until he had brought Dan forth from that disenchanted garden and locked the gate between its ancient buttresses.

"There you are!" he murmured in the dark. "I told you, Towers. Not a bit of use. Our world means nothing to him any more."

III

THE next day Dan spent at Caltrop's kutcha bungalow, chiefly because he felt compassion for a lonely man; the next, because he was implored to stay a while; the next, because a real friendship had sprung up and bound him to his host.

"Don't go, man! You're a godsend to me," said Caltrop. "Can't you see that? Think, I've not been home since there were horse omnibuses in London! Tell me some more. Go on talking, like a good chap."

In the early mornings they walked through brickyards to a path beside the river, where lean, breechclouted boatmen came towing, at the ends of ropes, a dinghy full of scolding pilgrims or a barge heaped high with pale-golden drums of jute; thence inland, among bamboos and lofty tiger grass, where their passage frightened a white egret from the leaves or a cobra from coiled roots where he lay disguised; and so to a ruined fortress of pink stone, a temple mined by ancient floods and fallen half underground, or a village of mud hovels where every green pool stank with retting jute.

"Now home for a bathe and a shandygaff."

At noon they dozed on the veranda, hearing the ferryman and his passengers yell obscene names at one another or watching far-off dots in the aching blue sky grow larger and sail overhead as vultures mysteriously traveling to where some carrion had just died, miles away. At sunset, when flying foxes began to tumble overhead, they walked once more over the same ground, by the same river and jungle paths, or fished the dead waters of the tank in the palace compound.

"Not much variety, is there?" asked Caltrop. "You don't care to visit what lady globe-trotters call the fascinating, romantic bazaar, do you? I can't stomach it. The sight of those poor, death-in-life elephantiasis monsters—— No, thank you! I've shot many a bitter word about them into our friend, H. H. the M. Of course he does nothing."

Thus days passed into a week, and before the week became a fortnight Dan had no choice but to remain. In the dark hours a feeble voice called him from sleep, across the dining room, to where by the glimmer of a night lamp he found his friend Caltrop lying flat in bed, staring with large, feverish eyes through the white mist of his mosquito canopy.

"Sorry!" The old gentleman spoke with an effort, as though addressing the world at large. "I can't quite remember your name, but would you be so good—— You don't see anything of a goat with its throat cut lying in that corner?"

"No," said Dan. "What is it, old fellow?"

"Hate to bother you," went on the strange monotonous voice. "That villain Narayan would cut its throat all over my matting!" The dream vanished, the burning eyes became less vacant. "I fancy I must be going to die. Don't mention it."

His fancy almost proved a fact before morning. It was many days before Mr. Towers—with the help of a native herbalist, for there was not even a Dacca graduate in town—saw his friend out of danger. Meantime he had dispatched many servants with the same message to the palace, but each returned alone and brought no answer.

Rage mounted in Dan's heart, and grew all the stronger as his friend's face emerged, by creeping, doubtful degrees, from the shadow of death.

"I'll show him!" he cried on the morning when hope rose into certainty. "You stay and watch, Kabiraj, till I return."

He left the herbalist, a wild prophet of the woods, all ribs and matted hair, squatting on the floor to sing a charm and cook more medicine that smoked on a brazier.

"I'll show that big marshmallow dub of a roller skater!" he declared, and set off grimly for the palace.

He let himself into the compound with Caltrop's key. Before opening the door he heard, as it were, a voice exhorting, a voice like an organ in a cathedral. When he had locked the door behind him and paused for a moment in the hot stillness the sound was like a wind that swept under the trees without moving them, and that uttered words of human speech. It seemed to come from the terrace.

Hearkening to it, Dan became conscious of a new sight in that worn-out garden. Before his face, covering the aged fortress wall with schoolboy letters of wet white paint, slanted an inscription:

HURY SEKE JEHOVAH
TREMBLE KINGS AND ——

Sickbed watching had drained Dan so low in body and mind that nothing could surprise him. He stared at this writing on the wall, then laughed.

"Judas cats!" he groaned, and ran for the terrace.

The scene that he found there, on arriving, was what he expected to find—and stranger yet.

Before the glass front of the museum of dead lamps, His Highness the Maharaja stood listening, delayed against his wishes. By daylight the lord of Mayaganj appeared more formidable even than by dusk—darker, heavier, a brown bull of a man swathed in white dhoti and tunic, with lackluster eyes glowering beneath a skullcap of black velvet. He seemed not only a Minotaur, but a Minotaur brought to bay.

Facing him, and therefore presenting only a bent back to Dan, was the queerest little figure ever seen.

Hat lost, leathern pouch and strap gone, a dripping paintbrush in one fist, winter clothes all a mass of wet wrinkles and dirt, Hury Seke, lone Brother of the Pentecost, enacted the great hour of his life.

"Be not amazed, O prince, that I am here!" proclaimed Hury Seke in a voice not of preaching but of thunder. "For 'the spider taketh hold with her hands, and is found in kings' palaces.'"

He flung over his shoulder to Dan a momentary glance of recognition. His very eyeballs flashed hot and wet. Bareheaded, with the flame of sunstroke upon his topknot, Hury Seke had fulfilled his prophecy and received the gift of tongues.

"'There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men.'"

The tremendous words of King James' Version came from his mouth as if they had been his own. They were his own; for Hury Seke had forgotten everything except their meaning, and all his crazy frame shook while he outpoured that meaning, face to face at last with a Monarch of Darkness.

"'A man,'" said Hury Seke, "'to whom God hath given riches, wealth, and honour, so that he wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof, but a stranger eateth it: this is vanity, and it is an evil disease.

"'If a man beget an hundred children, and live many years, . . . and his soul be not filled with good, . . . I say, that an untimely birth is better than he.

"'For he cometh in with vanity, and departeth in darkness. . .

"'Moreover he hath not seen the sun, nor known any thing: . . .

"'Yea, though he live a thousand years twice told, yet hath he seen no good: do not all go to one place?'"

Without a gesture the fanatic made that place clear, inevitable, present. The sullen brown lordling stepped backward, doubtfully, as though a pit had yawned in the gravel of his terrace.

"'All the labour of man is for his mouth,'" said Hury Seke, "'and yet the appetite is not filled. . . . Folly is set in great dignity. . . . I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth.'

"'Give not thy strength unto women, nor thy ways to that which destroyeth kings. . . . It is not for kings to drink wine, . . . lest they forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted. Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.'"

The dirty little brother, worn to a shadow even of his former misery, looked round again with an unearthly light in his eyes. His voice, once hollow and sick, now rang like the trump of doom, filling all the garden so that the empty palace echoed.

"Thus say the law and the prophets," he concluded. "I say unto thee, woe to him that maketh his habitation a wilderness, and leaveth his people blinded in evil disease. Woe unto him, woe, and utter darkness, even the soul buried in the grave. And I say unto thee, O king, thou art the man!"

With that, the gift of tongues was taken away; for Hury Seke foamed at the mouth, dropped his paintbrush and fell convulsed on the terrace between Dan and the lord of Mayaganj.

A silence followed. A host of dark servants appeared—they might have been standing there all the time—who looked on with grave respect.

"What shall I do?" asked the Maharaja.

"Take him out of the sun, anyhow," said Dan angrily.

"Yes!" agreed the other. "Yes!" And he gave orders.

Men carried the twitching body into the shade of the hall of lamps and laid it on the dreadful carpet there. They did all this in silence; likewise in silence Dan worked long and hard over a case of sunstroke complicated with what our forefathers called possession. His work was not in vain. The little gray-faced man lay unconscious, but by no means dying, his head pillowed on a red velvet hassock that twinkled with a passementerie of bottle glass, garnets, tinsel and seed pearls. Dan wondered as he looked down upon that insignificant body and recalled the mighty voice that had proceeded from it, the wrath of which it was now a broken vessel. He looked up. Resting both elbows on a brass and onyx gewgaw table, the Maharaja sat lost, a graven image, a white-swaddled bull whose greedy eyes beheld nothing.

"What shall I do?" asked this ruler of the palace. "I thought you Wilayati men cared for nothing but money and games. His words were like a sword."

Dan shook his fist.

"I'll tell you one thing you can," he exclaimed, before all the dumfounded retinue. "Caltrop's worked for you like a dog, but you needn't let him die like one. His mother's alive still, a very old lady in England, prayin' to see him."

He stooped to his patient again. Presently, from a corner of his eye, he saw the ponderous thinker beginning to write in a small green book, with such haste that the onyx table quavered on its spindling legs.

"Take that," said the lord of Mayaganj. "Wire to Calcutta for the best doctors. Let the best doctors come."

Dan found himself holding a check, the amount of which at another time would probably have made him blink.

"God's afflicted will live," declared a hook-nosed old retainer, bending his turban down over Hury Seke and listening. "The principle of life goes very strong in him."

"His words were like a sword," repeated the dreaming bull. "I did not know. Why should he call himself Hari Sikh? He's an Englishman. I did not know there were such."

Dan all at once perceived what had taken place in this shadowy hall. He said nothing, however. His friend had better take all the credit for Ecclesiastes, Tyndale, Coverdale and the rest of them.

"Let be," thought Towers. "Let the hen set. It was his own Pentecost, this show to-day."

IV

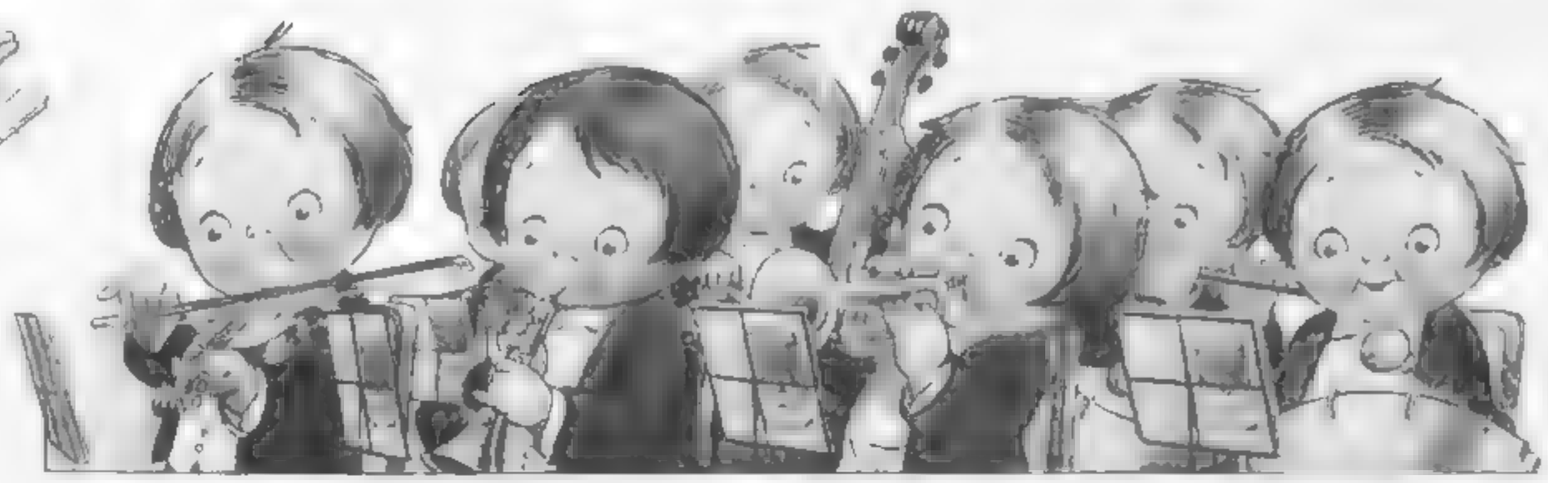
A WEEK later Dan sat reading at the table in Caltrop's wide plaited basket of a living room. Papers lay heaped before him, for Dan was acting as financial agent in a sort of interregnum, until Caltrop's appointed substitute should come. Outdoors, below the veranda, in a blinding square of green lawn, the *griskut* and the bheesty crouched to their gardening and gossiping beside a border of arrowroot leaves. A myna hopped behind them like a black familiar spirit, cocked his bill and waited for worms. It was another hot and peaceful morning.

Mr. Towers had quit work, to read the farewell letter written by Caltrop at Diamond Harbor.

"The Hugli pilot will post this for me," it ran. "I can't tell you, Towers, how heavenly it seems to be aboard ship going home. Some day I trust your turn will come, and then you may understand. A sea voyage, homeward bound, at my time

(Concluded on Page 30)

"I lead all the rest and I beat time with zest
When *Campbell's Can-tata* we give by request."



A pleasing Overture

The happy introduction to harmonious living.

"A good soup means a good dinner," so the epicures declare. And everybody knows that it goes a long way toward making any meal a success. But it does much more than that. *Good soup promotes good digestion.* And this means better health, keener thinking, more effective work. In building up all-around vigor and vitality, there is no surer reliance than good soup eaten every day.

You can hardly over-estimate the benefit gained from

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Because of its appetizing flavor and strengthening effect on digestion, you get increased nourishment from other food. You have less of the "heavy" sensation so common after eating a hearty meal.

It is in itself so nourishing and sustaining that you can cut out some of the heartier dishes with no impairment, but rather an increase, of energy and force. Prepared as a Cream of Tomato it is exceptionally rich and inviting. The United States Department of Agriculture in its Weekly News Letter declares that such a soup yields half again as much energy as the same amount of milk.

Get the full advantage of this invigorating Campbell "kind". Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case *now*—under the present favorable price-conditions—and so make sure of your regular supply.

Asparagus	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mock Turtle	Pepper Pot
Beef	Clam Bouillon	Mulligatawny	Printanier
Bouillon	Clam Chowder	Mutton	Tomato
Celery	Consommé	Ox Tail	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Julienne	Pea	Vegetable
			Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Concluded from Page 28)

of life! Well, there is no use in writing. Only, after many years in the mofussil one almost loses hope, and that is a deadly mistake. Never do so, my dear boy. . . ."

Dan put the letter aside, for it digressed into terms of affection for which he had no time then.

"Like to go myself," he thought, and grinned as he applied once more to the papers on the table. They were bills and accounts, which he read carefully and laid in two piles, right and left—a thick pile for the lawyers and the law's delay, a thin pile for settlement at once.

"That's all right."

He had grown deeply absorbed, when a shadow darkened the doorway, and called his attention to a noble peon, who carried on the breast of his livery a brass plate and a golden silk rosette.

"From my master, sir," said the peon, offering a sheaf of memoranda and checks. He made a visible effort, and began using English like a man who is proud of it. "These moneys for poor people, having elephantes of the feet, causing swelling in the new and full moon."

Dan took his gift, made a note and laid it aside.

"All right, Dhirendra," he replied. "Many thanks, old man. Elephantiasis Fund. Correct!"

The peon, louting low, retreated through the veranda. Dan buckled once more to his accounts, for much remained to do. But this morning, quiet and drowsy though it seemed, held more than one interruption. Caltrop's arrears were not half sorted, and here again the doorway grew dark as a little black shape came walking in, lean as a pillar, a Noah's Ark man against the glare.

"Good morning, Danny," it said.

It was Hury Seke, or a transformation of Hury Seke, in a half-oriental dressing gown of black tussah, and a white turban—which made him look like something between a mad mullah and a Trappist monk, with a dash of Samaritan high priest.

"The king ——" began Hury, for so he persisted in calling their landlord, "the king wishes me to say, Danny, that you can have a jetty and four acres of land for your Scotch friends, whoever they be that walk in the valley of the delusion o' business. Does that make you happy, son?"

Though pleased by the news, Dan forgot to say so. The grandeur of his friend overcame him.

"Happy yourself, dad?" he asked.

"No," said the lone Pentecostal Brother firmly; "not so! There is no happiness in this world, boy. My digestion is not what she ought to be; the heathen food is awful fiery; and my heart's heavy because you won't repent and forsake your darkness. Oh Danny, my son, why live in a mudhole of money-making like you do? Now just to please me, you go repent you right straight away! Mind, the time's getting powerful short."

He waited anxiously, a ridiculous and earnest messenger, his black Noah's Ark robe fluttering in the draft.

"I'll repent some day," replied Dan. "They keep a man so busy I can't even find time for sinning. Have a chair."

Hury sat down, but conformably to his name could not fold his legs and have his talk out. For a while he fidgeted there, watching with incomprehensive gaze the labors of Daniel.

"What was it," he began vaguely, "you said the king ought to do next?"

"Waterworks," Dan grunted without looking up. "Waterworks, O Mordecai, whom the king delighteth to honor. And sewerage. And then a kunkur road. Make him do it while you can, while you're sitting on high in his palace."

Hury Seke rose, paced the room fretfully, went out, came in again, and at the doorway shook his turbaned head with an expression of grief. "But about this repentance o' yours, my boy," said he.

Dan laughed impatiently.

"Don't mind that. I told you, old fellow, I'm too busy to sin. And that has to come first."

The little man groaned. He raised a pair of spidery black arms against the glare, in a silly, pathetic gesture, imploring.

"Now don't you be a scoffer, Danny," he urged. "The root of it's in you. Don't let yourself go sinking down to be a scribe at the money-table. . . . No, thank ye, I can't stop and eat to-day. . . . Now you promise, so's you can meet me in Jerusalem. 'Twon't be a mite of pleasure for me without you. And it's so easy if you try to, Dan."

Mr. Towers nodded.

"I will try, dad."

He watched Hury Seke go down the green expanse of watered lawn and pause to ask the grass cutter and the leathern-bottled bheesty who lingered there what their doctrine was concerning eternity and the soul.

Ignorant of tongues, the two gardeners replied politely with a reverence and a formula that Hury Seke was their father and their mother.

"I never figured the New Jerusalem could be half so much fun. When Hury gets there. . . . Wonder how he'll last at this job? Longer than roller skates and pianos? Maybe. He's meek as Moses, but stubborn as a mule."

Dan spread himself to the table, and carried Caltrop's totals forward. In spite of heat and flies he whistled over his task.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Facts and Fish Stories

THE gentle art of angling has always been much praised by thoughtful men of the world for one reason or another—mostly selfish ones, methinks. But now comes a lady writer, in public print, publishing her discovery that angling is the greatest cure in the world for intemperance. She cites that she married a perfectly good husband, who took to drink, and thereafter did little but drink, until by mere chance someone took him fishing. He got the fly-fishing habit so strongly implanted in his system that there was no room for any other germ. He ceased to drink, and is now a kind and indulgent parent of most exemplary habits. This is not to be considered as Nature faking; but certainly it is a good offset to the general impression regarding anglers and the flowing bowl.

Do you know that the last wild pigeon in the world—that is to say, the last one in the Cincinnati Zoölogical Gardens—died some years ago? There will be no more wild pigeons. Pondering on this fact, a Michigan sportsman writes a reminiscent letter that is worth remembering by all good Americans:

"Our new hotel was opened last night here in Saginaw. I happen to have a bill of fare of the old hotel of the same name, which gave a banquet in the year 1859. There were boiled pike and baked whitefish, among other things. In the roasts, in addition to beef, pork and lamb, there were bear, pigeon, venison, and several species of wild duck. Among the entrées I note fricasseed pigeon in pâtés, roast pigeon, venison steak, and so on.

"What a difference time has made! Our menu of last night for the new hotel commences with 'Paupiette of Sweetbreads Maréchal.' I suppose you know what that means and how it ought to be printed—what sort of an animal a Paupiette is. Following this was roast Philadelphia squab and baked potato—and that was the whole of it—all for three dollars. Of course there were lettuce salad, a little cake, crackers, cheese and coffee.

"Instead of the passenger pigeon, which literally filled the woods here in 1859, we have gone to Philadelphia for squab; and instead of bear and venison and wild duck, which the Indians brought in, in the days of 1859, we have fallen back on Paupiette and his sweetbreads. So the world wags along!"

Do you know that the Kenai Peninsula, in Alaska, perhaps once the most wonderful big-game country in the world, and home of the biggest moose the world ever raised, is going to be crossed by the new Alaska Railroad our Government is building to Fairbanks? This will not only finish the Kenai country, but it will open up and finish very soon that other wonderful game field round the foot of Mount McKinley, in spite of the new reserve there.

Already friends in Alaska write that the white sheep—Dall's sheep, a grand game animal—is growing much scarcer. They say it is because of the general practice the inhabitants have of killing it for dog food. And yet but lately we thought Alaska was a long way off and needed civilizing! It would seem that Americanism is pretty generally in sway there right now.

We are indeed a strange and wonderful people when it comes to the administration of our own natural wealth. Do you, for instance, know that most of the big game we have left in the United States is packed round a few of the National Parks, Monuments and Forests? As to its preservation, everything seems to be carefully arranged so that the game cannot possibly be preserved.

There are only two Federal Game Refuges in all our National Forests. There are State Game Refuges on National Forests in six different states—get that clearly in mind if you can; and in these refuges state laws prevail as to the game, though the National Government controls the timber and the grazing.

This means that the United States takes in sheep on the Forest Reserves and that the sheep kill out all the game. It also means that the officials at Washington are left in a perfect position for passing the buck and explaining why they do thus or so.

In the sixteen National Parks the United States retains the right to protect the wild game in only seven! Do you know that? Of the forty-four National Monuments, twenty-one are run by the National Park Service, eleven by the Forestry Service, and two by the War Department. It is too bad the Navy Department hasn't any!

Do you know that your success in fly-fishing for trout depends largely on your knowledge of the fine points of angling equipment? For instance, there is the matter of the balance of the rod. Some light rods are very stiff and feel top-heavy—rods made for tournament purposes, of fine material. Such rods are quick to strike, though difficult to fish with all day. The right rod is one that is comfortable and yet quick. I have not seen a better statement of this question of balance of rod and line than that given in a personal letter received recently from an experienced angler in California, who says:

"I have found that the center of gravity for comfort in fishing and rapidity in striking should be about three to six inches in front of the place where the ball of the thumb presses against the handle of the rod. A few years ago, while using a light rod, I noticed I did not seem to strike quickly enough and missed a number of rises. That evening I put the rod together, with the reel up and the line rove through the guides. I added a little soft-lead wire to the butt of the rod until I got the correct balance, which was lacking before. Then I took off the line and wrapped the lead wire—it came to about three-quarters of an ounce—round the barrel of the reel and put the line back. During the rest of my fishing I had a much better percentage of rises hooked.

"If the center of gravity is too far from the end the rod seems top-heavy. On the other hand, if it is too near the hand the rod becomes too lively—the slightest motion makes the tip move too much.

"I always use a soaked leader, because, in using eyed flies, if the gut is not soft it will break when the knot is tied—though I was very young when I was first shown the trick of straightening gut with a piece of rubber. When I fish streams where the trout are small, and so use two or three flies, I make up my cast the night before. When the flies are tied on I take the soft wet leader, and put a pin on the walk at each end, and stretch the gut out straight; and so leave it all night. In the morning it will be perfectly straight. I wrap it loosely round my hatband until I start fishing. This is better than leaving it coiled in a small circle in a leader box.

"Where I do most of my fishing one fly is the rule, because the fish are fairly big; and if one used two or more flies and happened to hook a four or five pound trout on one fly, and a smaller one on the other, the chances are you would land the smaller one, but not the big one. Practically all my trout of late years have been caught on leaders whose fine end is only 0.007—that is, XXX drawn gut. On such a leader one big trout at a time is enough. Our big fish are gut shy, as they are hammered very thoroughly by bait fishers; so I find I have to use these very fine leaders to get them to rise to a fly.

"I never use larger than Number Ten hooks, except with my grasshopper fly. If it were merely a question of getting trout, I could go down to the lower end of our meadows, in the lakes, and troll a spoon, and get many more trout than one possibly could with a fly. But when I go trout fishing I want sport first, and if by perseverance and a small amount of skill I can get a decent sized trout to take a fly, when the bait fishermen have given up the game in disgust, I am the least little bit proud of my achievement.

"I have caught so very many trout at times that a blank day has no terrors for me. Indeed, the day I enjoyed most of all in my experience was absolutely blank. That was June 21, 1916. The trout were not feeding, because there was practically no hatch of fly. A few were bulging—that is, feeding on the submerged fly as it rises toward the surface, and hunting in the weeds for small snails, and so on.

"These trout could easily have been caught with a sunken fly fished upstream with some fly supposed to represent the unhatched insect. The owners of the water, however, did not approve of wet fly-fishing; so I did not cast very often. I did hook one fish, which I found rising fairly; but he got off after a short fight. A fine day; though a blank one as to the basket."

Do you know that the seductive mint plant, sacred in the annals of the juleps of our country, may be found in great luxuriance as far north as the head of the Snake River, in the Rocky Mountains? This is not Nature faking, either; but one should add that the plant is not indigenous to those high altitudes.

As a matter of fact, the mint of that region originated in New Orleans. Certain specimens of the plant in its greatest luxuriance and excellence were taken by a worthy gentleman of New Orleans to his son-in-law in Chicago, the said son-in-law chancing to be the Honorable Carter H. Harrison, long a mayor of Chicago, himself of Southern descent and reputed to be a judge of mint. Mr. Harrison, in the course of some of his fishing trips in the wilds of the Rockies, carried along with him—for purely scientific purposes—some stalks of the priceless plant. The soil of Idaho was found most congenial. It seems a sad thing to add that since that event Idaho has gone bone-dry; so the mint, in a manner of speaking, may be called more ornamental than useful in its far-northern environment.

Do you know that Pennsylvania has abolished its crow law? For a time the state offered a bounty of fifty cents for each crow killed. The state paid out about a hundred thousand dollars in bounties before it repealed the law. It was discovered that rats, mice and other pests had increased alarmingly; and the generally approved estimate was that this bounty law had cost the farmers over two million dollars, as well as costing the state over a hundred thousand. Illinois had a crow-bounty law at one time, and was glad to take it off the books—enterprising gentlemen of other states were shipping in crows in car lots. They found that the crow had its place in the plans of Nature.

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A Woman's Reflection After Wearing Neōlin Soles

WE do not believe the case for Neōlin Soles could be better stated than in this unsolicited letter from a woman wearer of Neōlin. So we make no comment upon it. And we earnestly invite you to read it:

173 Gleane St., Elmhurst, L. I.
May 31, 1917

"I am a business woman. I like to be well shod. Being a large woman and much on my feet, I find my shoe bill a heavy one indeed, for good looking shoes are expensive and last such a short time.

"I needed a pair of shoes in September and I resolved to give Neōlin a trial. I bought a good looking pair of laced shoes with your soles for $5.00. I am wearing them yet and I am amazed for they show no signs of wear so far. The longest wear of a pair of shoes for me has been three months.

"It is with a feeling of loyalty to Neōlin that I write to let you know that it has proved your claims of saving, comfort, style and endurance as far as I am concerned. I shall always wear Neōlin Soles."

(Signed) ELLA CONNOLLY JOHNSON

NEŌLIN Soles are of a new wear-material, chemically constructed. Every atom is structured and compressed to create new records of wear-resistance. So, cumulatively, a new, terrific wear-power is achieved. And so Neōlin Soles are creating new wear-records; because of their predominant flexibility; because they are absolutely waterproof; and because they are tread-sure on slippery sidewalks.

Remember that Neōlin is not rubber. It is lighter and more comfortable. It will not crack or tear loose at the stitches. It does not draw and stretch like rubber soles.

Beware of soles that look like Neōlin and *are* not. Look for the stamp—Neōlin—beneath the sole. That is your long service insurance. That will protect you against quickly deteriorating soles.

NEŌLIN Soles are for husband and wife and youngsters. They are for all seasons and all-weather wear. On new shoes or as re-soles. In black, white, tan. *Mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin —

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Better than Leather

THE SOUL OF THE ASSAULT

Continued from Page 20)

The mist that forever closed in on us like a cloak nervously multiplied our foes. The situation contained elements of a great danger, one that struck deeper than the mere losing of lives. It concerned the honor of the regiment. If permitted to run unchecked it might so suck the vitality as to endanger the morale not only of a regiment but of a brigade. The place had become a nightmare; so foul an ulcer that it was daily sapping away the foundations upon which our usefulness as a fighting unit depended. It required, above all, the surgeon's knife in strong hands that would strike deep and spare not at the spurt of blood or the wince of pain. And, besides, Pat's Pets had yet to be blooded.

Though we had for two months, in this small and vicious salient of St. Eloi, suffered cruelly at the hands of both Fate and the Germans, we had as yet failed to come breast to breast with the latter. And yet from the two miles of crescent-shaped trenches enveloping us there was poured in for twelve hours every night so destructive a fire from these three fronts that life in the morning seemed a miracle indeed.

Donald Ross was corporal of the Snipers, of whom General Plumer, the general officer commanding our army corps, had said: "They have pulled their weight." None so keen as Ross on desperate trips out in front, on bombing, scouting and listening-post jobs. The little man brooded and bided his time, awaiting the day when he should go over the top with the boys. He yearned for a charge—

The breathless rush; the charge; the tingling thrill,
As bloodhounds leapt upon their prey to kill;
The wine of slaughter, which intoxicates
The lip that touched the brim, nor drank its fill.

There were days in Snipers' Cellar between nights of parlous venture; nights punctuated by gusts of high-explosive fire overhead, during which, as he cleaned his rifle, Corporal Ross crooned softly to himself certain apt bits of the wild and half-forgotten folk songs of his people. It was then we knew his Highland blood to be off, skirling and leaping, crying for its own. And only when the word leaked out that this was to be the night did he cease his somber brooding, laugh like his old self, and become again the man we had known before death had claimed so many of our mates and so embittered all living. He bubbled over with the enthusiasm of preparation; with that holy desire of a bride going to her lord, whom she had so long and so ardently longed for. Exaltation shone from his eye. He was very happy.

White Horse Cellars lay beneath the naked and tumbling ruin of the one-time inn of that name on the Ypres road, which split the village of St. Eloi in twain. The shattered walls, the naked rafters, the wine that soiled the huddled heap of a woman's undergarment, all reeked of the disaster that had so swiftly overtaken the place what time the nuns from the convent had come screaming down the road.

Ticklish Business

The young giant, Colquhoun, the officer commanding the Snipers, filled the narrow stair as he came with the second in command, crouching down the wet steps in the dusk, with Ross at their heels. He plowed through the flooded passageway, beside which the signalers sat on their boxes, with their heels drawn up to avoid the water, exchanging unedited remarks with other equally unhappy ones in the trenches on our Front. He drew himself as nearly erect as the arching lowness of the stone roof would permit and gave to his commanding officer the masterful salute of a mastiff in leash. He waited respectfully while the other gave to him and the second in command certain instructions covering the reconnaissance the two were about to make in the territory fronting on Twenty-one.

"And on no account must you go beyond the road"—referring to the upper end of the one the cellar fronted on which Mulligan had sought to end his troubles in the promenade. Both officers saluted. Their commanding officer smiled and added: "And please don't let them scupper you."

Taking Ross with them, they proceeded silently along the road to the Breastworks, a fence of sandbags that constituted a secondary line of defense, which roughly paralleled the entire system of trenches stretching from the Mound to Twenty-two. They reached Frenchman Gap and made the usual heartbreaking dash down the slope, through the precautionary fire the Germans poured in on the area with methodical persistence during all the hours of darkness. They lay down for a moment's breathing in Twenty-one.

Ross pleaded hard to go along. "C. O.'s orders, Corporal Ross," said his officer; which ended that. He instructed Ross to return to Snipers' Cellar and there await his return and that of the other snipers, who were as yet scattered about at their task of preparing their sniping posts for the next day's work.

"Corporal Ross!"

"Yes, sir."

"If I don't come back by two o'clock you can figure I won't be back; but whatever you do, don't risk yourself or any of the other boys by looking for me. Remember!"

"Very good, sir."

The word was passed along the mud: "Reconnoitering party out in front. Withhold all fire. Pass it on to the next man." The two officers slid cautiously through a gap in the parapet and merged into nothingness in the mist. Ross listened attentively for a few minutes to catch the sound of any pronounced activity that might indicate disaster. Satisfied that all was well, he floundered up the hill, through the hedge, and so on over to Snipers' Cellar. There he dropped on his hands and knees and made a rabbitlike dive that slid him down a mass of shell-broken rubble to the unreceptive flagstones of the cellar.

Ruggles at the Front

Swearing softly, he began to feel blindly about, and, of course, rubbed his freshly skinned hands against every jagged bully beef tin, the wasted ammunition of three nations, and all the other varied rubbish of a careless soldiery, before his fingers closed on what he sought—the rough burlap of some split sandbags. He waited until an accommodating German star shell lit up the warrenlike entrance before he carefully hung the curtain up in such manner that at each joint it overlapped. He extracted a muddy candle end from his haversack and held it so that a few hot globules dropped on the American sewing machine which constituted the chief ornament of the cellar. He thrust one end of the candle into the hot mass and held it for a moment while the latter congealed.

Then he glanced overhead at the fantastic bundles of drying lentils, kicked to one side the well-picked ribs of a horse the former German occupants had left, pushed up a larger hump of the rotted straw convenient to the candle, dragged a much-folded periodical from the omnipotent haversack, and, with a deep sigh of content, settled himself back luxuriously on his ill-smelling pillow for perusal of such portions of Ruggles of Red Gap as the travels of the night had not utterly befouled. Ross, Donald; Number 148; Corporal, Snipers; Headquarters Company, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, was at home.

The snipers began to wander in by ones and twos. Each time they gave a low-voiced warning; Ross whispered "Wait!" and hid the candle in the hollow of his arm, well under his opened tunic.

"What's up?" they demanded. "Is that *estaminet* yarn the goods? Are we for it?"

"Surest thing you know!" said Ross, without glancing up from Ruggles' dilemma of the moment. The others waited. "We shall attack at four," he intoned evenly without lifting his eyes.

"Huh!"

No other comment was made. There was, however, the negative one of a noticeable falling off in the grousing attendant upon the giving up of snug sniping positions, which had perhaps been rendered tenable only after great labor. The silence was broken only by the rustle of paper as last letters were written and the loud suck of pull throughs as they popped out of fouest rifle barrels; each man was busy with his own thoughts.

Green and Dave Logan were the last to come and the loudest in their criticism of a "rush" that thus rudely tore them from the perfectly beautiful chimney they had so luckily found, and which, by the removal of a brick, had given them so hawklike a view of the unsuspecting Germans beneath. Their work could not now have the breath of life—or death. Theirs was the indignation of the true artist. It swept over them in a flood of vituperative condemnation that, with true soldier impartiality, embraced everyone within their ken, from Field Marshal Lord French to that quartermaster sergeant of Headquarters Company who had done them again on that night's ration of rum. Of the two, the sergeant received much the soundest verbal trouncing. Lord French was merely sending them to their death.

Then they, too, proceeded to make ready. They discarded their cumbersome kits, even the small haversack at the side; retaining only the water bottle and intrenching tool, which hung from the web straps of their light marching order. They stuffed the three-deep row of pouches on the breast full of ammunition, three clips of five cartridges in each pouch, so that the straps bit sharply into their shoulders with the accumulated weight of two hundred and forty of them. Then, for good measure, they threw an extra bandoleer over each shoulder, and as a finishing touch carefully cleaned their tunic pockets and placed in them loose cartridges without the clip. And when everything else had been done each man of his own hard knowledge ran the pull-through once more through his rifle, wiped the bolt, and tested it again before packing the magazine with its load of two full clips.

It was long past two o'clock and still there was no sign of their officer. Logan and Green sat aloof in the darkness of the farther corner. They were mates, which meant that, though they might rarely abuse each other, they would permit no one else to do so. "My mate!" It meant that they cooked and fought together, the two essentials of existence here. It meant that separated they were a doubtful quantity, but that together they presented such a front as to shame all saga history; so complete, on the one side, was the self-abnegation of their fiercely maternal solicitude for each other, and so fierce, on the other, the granitelike quality of their seasoned courage.

In White Horse Cellar

The Gaelic Logan brooded. "I'm going to get mine to-night. Here!" he said, touching the region of his heart and laughing softly to himself. Green stared, curiously embarrassed by such a display from so taciturn a man. "I feel it in my bones, matey." And throughout the remainder of the watch he harked back to it. He repeated half to himself, from The Rubaiyat of a Man at Arms, those lines of the Pats' own soldier poet, the young Sergeant Brown:

The flash of bayonet; the blood-dripped knife;
The maelstrom of this never-ending strife;
The crowding souls a-hustling from the field;
The groans and screams of mutilated life.

In White Horse Cellar the commanding officer was anxiously inquiring of the sentry, who hugged the wall upstairs, for news of his two officers. There was none. He looked serious. He had just returned from one of his periodical tours of the battalion frontage. As he slipped down the wet stairs he heard the tired signalers expostulating with the unseen owners of interrupting voices, who sought to monopolize the overworked wire. They voiced their complaint in words politic and suave, or violently the reverse, according to the surmisable rank of the other. Sometimes, by simulating a pardonable ignorance of his rank, they got their own back for some remembered wrong by indulging in all the raw satire of a drill sergeant, until an indignant officer's voice called a halt while the grinning signaler apologized in profuse lies for the success of his well-planned error.

Guides and orderlies passed in and out, each with the same old story, in some new form, of this trench hit with a trench mortar; that one flooded; a working party fired on—and so on *ad infinitum*. The commanding officer sat on a biscuit tin, his head bowed on the one table the place boasted, unconscious of the water that lapped his ankles, the tired outline of his figure etched in the glow of the brazier, over which his servant Jarvis busied himself at the perennial tea-making.

"Sergeant Stewart, you might see if you can raise Twenty-three A, and ask them to send someone over to Twenty-one to see if anyone has returned."

"Very good, sir."

There followed a brief interval of waiting and more wordy argument while the tired sergeant explained in sarcastic detail that he did not want to gossip with a friend, but did have an important message to get through. A longer wait and then the insistent clack of the instrument and the sergeant's voice:

"Nothing to report from Twenty-one, sir."

"Thank you, Sergeant Stewart."

The commanding officer pondered: "Had they been killed or merely captured? And in either case had they, however innocently, disclosed the plans for the night? A wounded man might so rave, unconscious of his listeners. It had been known. There was that case of poor Sir Mortimer. 'To be or not to be?'" So must have run his thoughts. He sighed.

He scribbled a brief note and called to his orderly: "Take this to Mr. Crabbe, the O. C. Number Two Company in the supports. Quickly, please!"

Challenged and Passed

Another pinwheel salute: "Yes, sir." And the orderly could be heard cursing his way up the dark stairs. His way led off across the fields to the Voormezeele road, where, beside the ruins of Bus House, a Tottenham-Court-Road bus sprawled ridiculously on its back, with its heels in the air, pawing like the dead horse beside it. He turned at this landmark, and his feet finding the firmer footing of the road broke into the longer swinging walk of a mountaineer.

He came to grief a moment later in the wreckage of a baby's carriage that lay across the cobbled road, and so tripped him headforemost into a newly made shell hole that his previous knowledge of the trail had not included. From out the already half-filled water hole there broke across the steady whine of expiring ricochets such unedited invective as only the western half of North America produces.

In the swamp on the outskirts of Voormezeele there came the rapid fire of:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

And as quickly in the sawlike nasal came an overeager answer:

"Frand!"

"Advance, one, and be recognized!"

The orderly did so.

"Who are you?"

"F. F."

The proper regimental name was too big a mouthful on so dark a night in front of so nervous a sentry. It simply was not done. The sentry scrutinized him:

"Pass, friend, and all's well."

These more formal amenities of the trench etiquette having been disposed of, the sentry dropped his rifle to "At Ease!"

"Whatcha want?"

"The O. C."

"'Sleep in 's dugout. What's up?"

The orderly chanted over his shoulder the words of a popular regimental air:

"To-night the-ere will be—dirty work."

"Where?"

"At the crossroads, you rummy; just as the song says."

"At Twenty-one?"

The orderly nodded.

"The hell you say!" And then anxiously: "Are we for it?"

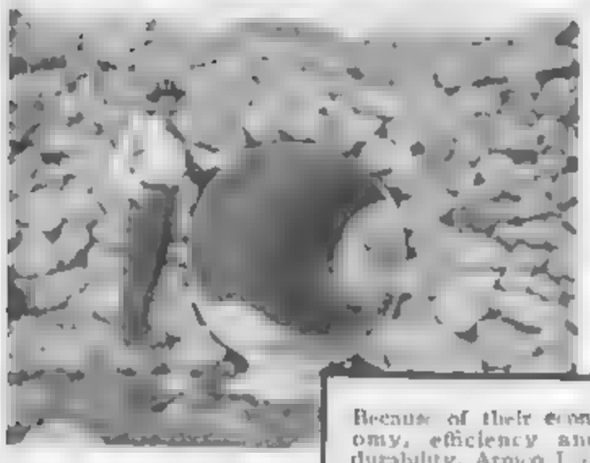
"Just up to the neck. That's all!" At which the sentry fell silent and gazed profoundly into the night in the general direction of the now retreating orderly, from whom the cautious hum of the last words of the Toreador swelled up in all the perfect crescendo of a flouted passion:

"And while I went to get her some peanuts and a program,
The dirty dog stole her away.
And if I catch the bleeder, the blighter, the bounder,
He shall die; diddle-de-dee, diddle-de-dee.
And if I catch Antonio Spagonio,
He shall die!
He shall die!
He shall die!"

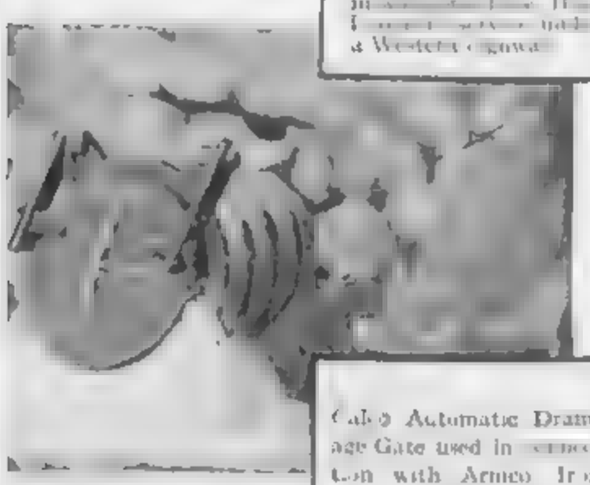
(Continued on Page 34)

ARMCO IRON

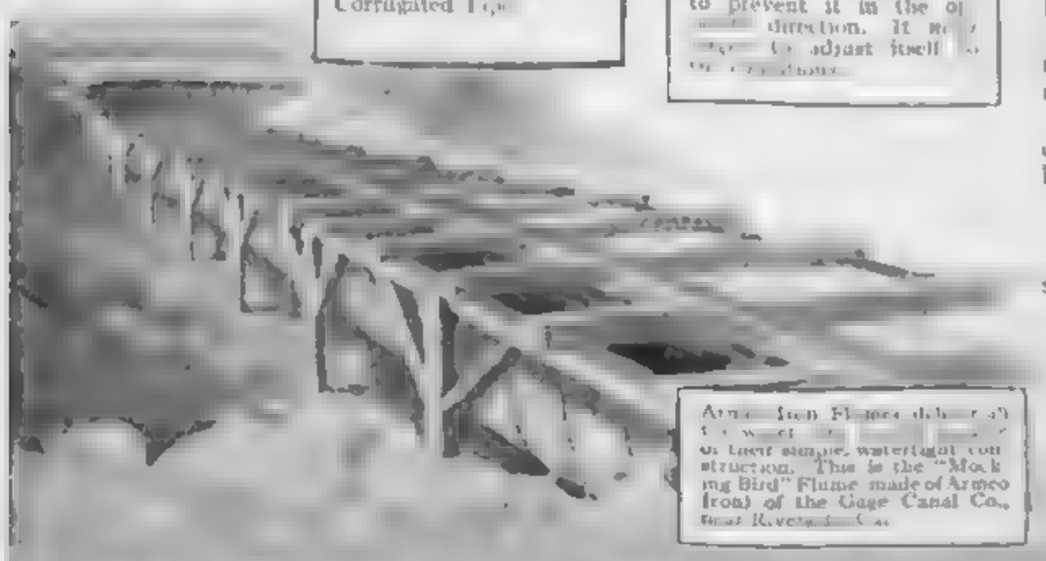
CORRUGATED CULVERTS



Because of their economy, efficiency and durability, Armco Iron Corrugated Culverts [illegible] a Western railroad.



Calco Automatic Drainage Gate used in connection with Armco Iron Corrugated Pipe.



Armco Iron Flumes deliver all the water they receive because of their simple, watertight construction. This is the "Mocking Bird" Flume made of Armco Iron by the Gage Canal Co., [illegible]

YOU'RE a railroad engineer or highway official about to install a new culvert. What kind will you choose?

The vital factors to be considered are the prevailing shortage of labor and its prohibitive cost for all kinds of masonry; the time needed to place a culvert in the ground; the length of life and kind of service it will render after it has been installed. Weigh these factors thoroughly and impartially, and your logical choice will be an Armco Iron Corrugated Culvert.

Its corrugated form makes possible comparatively light weight as well as remarkable strength and toughness. Hence Armco Iron Culverts can be hauled, unloaded and installed with such ease and speed as to reduce labor costs to minimum. Often the ditch can be opened and filled on the same day.

It won't be necessary to keep your road closed to traffic a single hour. To install an Armco Iron Culvert you need to tear up only one-half of the road at a time. The other half can be kept in service.

Because of their toughness and resiliency—due to the corrugated form and overlapping joints—Armco Iron Culverts withstand the vast tonnage and the terrific shocks and strains hurled upon them by passing trains and trucks. Rigid engineering tests have proved that Armco Iron Culverts of standard gage and construction are uncrushable under a fill equal to their own diameters.

Frost and ice attack them in vain. Their contents may freeze solid and they will not crack or burst. In every-day service their corrugations raise a ripple in the running water which keeps silt in suspension and tends to make the pipe self-clearing.

Calco Automatic Drainage Gate

The Calco Automatic [illegible] without expense for power or supervision. Its valve [illegible] with but slight water pressure to allow the flow in one direction, and to prevent it in the other direction. It [illegible] to adjust itself [illegible]

Culverts of the greatest known rust-resistance and durability are constructed from Armco (American Ingot) Iron, because it is the purest iron made, the most carefully manufactured. It is practically free from the impurities which cause rust—both in solid form and the form of gas bubbles and pockets. Each Armco Iron Culvert is heavily galvanized as an additional protection.

There is an Armco Iron Culvert manufacturer in your vicinity able to supply your culvert needs at short notice and with minimum freight expense. Write or phone him for full particulars.

ARMCO IRON FLUMES

The world's greatest need is foodstuffs in ever-increasing abundance. Now is the time to irrigate every acre of potential agricultural land and put it to plow. Armco Iron Flumes are as economical and effective for irrigation and power development as Armco Iron Culverts are for drainage. Their simple and watertight construction results in the delivery of all the water they receive, their almost perfectly smooth interiors in the greatest carrying capacity.

Installation costs are reduced to minimum because Armco Iron Flumes are quickly and easily put in place. Once installed, they ensure unusual length of service, because they are made of pure, rust-resisting Armco Iron.

Names of manufacturers on request.

Our Book—"Defeating Rust"

sent on request to manufacturers and users of sheet metal and plate metal products.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY

Licensed Manufacturers under Patents Granted to The International Metal Products Company

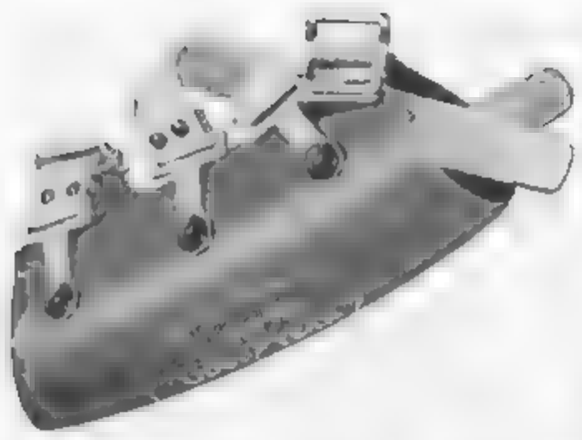
Box 901, Middletown, Ohio

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New York, Washington, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, San Francisco, Atlanta.

AMERICAN ARMCO INGOT IRON

The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that [illegible] bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended [illegible] to the highest degree the most [illegible] for it

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust



First Aid to the Injured Tire

THIS Goodyear outside protection patch, a part of our standard Tire-Saver Kit, is primarily an emergency repair designed to get you home.

It affords the blown-out casing complete protection from dirt and moisture, and preserves it in condition for permanent vulcanization upon your arrival at a garage.

It is but one of the several articles making up the Tire-Saver Kit which, if used in time, will keep the little troubles from growing big.

Having a Kit along means not only confidence in traveling, but a reduction in tire expense as well.

Everything you will ever need for the economical upkeep of tires is contained in the Kit—tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, valve parts, pressure gauge and so on.

Its price—$4.50, $4.75, and $5, according to size—is trifling in view of the satisfaction it brings.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

GOODYEAR AKRON

Copyright 1917, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

(Continued from Page 32)

There came the smashing finale, in which the sentry unconsciously joined, so truly did it follow the tenor of his thought:

"To-night— There will be
Dirty work!
Dirty work!"

And the sentry added succinctly and philosophically, with all the fatalism of his kind:

"Well, if we're for it, we're for it."

A drowsy officer's servant came to the hole that served as a door and pushed aside the sacking.

"Mr. Crabbe's dugout?"

The servant cautioned silence, and in that peculiar abuse of the first person plural known only to his breed, the creature replied:

"We're 'aving a doss in there, myte. I fink 'e's bloomin' well fed up wiv blokes a-knockin' 'im up all hours w'en 'e's tryin' to get 'is bleedin' kip. Why, Gawd love a p'liceman, we ——"

The orderly passed him the note.

"Well, if he isn't fed up this'll give him a six-course dinner to chew on. Slip it along to your officer pronto, old-timer. It's from the C. O."

"Oh! Blimey! Why didn't you bleedin' well s'y so? Let's 'ave it, matey."

The O. C. Number Two stood revealed, knocking the mud and straw from his hair. The casualties of all superiors had placed him, a subaltern, in charge of a company that had fallen to barely fifty men from its original strength of two hundred and fifty.

"My compliments to the commanding officer, orderly, and tell him I'll be at the rendezvous with my company at a quarter to four."

"Very good, sir."

"Well, strike me pink!"

The curtain fell into place behind the servant.

At White Horse Cellar the commanding officer made a brave attempt to cover his anxiety. He and the adjutant stared at each other, saying nothing. The latter had just returned from a tour of the trenches. The efficiency, of which he made a god, demanded that. He out-Prussianed the Prussians in executive thoroughness, and, withal, was so hard on none as on himself. They heard a challenge upstairs, and both rose to their feet as the pale face of the second in command loomed in the doorway.

"Yes?" And both looked eagerly at him.

Pontius Pilate's Bodyguards

The two reconnoitering officers had crawled a short distance together and then had gone their separate ways to make what observations they might. At the boundary line of the road, and following previous instruction, the one had crawled along the edge of German territory, listening. At the end he had penetrated some yards behind the sap and so obtained a fair idea of the supporting strength. Returning at the appointed time he had waited long for his companion, and at last chanced detection by a reconnaissance of the latter's territory in hopes of at least discovering his body, but without avail.

And that was all until two months later, when we learned that the O. C. of the Snipers was a prisoner in Germany.

An alarmed challenge, muffled voices, the shuffle of feet, and finally the scrape of grounding arms, gave warning that Number Two was waiting. The three officers joined them. All voices were lowered. The Mound was within a stone's throw.

"Where are the Brigade Bombers?"

A heavily laden figure stepped out of the mass of men who lined the broken wall.

"Here, sir."

The commanding officer peered at him in the half light of a star shell that came from where the Mound towered up the street:

"What lot are you?"

"Royal Scots, sir."

"Three of you?"

"Three, sir."

"Did you come direct from headquarters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fall in behind me with your men until we reach Shelley Farm, where the corporal of the Snipers will take you over. No talking now. Forward!"

The men shuffled clumsily down the road in that peculiar cross between a slide and a fall peculiar to the heavily laden trench man who traveled the slippery and globular cobbles of the Belgian roads.

"You'll wish you was back in Jerusalem before this show's over!"

The lead man of Number Two snickered nervously to the last of the three bombers. A small wave of mirth washed back down the line.

"Silence! What do you mean?"

The answer was a silence that was broken only by the dull clatter of the hobnailed boots. The reference was to that prideful boast of the Royal Scots that they were the oldest regiment in the British Army; Pontius Pilate's Bodyguards, and always on the right of the line.

Someone said something about the colors. The commanding officer shook his head. That would mean risking more than the lives of men—their honor. The colors lay in their oilskin case in White Horse. Ours was the only regiment in the British Army that was allowed this risky privilege.

At the brushwood hut we left the Ypres road and struck off through the muddy channel of a trail that the patient feet of many heavily burdened fatigue parties had worn deep into the field. To leave it was to get lost in the mist, or perhaps to come to in No Man's Land.

An Honor for Corporal Ross

The waste fire of bullets that had missed our parapets whined unceasingly overhead or struck in the mud at our feet. They came from three sides here. They had—at this, the heart of the small salient—lost their force; so they tumbled crazily, making almost the angry whine of small shells and, striking sidewise, terribly destructive. There was a soft plup and a man sat down clumsily, holding his arm and laughing crazily.

"Get up outa that!" And the sergeant touched him with his boot. The trail was choked with the waiting men. "Jump to it!"

The man continued to laugh.

"Hell! Bertha's got him; he's stopped one, sergeant. Here, somebody; give me a hand. Up you come, matey!"

"I'm all right, boys. I got my Blighty!"

He caught up the last peal of that strange laughter and faded back into the mist, laughing his way out of Twenty-one; out of all this rain, this continual carrying of heavy burdens; this strain that was beyond all human endurance and stretched the nerves like a harp wire, so that they quivered, snapped and sang; laughing his way to England and rest—rest—rest!

The Snipers were waiting under the blasted tree at Shelley Farm, close by the blood-stained steps that led down into the heart of that churned-up ruin. Number Two was quiet—especially the French-Canadian draft. They had just come up the night before and were new to this. They were in the fatigue party, twenty-five in number, and armed with shovels, with which to destroy the parapet and other vulnerable portions of the sap when captured.

The lack of adequate artillery support and the necessity of a surprise attack combined with the lay of the trench so as to make it inadvisable to attempt a consolidation or retention of the line. We were to drop like a thunderbolt on them out of the night, do all possible damage, kill and capture as many of the enemy as possible—and, by the grace of God, return.

A delay in the arrival of Number Two at White Horse made us late here. And it upset the three senior officers, however much they might try to hide that fact. It communicated itself to the men—so there was a certain grim tenseness that was marked by lack of movement or even guarded words. One, bolder than the rest, endeavored to become jocular and began to hum We'll wind up the Watch on the Rhine! The dry quality of his voice contradicted the words, and the stolid manner in which his comrades received his overture effectually squelched all further efforts for the time.

"Pass the word for Corporal Ross!"

A subdued murmur to that effect ran through the huddled group of men.

"Here, sir!" And he shouldered his way through and leaned upon his rifle.

The paying of compliments is forbidden all ranks on the actual firing line.

"Corporal Ross, since you know the ground so thoroughly, you will have the honor of leading this affair to-night."

His impassive face gave no sign; but the little man quivered like an eager horse before the start:

"Yes, sir."

(Continued on Page 37)

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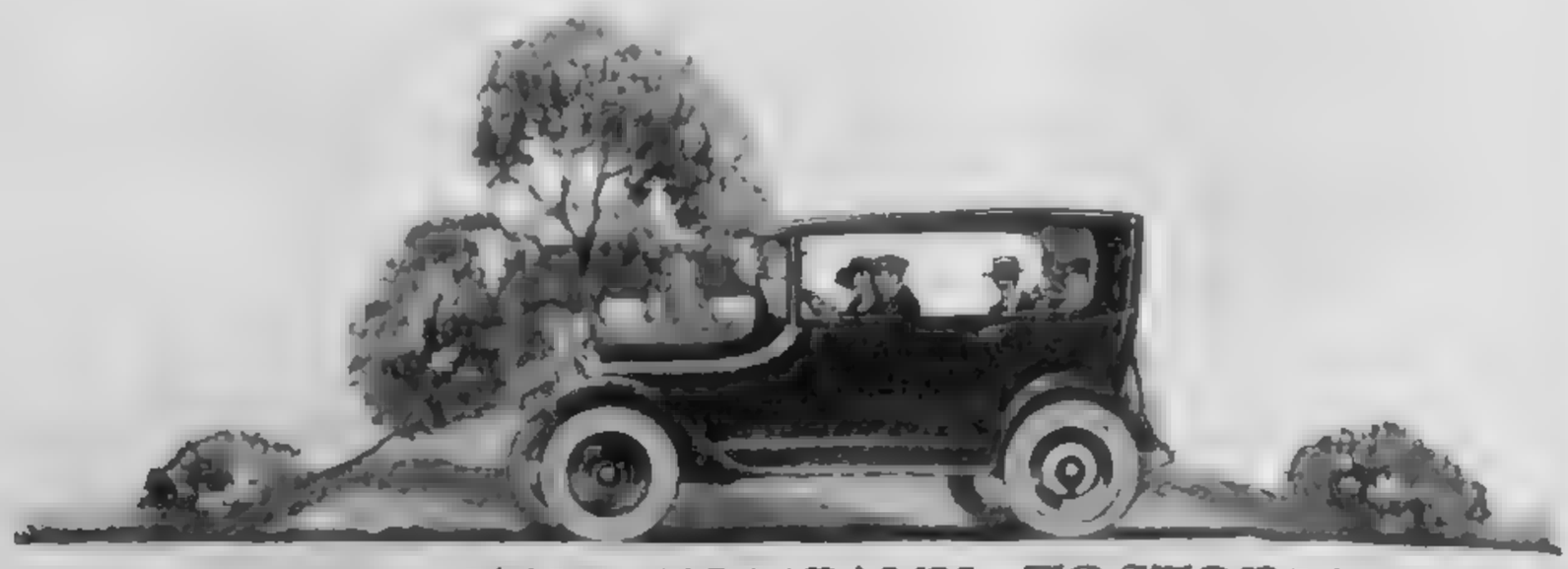


THE ALLEN MOTOR COMPANY, FOSTORIA, OHIO

(Continued from Page 34)

"Gather round here, you men, so that you can hear me. Your objective will be the German sap in front of Twenty-one."

The commanding officer then described the lay of the ground as indicated by his maps and the reconnaissance:

"The Snipers will lead and will be followed by the main assaulting troops under these two officers, who will, in turn, be followed by the shovelers, under their sergeant. Their job will be to do all possible damage to the German trench by pushing in the parapet and otherwise destroying. We shall leave here in single file by way of the Gap for Twenty-one. Before the Snipers go through the wire they must make sure that the entire party is up and prepared to support them. Not a word is to be spoken after leaving here. Handle your arms with the greatest care. Corporal Ross, when you are convinced that all is ready pass it on to the bombers, who will be beside you. They will then rise and throw together. Then give it to them!"

Corporal Ross had unconsciously drawn himself erect under the impulse of the words.

The commanding officer turned to the waiting men.

"Fix swords, men!" And added: "Do it quietly."

There followed the grunts of heavily clothed men straining at places difficult to reach in their equipment, the scrape of the withdrawing bayonets and the cautious click of their striking home. And, as usual, everyone cleared his throat. Tommy always does that on any occasion upon which two or three of him are gathered together, as all barrack-room entertainers will testify.

"Sergeant Connor, you will man Twenty-one with your two machine guns. On no account fire at anything except under direct order, or unless your guns are threatened, as you might shoot our own men. You had better push on at once and get your guns set up on a good field of fire."

"Very good, sir." And the gun crews straggled away.

The interest roused by the commanding officer's words had partially dispelled the somber silence. One man began to hum:

"Just before the battle, mother,
I was eating pork and beans."

A nervous titter ran across our ranks. The commanding officer's teeth came together savagely:

"Be quiet, you men!"

Tipperary was usually noticeable by its absence. Its haunting melody had died long before at our first trenches. Such songs always do.

The Soul of the Show

The wiser ones were looking to the east. It was getting late. Just then a bright German moon rolled out from behind its ragged cloud and in terrible grandeur sailed majestically by. We looked at one another and shivered. The dancing ribbon of the searchlights ceased in obeisance. We were threatened where we stood, let alone that other place where we should shortly be. No one said anything. With each passing moment it seemed to gather an added radiance that was scarcely dimmed even by the rosy flush of the dawn that now threatened. It held us all for the space it might take a slow-spoken man to count ten. Though it was quite cold, one man took off his cap and wiped his forehead with his sleeve. Otherwise, the waiting was not so bad as we had been told it would be.

The commanding officer shook himself like a man coming suddenly from a bad dream. "Push on, Corporal Ross!" he said, and then stepped on ahead himself, but slowly and with bent head, as a man will when he thinks deeply.

The voice of the second in command trembled with the eagerness of a dog in the leash as he pleaded again to lead the van. The other shook his head slowly, without so much as raising it. "You've already done enough for one night." And aside: "I can't spare you, Hammie. I haven't any officers left. Fall in behind and remain in Twenty-one." The other stepped dejectedly to one side as the men crowded by.

The light-colored raincoats of the senior officers were easy to follow on the darkest night; too easy here. The moonbeams danced off them and the burnished bayonets of the men, eerily inviting disaster. The Gap, by its narrowness, held us back in the crossing, so that the old boys had time to make decent adieu to the outthrust head and shoulders of their patron saint. The others held their noses and swore.

By the time the last had passed him the commanding officer and the Snipers had reached Twenty-one. Ross was on his toes, already monopolizing the stage, the very soul of the show.

The commanding officer left them in the disused portion at the left, opposite the principal gap in the wire. As he walked back he directed the oncoming stream, each man to his proper place. He scanned each face closely to make certain that all was as it should be.

He halted a few yards back and stood motionless, with all others, as a star shell swept up in front, flowering in a thousand tiny bursts. Our lads remained motionless, like quail under the hawk, feet poised awkwardly in the air. It died down and they moved on again, crouching, breathless, the pale moonbeams slipping elusively off the long and slender bayonets and lighting up the ghastly faces of the living men, the ancient dead, and the churned-up graves, until to the least imaginative it appeared impossible that we were not even then being watched by a thousand hostile eyes and that each moment would not be our last.

The Attack

The east grew rosier. From the ravished hedges the myriad birdlife that so tenaciously hung to its old coverts twittered expectantly, awaiting the new day.

"God bless you! God bless you, men! My children!" The commanding officer's voice broke. He recovered himself; and then, to the late ones: "Give it to them, boys!"

He turned forward and retraced his steps toward the German sap, thereby breaking yet another of the King's Rules and Regulations having to do with the conservation of highly trained lives.

There was the dull rushing sound of the swift uprising of many men, and all about were grotesque figures that seemed to stand still, though they waved. Eyes became balls of fire. One's chief care was to avoid tripping and so giving or receiving eighteen inches of friendly steel. There were the sounds of straining equipment, of heavy feet; no other.

Then the tight nerves of an overwrought one snapped. There was one lonely, reedy cheer. And our little war was on.

If I should die think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware;
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by the suns of home. —*Rupert Brooke.*

All other things occurred simultaneously. The adjutant, with Ross and his Snipers, were on their bellies, worming through the break in the wire; spreading fanwise along the German parapet; listening.

The German line, from Hollebeke to the Mound, leaped to violent life in a sheet of spitting flame that swelled up sonorously into the drumfire of a devil's tattoo—except the occupants of the sap. These were staggered by this thing that leaped at them from out the mist, and, for the most part, were in a deadly panic, except certain ones who died the death or else retreated down the sap, viciously disputing each turn of traverse, each bend of wall.

In my ears there was the sound of rushing waters pounding in a tropic surf.

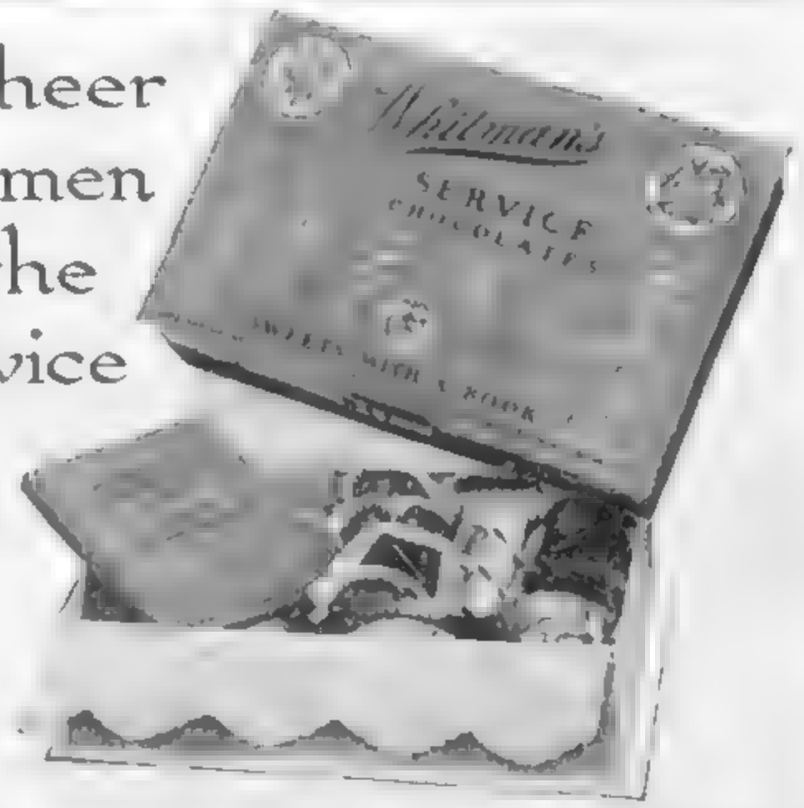
The air quivered and beat the brain with its pulsation, so that the hair, doglike, stiffened; the face muscles tightened, the eyes set, and both became rigid.

Green lay with Dave Logan before a gun, the former under it, so that the depressed stream of it solidly brushed his stiff scalp. It drove like a cleaver through the length of Logan in the rear, so that he gave no sigh or sign as his soul passed on.

Individual machine guns coughed up their seven hundred rounds each minute, and by their swing of traverse depressed or raised at leisure the rushing torrent of their leaping flame as each felt for and extended the field of fire, and so gave brief but useless warning to the target.

It was then that there lifted up the voices of those who before had not known their God, promising him now that if only he in his great goodness and mercy would

To cheer the men in the Service



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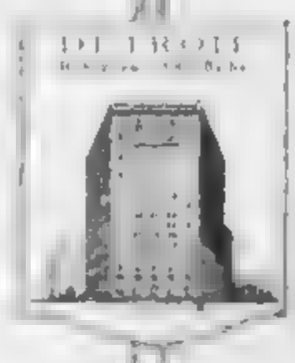

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spare and smite not this time, these lives of theirs should forever after in their service pay his price.

At my elbow there rose the distressful wail of a soul in purgatory; and there poured forth the frozen acid of this terrible prayer: "O God, if you will only give me one more chance I will be a better man. Oh-h! Go-od!"

My own thoughts raced.

I thought of my father; he who had been so tenderly careful of the soft child-flesh of me. And now this! What would he think?

It was a titanic leaden sword that flashed and swerved; that circled to the breast; that missed; that swished tremulously overhead or dropped in front of foot, where it flung up great gobs of blinding mud, and still wonderfully missing when living was God's greatest miracle. The sound of it striking was drowned in the uproar, as were mercifully all the cries of men. In the higher strata of its overhead path it left in its wake the rushing vacuum of many winds, like those of a San Juan snowslide.

The star shells burst in scores, aiding the dawn. The heavier fire of the hastily awakened artillery men punctuated the shriller sound of the small arms. The latter rolled up and down five miles of front in great waves of dying sound as other troops took up the alarm.

The whole was great Mars, the stallion, whinnying in his eagerness, quivering in his desire; screaming demoniacally in the warm realization of his ravishment of these, our poor bodies.

A sniper in the first wave, a single man, mouthed stupidly, to no one in particular, "My wife an' kids!" and began slowly to straighten up.

Ross was the first man in. He sprang up, with his stocky legs outspread, his head outthrust from the barrel of his chest; his sturdy figure outlined. He forgot all but scorn. He clenched both fists and shook his rifle at the upturned pallor of a startled German face.

"You —— Give 'em hell, boys!"

He landed catlike on his feet, shooting as he went, so that one man fell to him as he came stabbing, shooting, thrusting; his back to the wall; alone for the moment in a world of foes.

The Scots flung their bombs; others followed, mangling where they lit.

One giant seized a rifle barrel that projected from the look-hole of a metal shield that was set well into the sandbags of the parapet. A German shot at him from below—and missed. He heaved slowly with both hands until the parapet sighed and gave with a lurch that sent the whole mass down on the German heads beneath, confusing and half burying them. He seized his rifle and made a flying football leap into the struggling mass, and went to mad stabbing that ceased only with all resisting movement underfoot.

Sharp Bayonet Work

The white coat of the adjutant drew added attention. "In you go, boys! Give it to them!" He was as cheery as a cricket.

Our lads dropped in by ones and twos. Each carved his way as he went. The adjutant hung over them like a solicitous hen, scorning the comparative security of the struggling trench, feeding up the assaulting men like the ribbon of an orderly-room typewriter.

A few yards away the commanding officer pushed up and down the queue and saw to it that there was no faltering in the feed, and that each shoveler came up to his job.

The men's haste was even greater. Already the sap, full of Germans though it was, offered more security than the parapet upon which was concentrated the converging fire of a mile of German front; all in the space of fivescore yards.

The trench was deep and its occupants, for the most part, beyond the reach of bayonet; so here and there occurred the sanguinary duels of man to man, when only the stout heart and the quick wrist might decide the issue.

For us, it was kill or be killed. For them, a swift surrender or the sudden test of mettle, man to man, and a half yard of cold steel for the poorer of the two.

We were outnumbered. We were isolated. The main body of the Germans adjoined the sap; ours was over yonder, and no provision had been made to save us if the enemy should shove up reenforcements. Our only hope was the fierce ardor of our charge—a Hobson's choice.

Those Germans who fought fell, or else proved themselves, for the moment, the better men; and so fought their way down the sap to their main trench line. The others cried "*Kamerad!*"—and were spared.

As our men poured in, no man of them harmed any wounded German.

Skinner rose with the rest of the Snipers and lunged desperately at the inviting white of a German throat. His quarry squatted as for the Russian dance, so that the hungry bayonet glided harmlessly over his head and plunged into the parados in such a manner that Skinner all but followed. The German fired and missed. Skinner recovered himself and from the hip shot his man fairly in the face; and then he himself fell back, kicking as does a bullock at the slaughter.

Some in their brave terror forgot their drill and flogged desperately with the bayonet, striking shrewd blows. A German screamed and flung out hands that were badly lacerated by their protection of his face against such rude attack.

One of our lads, luckier than his mates, from a low spot in the parapet caught his opponent fairly in the breast, so that the point stuck out between the ribs at the back and would not free.

Some Mighty Deeds

Another, with his man pinned neatly at the throat, pulled him to the wall where the stout cords of the neck still resisted his tugging efforts. One who stabbed thus was overbalanced by the weight of the extended rifle; so it fell from his hands into the trench. He chanced all on a gambler's throw and, unarmed though he was, leaped in after it, spitting like a wild cat. As he came breast to breast with his man, he beat savagely with superior skill at the face before him with both clenched fists until the German dropped his own rifle; so the Pat, with one hand, could seize the throat and so force the head against the wall while he reached down for the bayonet to finish him with, dying quickly as he did so from the German rifle fire that was now sweeping the length of the trench from the farther end.

An unknown man of the new draft perceived the havoc wrought by a machine gun that thrust its nose over the main trench a few yards in the rear, and blindly charged it by himself; as he fell at its lip his body almost broke in two.

On the rim of Twenty-one, Sergeant Connor saw this and other things; and he cursed the order that denied to him so fair a mark.

For the most part, these things were done with a desperate lack of words, except that some men rushed up cursing; but in their hearts they were praying, innocent of all blasphemy. I think all growled, as savage dogs do.

Big Jack Munroe, the Montana heavyweight, was terrible in his wrath. Even Jeffries, whom he once had fought, would have quailed here. He swung the heavy double-bitted ax of a pioneer so that it sang, twirling it overhead between bursts of use, seeking whom he might devour.

The gentle Laing was a demon, surprising all by the ardor of his private charges, his reckless exposure, and his terrible thrusts.

The somber eyes of the swarthy Nelson were grimmer than ever as he hacked for himself a bloody lane—clearing it for the shovelers, who were now tumbling in, some dying in mid-air.

The giant Rowley, who had already lived epics in the arctic circle, finished his kill and went to tearing, with his bare hands, tremendous bites out of the parapet, so that the sacks sometimes fell on the wounded of both races and buried them.

Under the arms of their larger mastiff bulk little Foster, the Virginian, and Christie, the bear hunter, leaped out, rapier wise, at throats and back again, like savage terriers.

The main body of the Snipers loped on up the trench after Ross and stopped only to contest some hard-held traverse, putting its defenders to the sword. They had this advantage—that, of all those of the defenders whose rifles had been fixed in the loopholes, none had fixed bayonets, or even time to remedy that omission now.

The less forward shovelers took heart of grace; so that all along the line the parapet began to crumble. One, with his clasp knife, made big gashes in the hose of the wrecked pump. Another pounded with his

(Continued on Page 41)

How the centralizing of figure work is saving Armour $84,000 yearly

HERE is what J. A. Brown, Auditor Branch Houses for Armour & Co., Chicago, has to say about what would happen should they put the work, now centered on Comptometers, back onto the various Branches:

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You can depend on the Comptometer to increase the effectiveness of the human unit, in ratios as high as 3 to 1 according, of course, to the nature of the work. The reason is that it makes *all* figure work a high-speed machine job; couples extreme speed with reliable accuracy.

One-motion, direct-key action gives the speed—the Controlled-Key, by automatically throwing in an emergency stop the instant any key stroke is slighted, safeguards accuracy.

No matter what the line of business, or the size of it—*speed* and *accuracy* on figure work are what count. All the operations of figuring can be centered on the Comptometer quite as well in a small office as in a big one.

When work begins to pile up on you—when the office force is putting in overtime to keep up the figure records you'll think of the Comptometer. That's the time to call in a Comptometer man

How the Comptometer stands with other large users of adding machines

	Number of Machines
U. S. Government, Various Depts.	600
Standard Oil Cos.	5
Int. Telephone & Tel. Co.	105
Western Electric Co.	4
Swift & Co.	130
Armour & Co.	156
United Cigar Stores Co.	110
American Steel & Wire Co.	98
American Express Co.	150
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R.	8
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	74
American Can Co.	112
Marshall Field & Co.	72
Simmons Hardware Co.	64
Springfield Fire & Marine Insurance Co.	40
United Drug Co.	64
American Optical Co.	17
Sherwin-Williams Co.	66
Ford Motor Co.	48
J. T. Ryerson & Son	31
Jones & Laughlin Steel Co.	43
New York Shipbuilding Co.	5
Winchester Repeating Arms Co.	14
Illinois Steel Co.	61
American Sugar Refining Co.	5
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway	8
Westinghouse Electrical & Mfg. Co.	58

CONTROLLED-KEY

Comptometer

ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Co.
1723 N. Paulina St.
Chicago

Improvement!

IMPROVEMENT is natural. It is necessary in the scheme of living. People are always looking for better ways of making and doing things.

But there are things that cannot be improved. When the first hairy Cave Man discovered the rolling capacity of a felled tree or a round stone the "wheel idea" was born; and wheels from that time on down to the present fast speeding automobile wheels have never departed from the established principle simply because it was correct, fundamental and unchanging.

* * *

WHEN Gerhard Mennen invented Borated Talcum he gave something to the world that has not been improved. Since the time Mennen's was first made there have been hundreds of other talcums put on the market. We are familiar with all brands, and three or four of them are very high grade products.

If you get one of those few you will get your money's worth. But why take chances? Neither we nor anyone else have been able to improve the original Mennen formula.

* * *

THERE has been great improvement in the methods and materials of shaving. Only a few years ago men used a mug and ordinary soap for the removal of their beards. Other and better shaving soaps made their appearance. Finally there came Shaving Cream. The House of Mennen improved Shaving Cream so that all of the misery was taken out of shaving, hot or cold water worked equally well, and it was no longer necessary to rub in the lather to soften the beard.

Then came improvement on top of improvement, until Mennen's Shaving Cream has become so perfect that it will now withstand most conditions of weather and climate, retaining its consistency and quality through usual extremes of heat or cold.

Moreover, the Mennen's Shaving Cream tube has been made easier to open. The covering of the mouth is now a very thin film of metal. You just push the pointed wooden peg (it comes with the package) through the film, naturally making a smooth opening, then throw the peg away. Simple, small—but a big improvement.

* * *

FOR those who chafe or sunburn—for folks with all sorts of irritating and annoying skin troubles—Kora-Konia. It soothes and smooths, takes out the burn and smart and makes sore spots feel fine. Nothing better for diaper rash. Kora-Konia is not just another talcum; it is a medicated antiseptic dusting powder made specifically for aggravated skin conditions—another real improvement—so say our best doctors and surgeons.

* * *

TO have the hair and scalp healthy, both must be kept clean. The antiseptic qualities of the right kind of tar in a shampoo are widely recognized. Nothing new about this. But to combine tar with ingredients that leave the scalp soft and pliable and the hair both clean and *manageable*—to make it available in a quick-lathering cream—to put it in a collapsible tube, easy to use, economical, cleanly—all of this is very new, and a great improvement.

* * *

SOME people are afflicted with annoying odors from excessive perspiration. Frequent bathing does not help them. So Mennen makes Ruvia. Ruvia doesn't stop perspiration. It neutralizes the odor of it—instantly. It won't clog the pores, won't stain dainty garments. Ruvia is as sweet as a rose, snow-white, easy to use. Ruvia is a Mennen improvement with a wide and increasing sale.

* * *

MENNEN'S Cold Cream is all that a first-class cold cream ought to be. This simple language describes it fully. Every ingredient is carefully selected—so that you will get a cold cream up to the Mennen quality standard in every way. Just try it—you will *surely* like it.

* * *

THERE isn't anything startlingly new about soap. But Mennen's Borated Soap is soap with improvement. Physicians and nurses have helped us build a good business on this article through use and endorsement of it.

Made originally for babies—to cleanse and soothe their tender skins. People whose skins won't tolerate ordinary soaps appreciate Mennen's.

* * *

IMPROVEMENT is an important factor in the policy of the House of Mennen. We have research chemists who do nothing but seek methods of betterment. We are interested in improvement—first, of product; second, of manufacturing methods; third, of the convenience and appearance of the containers in which the products go to the public.

* * *

THIS is the order of their relative importance to the consumer—it is what the buyer is really purchasing—Product; Scientific Manufacture; attractive, convenient Package. Competition for excellence in this order benefits the public. This is the Mennen idea of progress.

TRADE MARK

William Gerhard Mennen

Gerhard Mennen Chemical Company
Newark, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Canadian Factory: Montreal, Canada. Sales Agent for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

MENNEN'S

(Continued from Page 38)

rifle at the more delicate parts. A third upset it into the sump from which it had sucked the drainage of the trench. The sides were so well boarded that they defied all efforts at destruction

Ross, having cleared his path, turned about and made for the main-line trench into which the sap ran. In the other direction he knew there was nothing but a dead end; so that the Germans between were in a trap and free to choose between a quick surrender or a swifter death. That his men could do. He plunged forward, seeking new dangers in the other end. He struck contemptuously out of his path, as he did so, the figure of a man with upraised arms who bleated "*Kamerad!*" The trench was full of the sound of running men. These shouted like mice.

Green followed Ross into the sap, shooting as he came; so his feet struck the writhing body. It was come quickly—the body; or go swiftly—the soul. Nourse, Inkster and others of the Snipers quickly followed. Those who had leaped in farther up joined forces here. All sought Ross as water does the lower levels. Bullets flicked up and down the trench. Ross pushed on up ahead to find their origin, issuing orders as he went and overlooking officers with all that fine disregard of formal discipline which so well distinguishes the born leader of men in any hour of trial. None thought it strange and few noticed it at the time.

The mud was falling in small chunks from the wall near Green, who, if he thought of it at all, blamed it on the sponge-like condition of the trench. He watched it as he recharged his magazine before following Ross.

Nelson came up, alert, missing nothing.

"What's that?"

"What?"

"The ——"

Nelson dashed after Ross and stood behind him where he knelt; and then, with Nourse, he took turns in alternately passing ammunition to him and shooting at the common target, a projecting traverse from which unseen hands thrust out Mausers that fired blindly down the narrow trench.

The tall body of a German lay stiffly back in an upright position next to Green, as it had for five minutes past. The face was covered with a sandbag, as was customary when there was time, particularly if the wound had been in the head. Green shifted his position so that he leaned against the body with all the easy familiarity of the hardened trenchman.

The officer commanding Number Two leaped in, a volcanic roly-poly. Nelson, from his post farther up the trench, cried:

"Look out!"

The officer commanding jerked the sack away; Green sprang back in amazement.

"You ——"

A Treacherous "Corpse"

The little officer leaped up and seized the tall corpse by the throat, raining blows with his free hand on the face, while the victim of the assault made most uncemeterylike efforts to cover up. The corpse's cries of *Kamerad!* all but drowned the truly frightful language of the officer. He let go the throat and tugged in mad excitement at his pistol holster, beating mechanically at the German giant in the interval.

Nelson rushed up with his bayonet at the point and ran the German down the trench, swearing terribly at him. Nelson shook with excitement. The German's hands were reaching into frantic nothingness; he chanted "*Kamerad!*" in wild abandon as he went. They came to a stop at a group of the shovelers.

"Now none o' your damned layin' round here to stick us on the quiet!" For that treachery was a common thing. And, paraphrasing an army saying of the period: "Up you go; an' the best o' luck! *'Raus!* Beat it! . . . For our trench!"

The frightened German clawed frantically at the parapet, seeking a foothold.

"Hup! Hup! Hup!" mocked Nelson in imitation of the drill sergeant, making a playful feint at the prisoner. The latter reached the top and rose to his knees. No sooner had he done so than his head threw off the blue flame of a bad bone hit; so he rolled back headforemost into the trench. And that was only what we faced above.

A young boy lay on the bottom with a badly crushed arm that lay in the path of every heavy foot that passed. "Me wounded! Me wounded!" He appealed to each passer-by, in turn, in such a pitiful singsong that it indicated his fear of worse. There was little time either to help or to hurt him, and certainly no inclination for the latter, until Green, in passing, noticed him and shifted his body closer to the wall, well out of harm's way, at the same time arranging the arm so that it should not be stepped upon; though he had no time to dress it. He gave as little pain as possible to the boy, who, in turn, looked the dumb thanks of a dog.

A few months before, in our English camp, our men had read of the rape of Belgium, and had then and there sworn solemn and bloodthirsty oaths of "Getting their own back" in worse reprisals against all Germans whom kind fortune might throw into their hands. It was thus they carried out their threats. And let it be recorded here that this was ever their way with all who did their bidding.

These things done, both snipers returned to Ross. He knelt at the extreme end of the trench, beyond the traverse from which the shots had come, and close to the entrance of a large dugout into which the surviving Germans had now retreated. Beyond and adjoining the dugout, a stout barrier of filled sandbags cut off the entrance to their main trench.

On the other side the voices of many Germans swelled into a subdued but threatening murmur. All these the little man had rushed. He was on one knee, with his chin cupped in his hand.

In a Tight Place

With such an example it was easier for the others to carry on, though the day was coming and it had begun to look as if we ourselves might be swallowed up in a counter attack from beyond the barricade. The nerves of all were stretched taut. The activity of the unseen marksmen did not tend to improve matters. Nourse, the lance-jack, had taken over as next in rank. He fired assiduously at the flashes ahead, which now began also to appear from the top of the barricade. The others fed him cartridges and joined in volleys with him. At times they got a better shot at the barrel of a Mauser that was outthrust from the dugout door, fired, and as quickly withdrawn.

The Snipers formed a little knot. They were frankly nonplused. The smallness of the dugout entrance prohibited the advance of more than one man at a time, and he would certainly be speared upon arrival. The successful entrance of a larger number meant a fight in the dark against superior numbers and amid strange surroundings, seeing nothing, and themselves silhouetted against the light of the entrance. A few bombs would have quickly cleared the nest; but, as usual, there were none.

Nourse had been bred on the veldt, among the Boers, and claimed their language for his very own: "*Kommen se haus!*" The Snipers held their breath. A great stillness fell on the Germans.

"For God's sake, Nourse, give them another whirl!" someone said impatiently. "Tell 'em to come out. We might need 'em as hostages against those other blighters." And he jerked his thumb at the barricade.

Nourse tried again: "*Kommen se haus!*" Silence. But in a moment an unintelligible outburst came from a dozen answering lips.

"What do they say?"

"I don't know." Nourse blushed.

"Well, tell them to come; we won't hurt them. I guess that's what they want to know—if it's safe "

Nourse hung his head.

"I've forgotten."

And so there it ended. The firing was resumed.

The Battalion Snipers of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry prepared themselves to die.

They chose at the last to rush the barricade. Two were detailed to stand at the side of the dugout entrance ready to bayonet all comers. The others were to assault. The first wave of three, using their musket butts as battering rams, were to shove the top sacks of the barricade down on the Germans on the other side, so that in their confusion the remainder of the assaulting party could get over and among them with the minimum of loss; their rear still guarded from a sortie from the dugout.

The volume of the defenders' gunfire swelled on the open upper ground; so it seemed that none might live. And yet some did. The adjutant continued to feed into the sap the ribbon of the column. The commanding officer pushed up and down

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THE long range, wide angle "path of daylight" given by Fractors, instead of the blinding light of unmodified head-lamps, makes motoring at night, safe and comfortable for everyone. *It also makes your light legal.* Fractors, officially approved by those states where head-light laws are most strict, assure motorists of "All the Light but Within the Law."

Fractors are not front glasses or lenses. They are scientifically designed glass cups that definitely control the light, projecting it ahead and on the road below the legal height.

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Fit Your Fuel to the Weather

IF the day is cold, burn coal or wood; *if* the weather is warm, use gas or oil. The wonderful DUPLEX ALCAZAR kitchen range burns these different fuels singly or in combination in the same stove for it is really two ranges in one.

¶ To use different fuels necessitates no changes—no removal or replacement of parts. The DUPLEX ALCAZAR is always ready—simple and efficient. It will open your eyes as to the possibilities of a comfortable kitchen the year 'round and better cooking results at a lower fuel cost. Made in two types: One burning coal or wood and Gas, the other, coal or wood and oil.

THE DUPLEX ALCAZAR
TWO RANGES IN ONE

¶ All over America, housewives are enthusiastic over DUPLEX ALCAZAR results. And we are offering the range in styles and sizes of ovens varied enough to suit the wishes of every woman, whether her kitchen is to cast iron, steel or porcelain. See the DUPLEX ALCAZAR at your dealer's store. Or if you prefer to write us first, mention whether you are interested in the Gas, or Oil type.

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374 Cleveland Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The Coward Shoe

Bunion Model

It is a satisfaction to know that your bunion is inconspicuous yet well protected and entirely comfortable. The Coward Bunion Shoe, properly fitted as it can be by mail, eases the tender joint by allowing it ample room. It also protects the sensitive parts from friction. The bunion rests in a pocket so made as to permit a practically normal shaped shoe.

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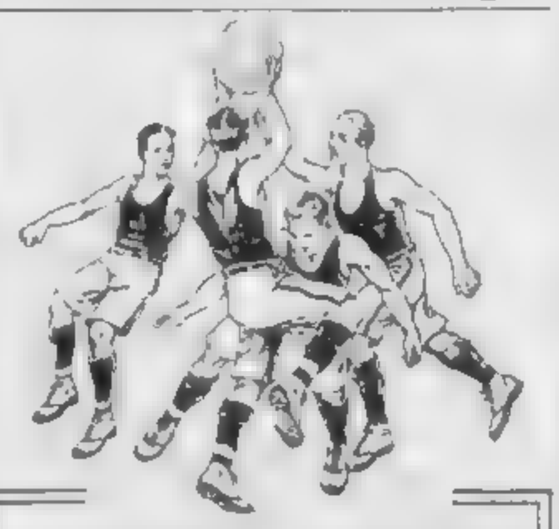


BASKET BALL

[illegible] teams everywhere are wearing the [illegible], the speediest of all basket ball shoes [illegible] by the United States and Pacific [illegible] by the Illinois Athletic club [illegible] champions of the [illegible].

The [illegible] suction-cupped red sole of the Grip-Sure is patented. It holds the player up on slippery floors. It is full of life and spring.

GRIP-SURE
SELECTED CALFSKIN TOP NOTCH

The Livest, Fastest Basket Ball Shoe

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
Dept. C Beacon Falls, Conn.

the line, moving them up into place, debonair, impervious to fire. The white coats of both made them marked men. The assaulting troops faced the fire only so long as it took them to run the few yards to the lip of the sap; which seemed very long indeed. There they dropped down into comparative safety. The two officers crossed and recrossed the field of fire and stopped for nothing.

The sounds of individual machine guns, small arms and shells merged into the staccato scream of many riveting machines—busy, and hammering on steel. The air throbbed, writhed and sucked back in great waves.

The sound lifted us up, so that our hearts left the bodies which we now offered on the altar of our country's service, and we were like to faint. Yet they obeyed God and pulled forward our bodies. Our minds, which had furnished the original impulse, drew back appalled from the scene.

These were the conscious thoughts of no man, for no man had any conscious thought. But it was perhaps—and I say it in honest doubt—the subconscious reasoning that was then gestating in the backs of our skulls; else we could not have continued to go forward in the face of so terrible a fire. To have thought would have been to invite disaster, since in a thoughtful moment our minds might have bid our bodies to flee, and so have caused us to sully forever the fair name of the regiment, beside which the virtue of Cæsar's wife is to the soldier but a coarse and common thing. For the soldier to think is dangerous, so long as refusal does not go beyond the point where initiative might cease, and so nullify the gain.

On the fivescore yards of salient, machine guns that had been rushed up at the first alarm now fired at point-blank range, making fiery necklaces.

Some of our lads turned quite mad in the whirling maelstrom as the leaden death clawed out at them from the bleak grayness of the steaming morning mist, like a foul and beastly witch. They did their tasks because these remained undone—not for glory: for there was none here. Neither was there aught of flinching; but only a courageous madness, with men's minds, godlike, down in hell—investigating it and speeding forward their feet.

Nests of clattering machine guns circled their fire, so that the cumulative sound of its approaching swing was that of many boys scraping the palings of village fences; but more swiftly. The duller thuds of bullets striking home could not be distinguished from the impact on the mud, except for the occasional ejaculation of surprise: "Oh!" It was never one of alarm, but just a sudden flexing of the knees and a backward pitch that put the face always up. It was only when the bullet crashed grinding through the bone of skull or spine that there came that smashing impact, that flash of flame such as a rock gives; and perhaps followed by the dying plaint of an already unconscious man.

The Military Miracle

The grotesque figures grew fewer; some grew more grotesque, and more of them quite still. Most had reached their goal; many their last; the former still seeking the latter in the bowels of the German sap.

The firing died down. The commanding officer spoke to his orderly, retraced his steps, and took up that safer position which the King's Rules and Regulations had indicated as his from the beginning—behind the barricaded entrance of what he called the Military Miracle, known on the trench maps as Number Twenty-two.

The sun was about to burst its shell. And, as though they had awaited this, the first quiet moment, the hedge birds broke out into a lifting chorus that swelled up and up in so lovely a melody that we all but forgot our surroundings, and imagined we were perhaps in some great cathedral, and that it was peace. Then they, too, fell silent; and it was day.

The commanding officer shook with suppressed excitement. There was great weariness in his voice.

"Do you think they've taken it?"

The orderly reflected sagely:

"If they haven't they'll never take another, sir. That's a cinch."

The commanding officer threw out his arms appealingly. It seemed to strike him as a new thought, a comforting one.

"That's so!" He rolled it over in his mouth slowly and with infinite relish, taking a morbid comfort in the utter finality of it. "If they haven't they'll never take another." And then, quite casually: "Give my compliments to the officer commanding. If he's killed then to whoever is in charge. Tell him to fetch his men out at once, so that they'll meet me at the rendezvous at Shelley Farm in five minutes. And pass the same word to all noncoms." He looked at the lightening sky. "Hurry!" And added: "Don't let them scupper you."

The orderly did not trouble to salute. He, too, had looked at the sky and gave a very good imitation indeed of a man hurrying. "Yes, sir!" and he was gone. He grinned to himself at the casual air of detachment of the other at such a time and place. He wondered whether he himself should keep that rendezvous at Shelley Farm or some other one instead.

A white figure, supported by a long staff, came floundering down the rim of the Miracle. The orderly espied him.

"Here's the adjutant, sir."

"Is that you, Teeta?"

"It's me, sir," a cheery voice replied.

The casual words trembled on the other's lips: "What luck?"

"All correct, sir; and trench occupied."

The commanding officer rubbed his hands.

"Splendid!" And then, to the waiting orderly: "Carry on!"

The desultory rifle fire began to gain in volume. It changed to the snarling hammer of machine guns before half the distance to Twenty-one had been covered, the orderly himself the only visible target. He tripped over the cumbersome length of rifle and bayonet and fell headfirst into a water hole.

Dodging a Pitiless Fire

He crawled out. The fire was worse. He continued, running and slipping. His lungs sobbed for air; his eyes were blinded by the flying mud. He was alone in the wilderness and quite dead below the brain; but that drove his legs onward, willy-nilly, under the spur of the need of all those precious lives. The left-hand and disused portion of Twenty-one loomed invitingly. He sped along the rim until his trained ear shot to his brain the message that the circling death was swinging round toward him. It was but a moment later when it was lifting up layers of the mud at his feet. He did not stop to jump. He fell flat into the pit.

There was need of desperate haste if the assaulting party was to be warned before the light became stronger. Seconds were lives. Yet there was scarcely cover for a kneeling man. Guided by gunners who had seen, their searching fire combed both shallow slopes of walls and at times reached the floor itself as he "cooned" it up the tortuous way. At each stride his knees clumsily seemed cruelly to strike some hard rifle bolt—so he cursed; the hands struck the faces of living and dead—and he shuddered. The wounded groaned; the less severely merely swore. He had time for neither.

He reached the spot from which the assault had been launched a quarter of an hour before. Half a dozen men were lying there. He wondered idly who they were; saw that they were some of the new draft—and understood. They burrowed snugly in their mud and shot anxious questions at him.

He drew himself erect for the final spurt of twenty yards across; but was met by so fierce a flare of fire that he was glad to fling himself on his belly, and, without waiting for the storm to subside, dragged himself, in jerks and by his elbows, on and through the mire. It was very slow. He pondered his case: To rise meant certain death and the message undelivered; to continue as he was promised the one slim chance of delivery. The delay for that short distance would, at the worst, be only a matter of seconds.

A contemptuous voice from the rear interrupted his soliloquy:

"Get up an' walk!"

He glanced round, still levering himself forward by the elbows. It was one of the new draft. The owner of the voice had his chin in the mud between two friendly corpses.

"Oh, go to hell!" And the orderly continued his ungraceful squirming.

At the sap he touched elbows with the body of Dave Logan, badly riddled. A score of startled faces gazed up at him.

"Who are you?"

"C. O.'s orderly."

(Continued on Page 45)

1867 *Old Number "9," a Pullman sleeping car which half a century ago was considered a marvelous achievement in railway car building*

The Pullman Car
1867 - 1917

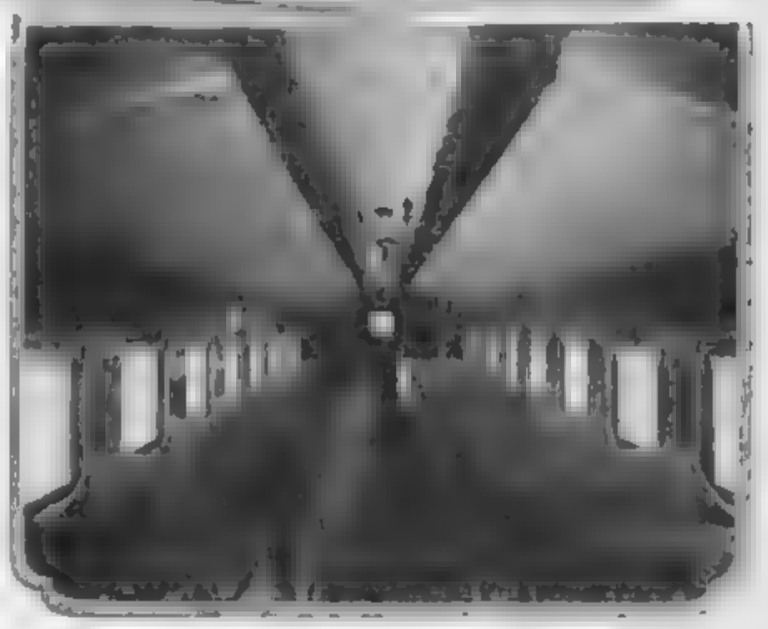
IN 1858 two old railroad coaches, fitted with sleeping car features designed by George M. Pullman, were put in operation on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, an event which heralded the dawn of a new era in the story of railroad transportation. And in 1864 the first complete Pullman car marked the actual acceptance of this radical innovation.

Constructed entirely of wood, lighted by oil lamps, heated by box stoves for which cord wood was carried in a bin in one end of the car, with open platforms and four-wheel trucks with iron wheels, the early Pullman car contained none of the features of safety and luxury which characterize the modern steel dreadnaught.

Few of the present facilities for comfort and convenience were afforded; personal service by trained car employes was conspicuous by its absence. And yet, this flimsy, wooden car, resting on blocks of India rubber instead of springs, jolting noisily over the uneven tracks of fifty years ago, was immediately recognized as a radical step in the development of railroad travel.

From the idea which inspired that early car, in fifty years has developed a vast organization that today affords the traveling public, north and south, from coast to coast, a service characterized by safety and convenience, and a great system of cars, staunchly constructed, electrically lighted, sanitary, ventilated, steam-heated and embracing every feature for the personal convenience and luxury of each individual passenger.

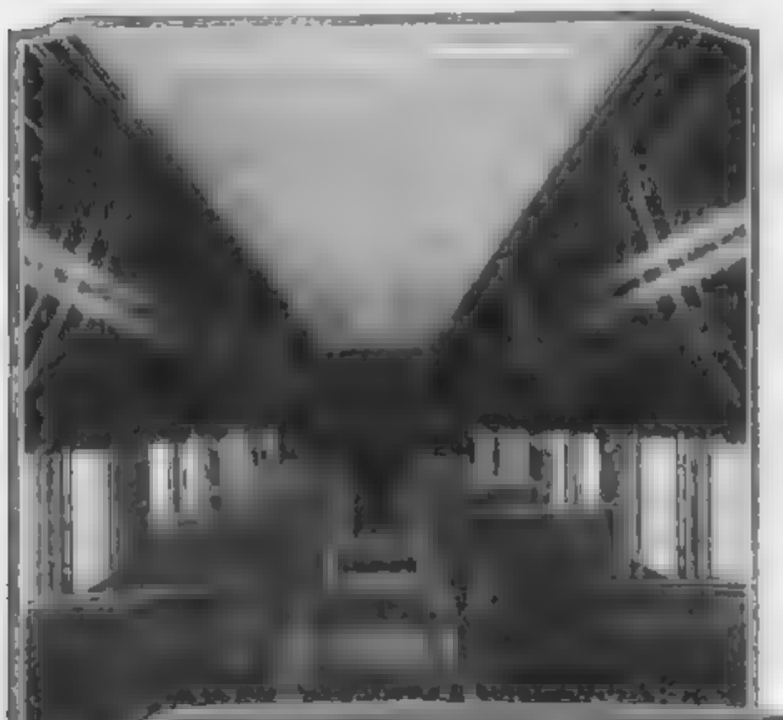
In this process of evolution the Pullman Company may claim not only the origination of modern sleeping car construction, but the invention of the enclosed vestibule, which places the entire train under a single roof; the introduction of the dining car, a service now no longer operated by the Pullman Company but by the individual railroads; the production of the parlor car and the first electrically-lighted car, as well as innumerable inventions and improvements contributing to the perfection of car construction.

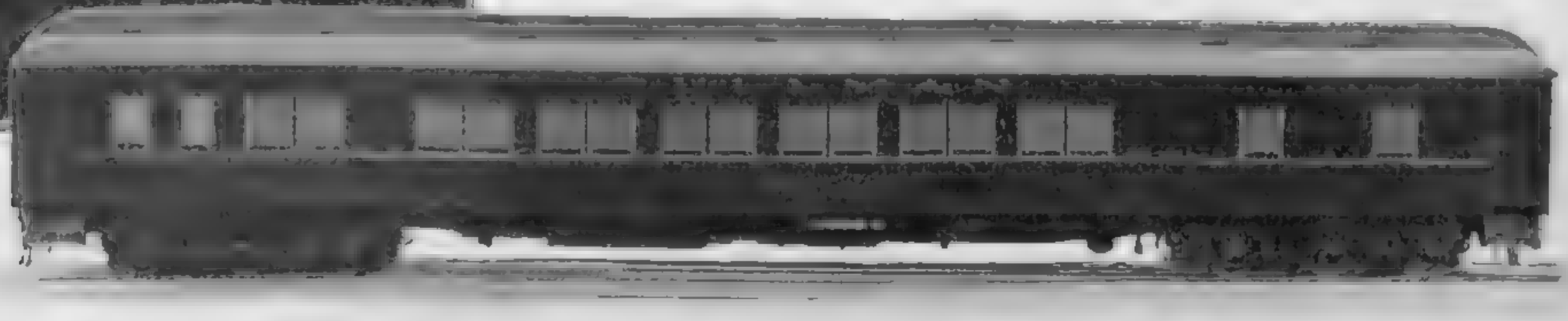


Interior of Number "9"

Today 7,400 cars of the Pullman Company, built in its own shops, and served by its own employes, are operated over 137 railroads, owning 223,489 miles of track. They reach every point of interest in the country and afford a uniform and continuous service annually to twenty-seven million passengers—a service unequalled by that of any other similar organization in the world.

1917 *The latest type of steel Pullman car containing every feature contributing to the safety, comfort and convenience of the passengers.*





THE PULLMAN COMPANY
Chicago

The Year's Most Important Announcement

To Motor Truck Users

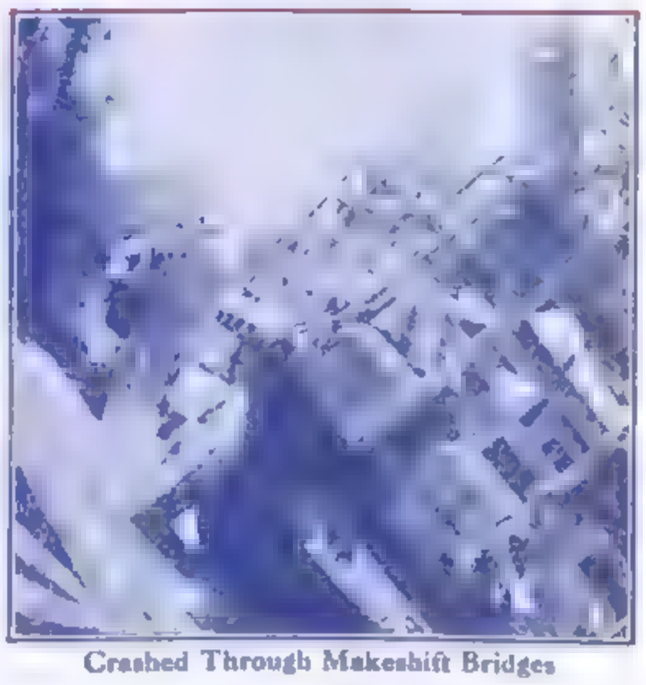
Good Traction Despite Deep Mud

United States Tire Company Shows How Truck Tire Maintenance Cost May Be Reduced, and How the Life of the Truck May be Prolonged

For many years the United States Tire Company has been working on the problem of developing *pneumatic tires for trucks.*

A former United States Army motor transport expert recently said:

"If a pneumatic tire could be built to stand up under the terrific strain and wear of truck service, truck maintenance cost for repairs and replacements would be cut down to a minimum, with the natural reduced cost per ton mile, and the life of a truck would be vastly increased."



Crashed Through Makeshift Bridges

Lower Operating and Maintenance Cost Than Ever Before

The United States Tire Company has developed a pneumatic tire which will "stand up under the terrific strain and wear of truck service."

And more than this, it has developed a truck tire

—that will give mileage commensurate with the investment in pneumatic tires,

—that will give increased mileage per gallon of gasoline,

—that will give increased mileage per quart of oil,

—that, by taking up road vibration, will greatly prolong the life of the truck,

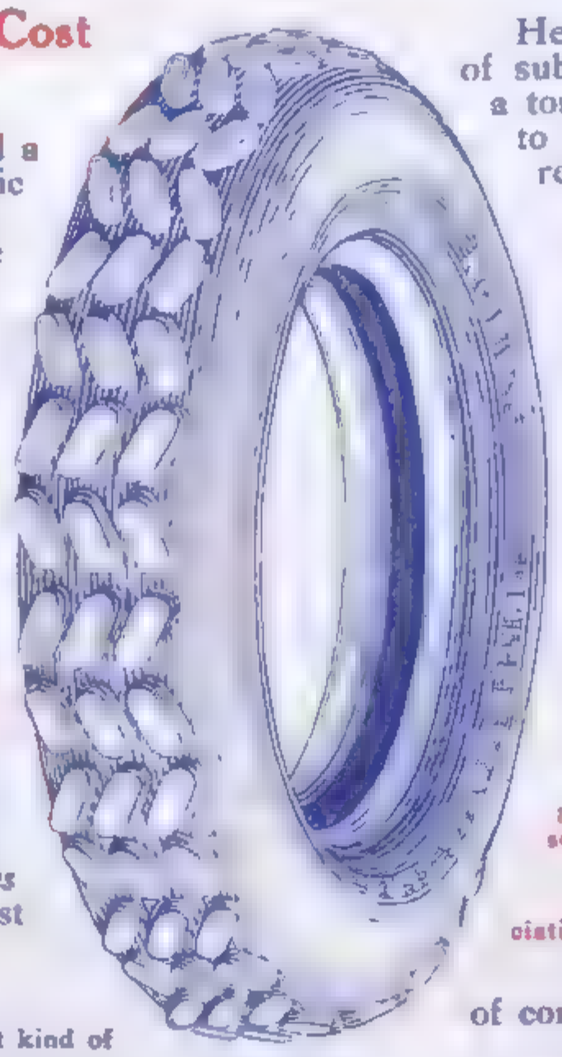
that, in short, will reduce the cost of truck operation and maintenance in practically every direction.

Severest Truck Tire Test on Record

A few weeks ago this army transport expert, who, during the recent mobilization of American troops on the Mexican border, was in command of an Army motor truck company, put these *United States Pneumatic Truck Tires* (size 36 x 7) to the severest test any tires have ever been put to.

This expert said:

"I made up my mind that, in order to give the tires the hardest kind of army transport test—which is the severest that any truck could ever be put to—I would not spare the truck, even if I had to wreck it."



The Tire

He himself drove a one and a half ton motor truck, of substantially army specifications, with an overload of a ton and a quarter (2¾ tons load in all), from Detroit to the Mexican border and back, with the following results:

—4,288 miles for the most part over the most primitive roads on the American continent,

—at an average of over 7 miles per gallon of gasoline;

—at an average of over 33 miles per quart of oil;

—yet at the end of the trip the truck was still in practically as good condition as when it started.

Lower Truck Depreciation by Fully 50%

This former United States Army transport expert said of the test:

"I believe that these *'Nobby' Tread Pneumatic Tires* will give an average of 40% more mileage per gallon of gasoline than solids;

—"that they will reduce oil consumption from 25 to 30%;

—"that, by taking up road shock, they will lower truck depreciation by fully 50%."

These United States Pneumatic Tires for trucks are of cord construction with *'Nobby'* treads.

They are known as

United States 'Nobby' Tread Cord Tires for Trucks

Go to your dealer or to our nearest Service branch. Try these tires for your next truck equipment.

United States Tire Company

1790 BROADWAY NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 42)

He began to intone sonorously, in the parrotlike chatter prescribed by the King's Rules and Regulations:

"Commanding officer to officer commanding Number Two: Noncoms to note and act on. Meet me at Shelley Farm in five minutes with all your men. Repeat back. Signed Commanding Officer."

"Hell! Crabbe's killed!" someone shouted.

"For the love of Mike! What's the difference? The message is for the officer commanding. Give it to Papineau; or, if he's killed, to whoever's in charge," the orderly hissed.

Some of the men began to pile out in their eagerness to be away. The orderly observed them.

"Here! None o' that, old settler! Wait a minute till the message comes back O. K., or you'll get us all cut up."

The leader fell back shamefacedly. Others began to sort out the four scared prisoners who remained alive, so that they were flanked on each side by a guard and ready for the starter's word.

The officer commanding Number Two was not dead. He was very much alive and with the Snipers once more, as eager as they. The orderly's message came through, as all such messages do, badly garbled; but came at least in time to stop the desperate assault on the barricade.

"An order to retire, sir."

"Who's it from?"

"The colonel, sir."

"Where is it? Let me see it."

"I don't know, sir. Someone sent it down."

"How do we know who he is? Where is he? It's a trap! It's a trap, I tell you. I won't move an inch without a signed order from the colonel."

"Hadn't we better have the message repeated, sir, and find out who it's from?"

The more cautious counsel prevailed. The orderly, with his eyes glued to the clearing sky, chafed in an agony of impatience. It was quite light and there was the return trip to consider. The other men stood about in dull silence. The fire had again died down to normal and only the "zsst" of odd bullets could be heard overhead.

At last the message came back, distorted again, but with the sense of it painfully evident:

"Crabbe wants to know who in hell you are?"

The orderly almost wept:

"Who in hell balled the message up?" No one answered. "Now, for God's sake, pass it down right this time and make each man pass it back to you; and tell Crabbe, or whoever's in command of this crush, to shoot it back to me when he gets it right. Now listen, you there!" He again intoned his original message.

The Last of Donald Ross

The men at the dead end waited. There was nothing else to do, except to avoid walking on the wounded Germans. Their own they already had up, ready for the run.

Men halfway down the sap began to clamber out by ones and twos, crouched and desperately running. The habit spread.

"Hey!" the orderly shouted. "Did he get the message?"

Someone shouted:

"Yep. They're all comin'." As indeed they were.

The retirement was on.

The orderly, still bound by his responsibility of seeing that the message had indeed been received all along the line, waited until men from the farther end were going, and until fully half were gone, before he, too, rose to his feet and, lowering his head, commended his soul to God and raced for the Gap.

The Snipers had, at first, supposed that Ross was only wounded, and so had laid him out, as they had no time in which to attend a wounded man, even though he be Donald Ross himself. At the order to evacuate they examined him more closely and found him to be quite dead. He was already cold. The broken glass of the periscope in his tunic pocket showed that he had been shot through the heart. And their hearts were bitter. They could not find it in them to leave him so. They were now alone, except for the officer commanding.

He proposed that they should carry the body down to the dead end, from which the run would be shorter, and from where they might even take it with them, as well as make certain that all were out. So the Snipers raised their chief and struggled on down the torn trench with the dead weight of him in their arms; a terrible and a trying task in the torn-up condition of the trench.

As they passed the wounded German boy someone rearranged his crushed arm and tossed him a cigarette.

They were all there except the casualties. Under the strain Jackson began to shout instructions, to which no one paid any heed. Each took a hand at carrying Donald Ross, until they saw that it was indeed a useless thing to do, however fine. They laid him carefully on the parapet of the trench he had won, and did the last thing one soldier may do for another—took from his breast pocket the pay book and other papers, from his neck the identification disk, covered his face, and left him with his glory. And in the heart of each there was a prayer:

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped-for serene
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave their immortality.

Their own time had come again. Above them the heavy flail of the machine guns beat, giving due warning of what manner of work was going on up there among their fleeing comrades. They missed the body of Skinner. He had been seen to fall. Their other dead were accounted for. They came to a man, lying on his face, who wore a British tunic. They rolled him over. It was not Skinner, but a German, killed by a bomb apparently, and, to judge by his disguise, a sniper or a spy. So they cursed him heartily for the unsuspecting men he must have killed in his time, and passed on.

Under a Withering Fire

They reached the dead end. All had gone and of Skinner there was no sign. The storm above grew worse. They saw to it that their magazines were freshly charged and in good working order, pulled up their belts, cast aside the bandoleers for the better freedom of arm and leg, commended their souls to God, and at the preconcerted signal went over the top.

The retirement was the hard part of it. There was none of the moral advantage of the assault. Neither was there any room for reprisal against the concentrated enemy fire of the sector. The Germans were alert; and, it being now well past dawn, they saw our every movement as we hurled ourselves over Twenty-one and up the slope toward the hedge.

At Twenty-one Laing dropped under the squirt of a machine gun, badly wounded. Someone got him in. Two men—I know not whom—dragged in at great personal risk the body of the unconscious Freund, a brave soldier and guide of parts, from off the wire upon which he had fallen, and lay it where the men of Twenty-one were, so that poor Freund might at least die among his comrades, as indeed he did later in the day.

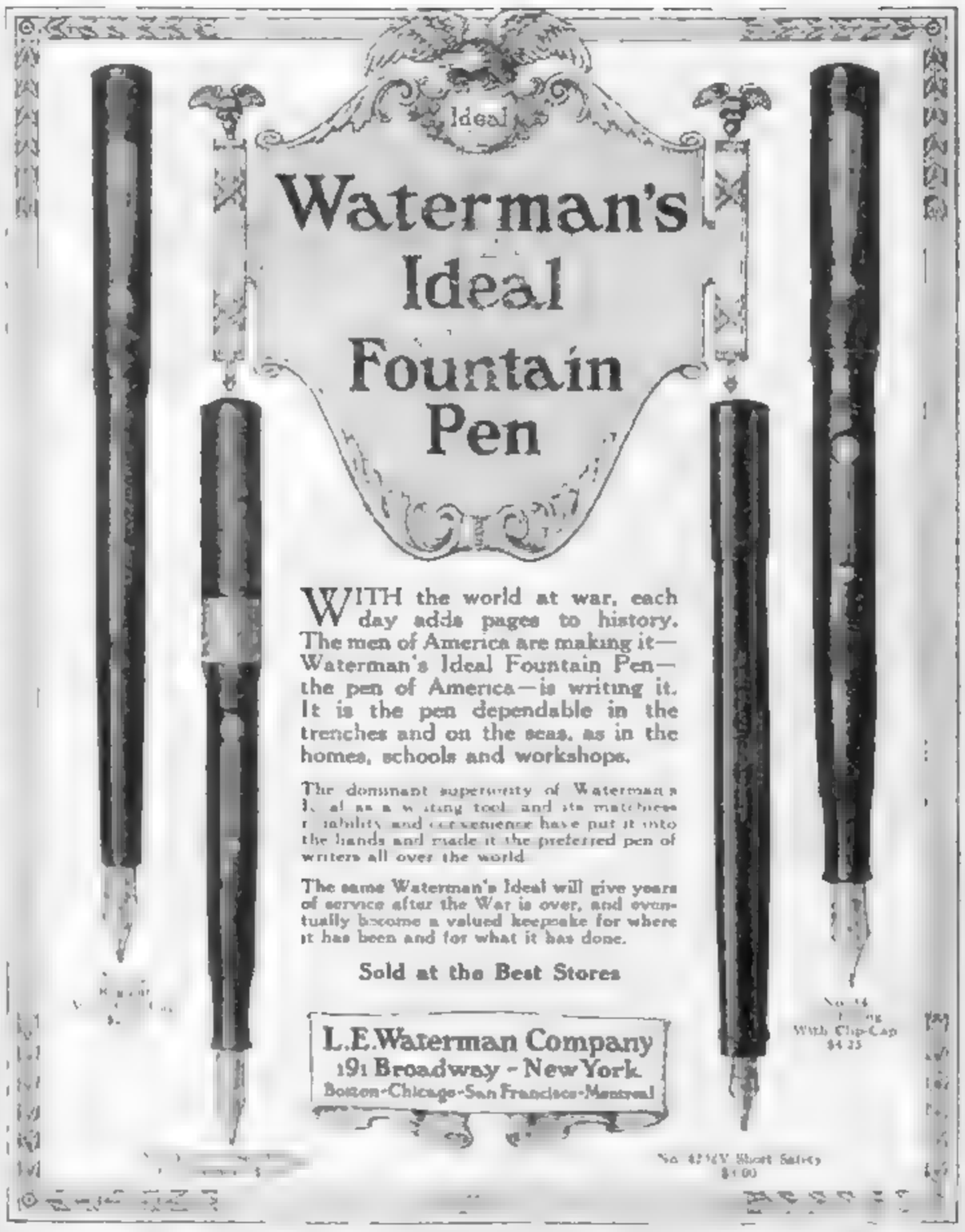
The slope was covered with the crouched figures of running men, a fair target for every sharpshooter and machine gun, shot at like clay pigeons. The fire, though not so heavy as that of the earlier morning, was much better directed; so our losses were heavier. Men dropped steadily, as did many others who stopped to pick them up.

The fine edge of the assault could no longer endure here. We had, instead, the feeling of hunted hares, shot at endlessly from every side, and with none of the satisfaction of retaliation—a most hopeless feeling, comparable to none other in its desperation.

We wandered back, somewhat rapidly it is true, by ones and odd groups of twos and threes. The Gap was jammed with cursing men, each seeking to get through and out of this.

Some, to avoid delay, had flung themselves bodily at the hedge. Their bodies sprawled on it, supported by the close-set twigs like flies on a spider's web. And all the ground between was dotted with this newer slaughter.

The hedge served as a screen. Beyond it there was at least the ostrichlike security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WITH the world at war, each day adds pages to history. The men of America are making it—Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen—the pen of America—is writing it. It is the pen dependable in the trenches and on the seas, as in the homes, schools and workshops.
The dominant superiority of Waterman's Ideal as a writing tool, and its matchless reliability and convenience have put it into the hands and made it the preferred pen of writers all over the world.
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If your mirror could magnify your skin

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Above is actual photographic reproduction—*magnified many times*—showing pores in the human skin.

after you had used *ordinary* soap—what a surprise you would have. Tiny pores would become deep pockets, showing secretions that remained—those blemishes that later cause distressing complexions. Then you would quickly *see* why science advocates a daily use of *medicated soaps*.

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In the production of medicated soaps, the J & J Red Cross Laboratories have the benefit of years of research and world-recognized leadership as makers of medical and surgical products. The advantages of medicated soaps that have their origin in medical and surgical practice are recognized by physicians, surgeons and nurses.

Treat your skin right and your skin will reflect the health that Nature intended it should.

Your Guide to a Healthy Skin

No matter what your skin trouble, there is a *special kind* of Johnson & Johnson Medicated Soap that will prove of great value.

Note the list below and then see your druggist:

Tar Soap
Tar & Witch Hazel Soap
Syrol Soap
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Price 25c

Our booklet "Cleansing and Nourishing the Skin" contains information on proper use of medicated soaps. A copy is wrapped with each cake of soap

See the assortment of Johnson & Johnson Medicated Soaps at your druggist's. This is only one of many ways in which the druggist is ready to serve you. Support your druggist.

Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N. J., U. S. A.

of knowing that one could not see or be seen, except by the more distant and less dangerous enemy on Hollebeke Ridge. One could drop back into a walk. There was time to look round. One felt the hot breath of bullets as steadily as ever; and during the wilder squalls of machine gunfire the dead leaves of the hedge fluttered thickly to the ground. Still, it seemed quite safe by comparison.

The orderly burst through the Gap and rushed up to the commanding officer. He was quite pale from what he had just put behind him. He gasped and his frame was racked with the convulsive intaking of his breath.

"All correct, sir; and the men all coming out."

"Good! Very well done, indeed."

"Thanks, sir."

The last stragglers were still pouring through; the Snipers last. These streaked it straight ahead, past the scarred apple tree, the two bloated animals, and the worse men, to Snipers' Cellar and their kits. Nourse was trembling with the strain. He had fired nearly three hundred rounds. He was unwounded; but through the thigh of his trousers, the sleeve of his coat and the left breast pocket of his tunic there was, in each case, the neat puncture a German bullet makes.

On the higher ground, on the way to the Cellar, they drew to themselves all the fire of Hollebeke, from where it fronted the echelon formation of our Twenty-three, A, B and C. They made the passage, though further wounds were gained. The shells were breaking about their covert ere they had dived through the entrance, and continued so to do for the balance of the day; so that they dared not leave such shelter as they had, even to relieve their sorely wounded. Occasionally the fragments of rock from a close burst came tumbling through the gap in the roof. They cleaned their rifles and paid no attention.

Piper Logan was there, waiting. He looked expectantly at Green. The latter, knowing that the piper was aware of his own devotion, chose the easier way to tell him of his brother.

"Hello, Jim! Have you seen Dave?"

The big piper understood. He bowed his head and started out.

"Here! Where you goin'?" someone asked, and caught him by the shoulder.

"To get him," he said dully. And then: "Where is he?"

"Come, come, Jim!" said Green. "No use in that. You can't do any good."

The big Scot obeyed mechanically; but all that day he tramped up and down their narrow quarters like a caged lion, unmindful of the clattering brickwork that followed each hit in the broken rubble overhead. And it was not until the next day, when they had reached their billets, that the others ceased to stand between him and his desire; by which time his own good sense had shown him the unwisdom of his plan.

Skinner Turns Up

The commanding officer still waited at the Gap with a word and a smile of proud greeting for each man as he filed by, until all who could return had done so.

The orderly swore anxiously to himself and wondered whether the man would never go—and wondered why, if he must stay, he did not at least lie down, so that he himself could do likewise without being conspicuous. And then, remembering that the other never did lie down, he smiled to himself and made the best of a bad job.

The officer commanding Number Two was among the last to appear. He came smartly to salute in silence, and stood so. The hand at his visor showed the cruel stump of a missing finger. He put the hand smartly away and to his side.

"Very well done, indeed, Crabbe. What! Are you wounded?"

"Thank you, sir. It's nothing." And he, too, was gone.

The adjutant came from some private venture of his own.

"All up, I believe, sir?"

"Yes; I think so. We may as well go too." The orderly breathed again.

Just then a weak voice called him by name. He turned and saw, standing in a ditch, the figure of a man, his blond curls and face so plastered with blood as to be unrecognizable, though there was something strikingly familiar about the man. A nasty wound in the forehead half blinded him, so that he was badly dazed and stood with his arms outstretched, groping. The orderly slipped the sling of his rifle over his shoulder to free both hands, and led the wounded man toward Shelley Farm.

"Who are you?"

The man mouthed weakly at his name. It was Skinner, the missing sniper.

On every side sound men were performing similar service for their less fortunate comrades. The main body of them clustered by the ragged remnant of Shelley Farm. Over all hovered an air of terrible unreality. Most had lost their caps. Uniforms and faces alike were covered with the mud they had groveled in. Many were wounded. Some had dirty handkerchiefs tied about their heads or made into a rough sling for a shattered arm. Others, with more leisure, were conspicuous in their cleaner first-aid bandages. And, profiting by their example, the remainder called on comrades to get out their clasp knives and rip the seam of the bandage that was sewed under each tunic pocket. On every side could be heard the sound of tearing cloth, as sleeves and trouser legs began to split in preparation for the bandages.

Reaction had set in. Wounded and whole, the voices of both rose up like those of happy sand boys. We swapped experiences and laughed at the worst of them. We pounded one another on the back in hysteria and called rude jests in ruder soldier talk. The dead were already forgotten; which was well, if there was to be any more of this. None who found themselves here had yet recovered from the surprise of finding themselves alive.

Bringing in the Wounded

The procession struck out across the fields for the comparative safety of the Ypres road, down which they had come from White Horse a few hours earlier. The fire continued, but by virtue of the many intervening hedges was less efficacious. Casualties occurred; but the men laughed. What was this to what lay behind? The wounded occupied the attention of most. A few lucky ones were carried shoulder-high on stretchers. Others were glad to go in any manner, so that they moved toward the dressing station at Voormezeele. Sound men made chairs. They clasped each other by both hands, so that two hands formed the back, and the other two the seat, in which the wounded man could sit, with his arms round the necks of his carriers to steady them and him.

One man had discovered a baby's perambulator at Shelley. The head and legs of his large patient protruded from the ends, waving loosely, the lips muttering incoherently. The springs gave out at the first shell hole; but the wheels did stout yeoman service until the road was reached, when, without warning, the whole affair gave up the ghost and subsided in the road.

The commanding officer stopped at the road to question the only surviving prisoner. He was a very badly frightened boy, of poor physique and ashen face. A few callow hairs floated wantonly about what should have been a chin. He was too frightened to answer. The commanding officer made a gesture of supreme distaste: "Why, he's a mere child! I fear they'll have me up for infanticide!" And he ordered the man who had the boy in charge to take him to Brigade Headquarters for a closer examination.

The orderly turned Skinner over to a group of men who had just come up from the Voormezeele dressing station, and so had missed the main show; which perhaps accounted for the difference in their later viewpoints.

"Here's someone for you to carry back. I've got to beat it with the colonel."

"We ain't got no stretcher, mate."

"Here!"

The orderly shoved them aside impatiently. With an eye to the main chance he laid his own rifle aside and asked for two of theirs. He thrust each into the sleeves of an overcoat, buttoned it up, and then twisted the rifles cunningly so that the whole made a passable stretcher.

His task finished, the orderly picked up his rifle and turned away. A voice recalled him. Skinner's eyes had rolled back into his head, so that only the ghastly white of the balls showed. A fine and blood-flecked foam boiled at lip and nostril, and he ground his blood-caked face into the dirt in great agony. "He's dying! Wait!" they cried.

The orderly leaned upon his rifle and gazed down indifferently. He did not think so. Anyhow, his task was done.

(Concluded on Page 49)

The Cadillac Victoria

(Convertible)

THE Cadillac Victoria now comes closer than ever to the perfection of the convertible four-passenger car.

In the evolution of this type, from year to year, the Cadillac Company has had especially in mind the needs and tastes of the small family, and of the business and professional man.

In fact, it would be difficult to conceive of a car which adapts itself to such a wide range of uses.

It is a quick and controllable car—eminently practical in its ease of handling, and easily convertible from closed to open.

But the other elements of ease—those which encourage rest and relaxation of mind and body—are also provided in an exceptional degree.

The driver's seat is slightly forward of the two-passenger seat adjoining. The auxiliary seat for a fourth passenger faces forward, and folds up under the cowl when not in use.

The body is of substantial construction—aluminum panels over a framework of hardwood. The roof is covered with leather.

Doors and windows, the latter of crystal plate glass, are of weather-proof and rattle-proof design.

The Cadillac Victoria is a rare combination of elegance, staunchness, ease and efficiency.

The Cadillac Type-57 Chassis will be available with the following body styles: Standard Seven-Passenger Car, Four-Passenger Phaeton, Two-Passenger Roadster with Rumble Seat, Four-Passenger Convertible Victoria, Five-Passenger Brougham, Four-Passenger Town Limousine and Town Landaulet, Seven-Passenger Limousine, Landaulet and Imperial.

CadillacMotor Car Co.Detroit,Mich

EDISON WEEK

October 21st to 27th

OCTOBER 21st, 1917, is the 36th anniversary of the invention of the incandescent electric light by Thomas A. Edison. The entire week of October 21st will be observed by a number of the industries founded by Mr. Edison.

Mr. Edison's Favorite Invention

It is well known that the phonograph is Mr. Edison's favorite invention. He has steadfastly refused to dispose of any of his phonograph patents; nor will he permit outsiders to become interested financially in the manufacturing laboratories where the Edison Phonograph is made.

In the United States and Canada there are 3700 merchants who have been licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

These merchants will observe Edison Week in various ways that will be announced by them in their local papers.

$2000.00 In Cash Prizes

A great deal has been said about the New Edison in the newspapers. This new Edison invention has been tested before one million music lovers in direct comparison with thirty great singers, for the purpose of determining whether the New Edison's Re-Creation of an artist's voice can be detected from the artist's real voice. Similar comparisons have been made with instrumentalists. The music critics of 500 of America's principal newspapers have attended these tests and described the results in their respective papers. Prizes are now offered for the best patchwork advertisements composed entirely of quotations from these newspaper accounts. You do not write a single word yourself. Instead you read what the newspapers have said about the New Edison and then piece together a complete advertisement from that material. Perhaps you will quote from a dozen different papers; possibly you will confine yourself to two or three. That is for you to determine. The prizes are as follows:

$1000 Cash for best patchwork advertisement
500 Cash for second best
250 " " third best
100 " " fourth best
50 " " fifth best
10 " each for ten that earn honorable mention

Professional advertising writers and persons connected in any way with the manufacture or sale of Edison Phonographs are not eligible to the competition.

No advertisement should contain more than three hundred (300) words. Nothing will be considered except the actual text of the advertisement. It is not necessary to send what is technically known as a "lay out." The prizes will be awarded solely on the "wording" of the advertisements. Even "headings" do not count.

You pay nothing to enter the contest and assume no obligation by doing so.

The Edison Week Bureau will give you complete instructions and send you the booklet "What the Critics Say," from which you can select material for *your* "patchwork" advertisement.

The Edison Dealer In Your Locality *Will Help You Win a Prize*

Go to his store and hear the New Edison. He may be willing to lend you an instrument for a few days, so that you can study it at your leisure in your own home. He may also be able to give you some good tips about your advertisement, but don't ask him to help you compose it, as he will have to certify that he did not do so.

The Contest Closes October 27th

Edison Week ends October 27th and the contest closes the same day. Write today for Instruction Blank and copy of booklet "What the Critics Say." Address Edison Week Bureau, Orange, N. J.

(Concluded from Page 46)

"Well? What if he is? If Bertha's got him, she's got him. That's all."

He stalked off. The others gasped and then cursed him roundly for a heartless wretch. Eventually the man lived.

When we came to examine the German trench, we found that it was dry, safe and warm, and in startling contrast with that one of ours which lay only twenty yards away. Both were on a level and governed by the same general conditions. We felt that not all of these things could be covered by that perpetual defense of every bureaucratic incompetent: "Forty years of preparedness!" We called it by a shorter and an uglier name.

At White Horse the signaling corporal held the key, shouting "PipEmmar!" "Beer!" and other strange terms of his craft. At the news, he disinterred from beneath the rotting straw a full canteen of rum fittingly to observe the great occasion.

The commanding officer dropped wearily onto his biscuit tin. Jarvis, his servant, busied himself with tea making at the brazier.

"Corporal, take this, please." The tired officer scribbled a brief message announcing results to Brigade Headquarters. "Call me when the answer comes."

"That I will, sir." Reaction was also beginning to get in its deadly work here.

The adjutant came in. They were too tired to exchange congratulations, even had such effusiveness been their habit; which it was not.

Shortly Nourse came in and made his report.

The second in command followed. The water dripped from him from the neck down. He held a shattered wrist in the hollow of the sound arm.

"The swine got me, sir, after the show was over."

The adjutant raised up on an elbow. The commanding officer rose and advanced to the wounded man.

"Too bad; too bad, Hammie! The swine! Here; take this. How did it happen?"

"Oh, it was beautifully done, sir! But, damn them—after it was all over!"

He would tell no more.

However, others were more loquacious. It had happened after we had gone and when all was quiet. He was lying in Twenty-one when his attention was attracted by the cries of a man lying up the farther slope, who thrashed about in all the wild agony of unconsciousness.

"I can't stand this!"

"Man, you're crazy! They can all see you. You'll never do it."

They sought by force to hold him. He tore himself away. Alternately running and crawling, he reached a water-filled communication trench. He bent his back; in spite of which he was well exposed as he plowed his wet way through and came opposite his man. The fire of the sector was now directed at him. The shooting was wild, but all agreed that he was a dead man. The man still beat about, pounding his head. The officer wormed over and rolled him into a shell hole; the water shot up as both struck it. He held his breath while the bullets churned a fine foam from the pond.

The journey to the hedge was a repetition of the first stage, except that it was worse by reason of the burden he alternately pushed, dragged and rolled ahead of him. He squeezed through to the safer side of the hedge, where a stretcher party waited. It was then, while lifting the man onto the stretcher, that a chance bullet had done the trick. And now he was here.

Each made what comfort he could. Jarvis, and Ashby, the adjutant's man, fetched tea. The second in command was too tired to drink. The others toyed with their tin mugs and then shoved them aside. No one mentioned the events of the morning. The servants lay between their officers. The wounded man tossed restlessly and bit his lips. Occasionally he moved this limb or that, but very cautiously, so as not to disturb the others. The orderly silently offered him the contents of a package that some patient woman's hands had put up. He shook his head and smiled his grateful thanks. The small flame of the solitary candle danced, making fantastic shadows on the glistening walls.

"'Ere you are, sir!" The corporal filled the doorway. "Message from Brigade Headquarters: 'Well done, P. P. C. L. I.! Signed: Snow, General Officer Commanding.'" The corporal beamed patronizingly and withdrew.

"The Kanoydiens, sir." It was the corporal again.

"Yes, corporal. Let's have it."

"Message from General Officer Commanding Canadian Division to Commanding Officer P. P. C. L. I.: 'Congratulations on successful attack by you and your men. Canada will be proud! Signed: Victor Alderson, G. O. C.'

"'Ere's another, sir. Blimey!" The corporal's mien commanded attention: "Message from Commander in Chief to Commanding Officer P. P. C. L. I.: 'Congratulations upon gallant and successful operations of Princess Patricia's Canadians. Signed: John French, Field Marshal.'"

"Not 'awf bad, sir?"

The corporal leered.

Receiving no reply, he faded away. His loud voice still floated through at intervals.

"Oh, sir, may I have that?" The second in command was sitting up, all forgetful of the wrist.

"Why, certainly! Take it, by all means." And the commanding officer passed over the scrawled words.

Others poured in. One spoke of the Mad Brigade. There was a certain heady exhilaration evident even now.

From the hallway the signaling corporal's voice furnished entertainment befitting the occasion. He was etching the skillful though somewhat highly embellished picture of an imaginative word artist of the operations of the night to sundry intimates in the dugouts and cellars of the St. Eloi sector.

Things began to quiet down, except for the wounded man. He stifled a groan in the making. His limbs drew up, hands clenching.

The adjutant rose.

"Anything wrong, Hammie?"

The commanding officer tossed restlessly. The movement disturbed his irregular breathing.

"God—ble— y——"

Jarvis and Ashy were breathing thickly, like drunken men—though they were not drunk. The dull glow of the dying brazier fire softened all harsh outlines. Upstairs, a spent bullet ricocheted off the brickwork and tumbled on crazily down the street, whining a languid reminder of the night. The candle sputtered fitfully, and then went out.

"What's that?" a fretful voice asked weakly. That was the commanding officer of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. He was gently snoring.

Author's Note—It is interesting to note that the British official communiqués for June of this year mention the destruction by a mine explosion of the Mound during the heavy mining operations in connection with the attack which was launched by the Canadians from the Ypres salient at Hollebeke Ridge, and mentioning as well the leveling of the village of St Eloi and the hard hand-to-hand fighting for the strip of bare ground known as Shelley Farm.

The Battle of Flanders, which opened on August first, was a continuation of this attack; and in particular it centered on a further assault on Hollebeke, and swept over it.

DOING HER BIT

(Continued from Page 4

was so simple; it could hardly have cost anything. She wore no jewelry. Perhaps it was the exquisite neatness with which her hair was done, and the way she carried her head, that made her so noticeable; and her beautiful coloring, her smile and her perfect naturalness may have helped.

"Now you see why I wanted to walk!"

The crowd that passed out of the theater simply disappeared in the pitch darkness of the street. It was in the days when Paris showed no lights after ten o'clock, and it was a peculiarly inky night.

When people came within a few feet of you, you could just make out that they were people; at ten feet they could only be heard.

"This is like old Paris," said Mademoiselle Bazin, "when there were poets and wolves."

And indeed it was like being in a medieval city. All that is romantic, all that is slinking and murderous—all things seemed possible.

Breene had the feeling that he was protecting Mademoiselle Bazin. He walked

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It affords a guard against flaws, pin-holes and imperfections that is not approximated in any other construction.

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alertly. His eyes sought to pierce the darkness. His hands were lightly clenched.

"It is curious," said Mademoiselle Bazin, "to be walking alone with you. Formerly—before the war—you could have come to see me once in a while, and *Maman* would have remained in the room and watched us closely over her knitting. But now everything is different. It's more like America."

"There weren't any chaperons in Akron," said Breene.

So far as he and Mademoiselle Bazin were concerned, there was to be none in Paris. And why should there have been? Breene would have died gladly in defending her from any evil thing.

The migraine of Madame Bazin's sister endured; and her motor remained at the disposal of the young people. She was a rich old woman, it seemed, and she was always making presents of theater tickets or passes to exclusive exhibitions. Usually the young people lunched and dined with Madame Bazin; but not always. Breene had most of his back pay to spend, and he insisted on spending it like a soldier.

And so they had some of their luncheons and dinners in the restaurants you read about. And one day they got up very early and went before breakfast to the flower market in front of the Madeleine; and Breene bought for Madame Bazin a huge daisy tree, and staggered all the way back to the Maison Bazin with it.

"Such a good boy!" exclaimed Madame Bazin; and, before he could say Jack Robinson, she had embraced him and pressed her mustache to his cheek.

IV

"YOU will write? You will tell me all that you do? All that you think about?"

"All that I'll ever think about will be you!" His boldness made him blush. "Shall I write that down?"

"Why not?" she asked staunchly, and looked him straight in the eyes.

"I did not know that it was possible to be so happy! I shall not be lonely any more; and when things are long and hard I shall only laugh."

"And I will write to you," said Mademoiselle Bazin.

They were sitting on a bench in the Tuileries Garden. Women in mourning passed; little children in deep black romped and played; now and then a soldier hobbled by on one leg and a pair of crutches. There were two soldiers, each of whom had lost an arm; the one with eyes was guiding the blind one.

"You mustn't get hurt!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Bazin with sudden tenderness.

"But if I came back—like one of those—it would make a difference?"

"With me? . . . Oh, no!" The words were at once a reproach and a caress.

"And if I should not come back at all?"

"Don't say such things! You must come back. I wish you to come back."

With amazing boldness, as if the love in her breast could no longer be contained, she took one of his hands in both hers and kissed it. And that act, of course, made an end of the humility and reticence against which Breene had been struggling.

He began to tell her how he felt about her and what he felt about her. It was an astonishing and a touching burst of eloquence. The shy and modest boy turned, upon the instant, into a bold and masterful man; and until he had finished speaking his eyes never loosed their hold of hers. Then, however, they faltered and stole a look at the hand she had kissed. He would put off washing that hand as long as possible.

Mademoiselle Bazin gasped as if she had been under water. And then she said very simply:

"And I love you in the same way."

They returned, arm in arm, to the Maison Bazin. Madame was in the office.

"Madame," said Breene, "we love each other. And we ask your permission to be married when the war is over. I have no money; but I will work and become rich. I am only twenty-two. There is plenty of time."

"*Maman*," said Mademoiselle Bazin, "please don't say that this is a shock and a surprise, because it's only three days ago that you warned me that we were falling in love with each other."

The parrot sneezed and blessed itself.

"The sacred bird!" exclaimed Madame Bazin.

"Please say yes," said Breene, "because I have to pack."

Madame cuffed his ears for him with rollicking affection; and, though she didn't say "Yes," she addressed him as "*Mon fils*," which amounted to the same thing.

"My son," she said, "I have taken the liberty of packing your things for you. My sister is still suffering and she will send her auto to take you to the station. . . . Luncheon is ready. Go in. I shall join you in a few moments."

They passed into the dining room. Breene turned and opened his arms. Mademoiselle Bazin stepped swiftly into them. No word was spoken.

She drove to the station with him and walked down the long platform to the third-class carriage in which he was to travel.

And when the train pulled out she hurried with it for a while, keeping level with his window and saying things to him which, while life lasted, he should never forget. There were bright tears in her eyes.

"Well, my dear duchess, I suppose you'll wish to rest for a while?"

"Rest!" exclaimed she who has passed in these pages as the daughter of Madame Bazin. "I do not wish to have time to think. Doubtless, at the moment, some good friend of mine is consigning some lonely boy to my care. They come to Paris, knowing no one, lonely and unhappy; they have been carefully watched and chosen; they have all been so decent and honorable; and I take them about and flirt with them, and make them fall in love with me. And when they go back to the lines they are happy and full of fight. And I write to them; and they write to me. It's the only thing I can do that helps—except to give money."

"How many are there?" laughed Madame Bazin.

The Duchess of Poictiers laughed back.

"The little Breene," she said tenderly, "is the fourteenth."

"When the war is over you will have some explanations to make."

"When the war is over the soldiers will be so happy that a little disappointment of the heart will be easy to bear. And if they are honest they will always be grateful to me for making their leaves of absence memorable."

"It is wonderful," said Madame Bazin—"the things you can do without starting a scandal! There isn't another young woman in France who could go about unchaperoned, the way you do, and not have evil spoken of her."

"It is amusing to take one of the little soldiers to the theater," said the duchess. "All my friends wink at me behind his back." She sighed, and sank back, pensive.

"But ——"

"But what, Madame?"

"The little Breene, he took you very seriously. You promised to marry him. You did not go so far as that with the others."

"I didn't want to. But about him there was something so generous and chivalrous ——"

"I believe you are in love with him!"

The Duchess of Poictiers sighed.

"I suppose," she said, "I've got to marry somebody sometime."

"But a common soldier ——"

"He will either be killed through foolhardiness," said the duchess, "or he will be promoted."

"How do you know that?"

At that moment the postman's whistle sounded in the archway and the Duchess of Poictiers made a dash for the letters. One of them was addressed to Mademoiselle Bazin.

The duchess opened it, read it, laughed joyously; and, having folded the letter so that only a few words showed, she held it for Madame Bazin to read: "— — — been made a sergeant. . . . —"

"And he'll keep on getting promotions!" triumphed the duchess.

"I love you," said Madame Bazin; "but it is simply dreadful how you boast! You seem to think that in order to become a general the only impetus that a man needs is a kiss from you!"

"I did not kiss him!" exclaimed the duchess.

The parrot sneezed with tremendous vehemence, and most fervently blessed itself.

The duchess looked reproachfully at the parrot and spoke to it in English.

"Even if I did," she said, "I was only trying to do my bit."

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They seem to be endowed with the qualities of everlasting youth.

This is far from being an accidental result.

It is partially due to the principle of the Stearns-built Knight engine.

And to an equal extent to the sturdiness of the Stearns chassis.

Mr. Knight himself has testified that Stearns practice adds greatly to the effectiveness of the Knight principle.

And it is an undeniable fact that Stearns cars do not grow old in the ordinary sense.

As we have said before, the fine Stearns performance the first day the car is driven is also its minimum performance.

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Thus the ordinary process is quite reversed.

Stearns owners buy for *years* of service.

They buy less frequently because their cars stay young.

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It is a car exquisite in line, in detail, in the harmony of its upholstery and complete conveniences.

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Silent, responsive, turning in a narrow radius, this new Stearns type fills the highest requirements of cultivated motoring tastes.

The body comes in a generous variety of approved color schemes.

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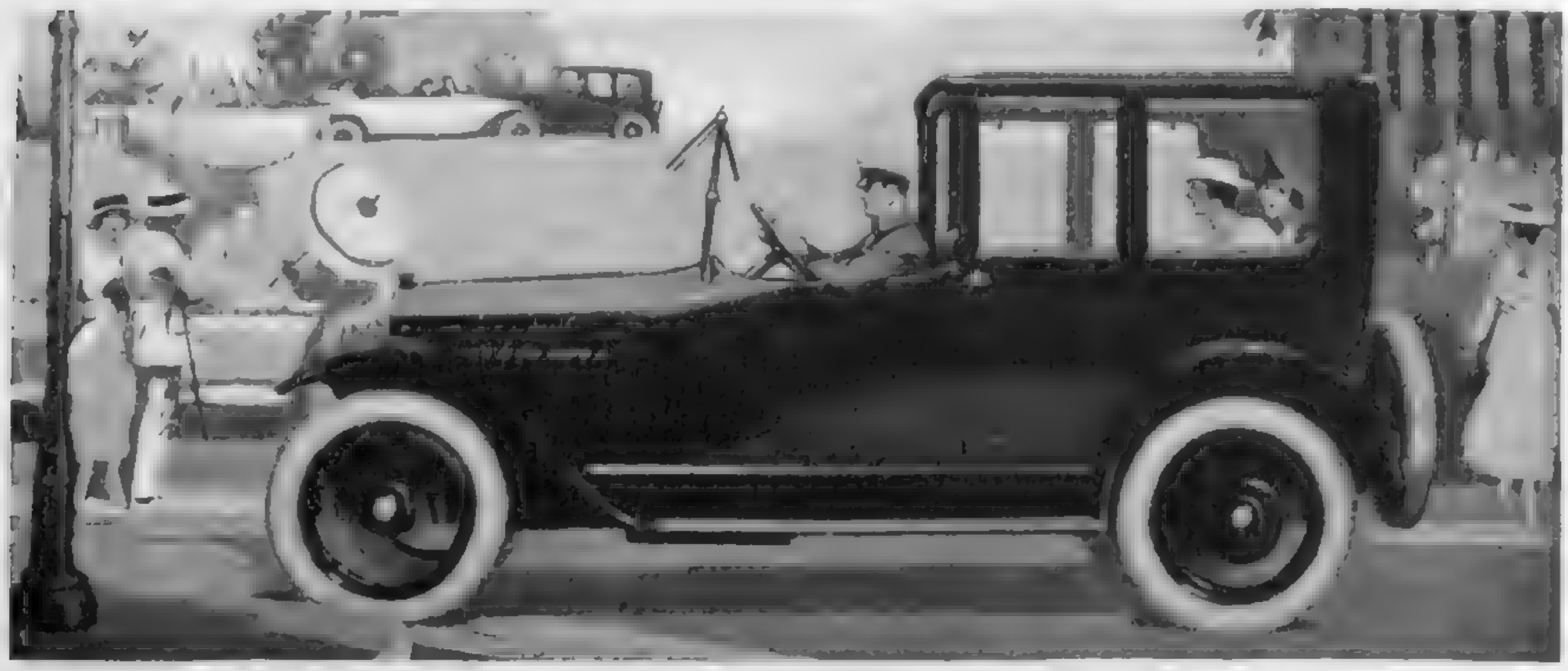


THE SURGICAL OPERATIONS ON PRESIDENT CLEVELAND IN 1893

(Continued from Page 25)

was of recent origin; that it was not there on March fourth, when he had been inaugurated, but had been first observed about six or eight weeks before July first. There were no perceptibly enlarged glands. I confirmed the facts as to the ulcer and deemed the growth to be unquestionably malignant. During the morning his mouth was repeatedly cleansed and disinfected.

The anesthetic troubled us. Our anxiety related not so much to the operation itself as to the anesthetic and its possible dangers. These might easily arise in connection with the respiration, the heart, or the function of the kidneys, etc., dangers which are met with not infrequently as a result of administering an anesthetic, especially in a man of Mr. Cleveland's age and physical condition. The patient was 56 years of age, very corpulent, with a short thick neck, just the build and age for a possible apoplexy—an accident which had actually occurred to one of my patients. He was also worn out mentally and physically by four months of exacting labor and the officeseekers' importunities. Twenty-four years ago we had not the refined methods of diagnosis, nor had we the greatly improved methods of anesthesia which we have to-day. After canvassing the whole matter we decided to perform at least the earlier steps of the operation under nitrous oxide, and the later, if necessary, under ether. Doctor Hasbrouck was of opinion that we could not keep the patient well anesthetized with nitrous oxide long enough to complete the operation satisfactorily

Doctor Bryant and Secretary Lamont had spent the night at their homes, but returned to the yacht the next morning—July first. The yacht then proceeded up the East River at half speed while the operation was performed.

Commodore Benedict and Secretary Lamont remained on deck during the operation. The steward was the only other person present, to fetch and carry. I have always thought that due credit was not given to him, and to the captain and crew, for their never betraying what had taken place. They knew Mr. Cleveland very well, for he had traveled over fifty thousand miles on the yacht and his mere presence was no novelty. Any curiosity as to the evidently unusual occurrences was allayed by the statement that the President had to have two very badly ulcerated teeth removed and that fresh, pure air, and disinfected quarters and skilled doctors, all had to be provided, lest blood poisoning should set in—a very serious matter when the patient was the just-inaugurated President of the United States.

Doctor Hasbrouck first extracted the two left upper bicuspid teeth under nitrous oxide. Doctor Bryant then made the necessary incisions in the roof of the mouth, also under nitrous oxide.

At one-fourteen P. M. ether was given by Doctor O'Reilly. During the entire operation Doctor Janeway kept close watch upon the pulse and general condition. Doctor Bryant performed the operation, assisted by myself and Doctor Erdmann.

Some of the Details

The entire left upper jaw was removed, from the first bicuspid tooth to just beyond the last molar, and nearly up to the middle line. The floor of the orbit—the cavity containing the eyeball—was not removed, as it had not yet been attacked. A small portion of the soft palate was removed. This extensive operation was decided upon because we found that the antrum—the large hollow cavity in the upper jaw—was partly filled by a gelatinous mass, evidently a sarcoma. This diagnosis was later confirmed by Dr. William H. Welch, of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, who had also examined the former specimens.

The entire operation was done within the mouth, without any external incision, by means of a cheek retractor, the most useful instrument I have ever seen for such an operation, which I had brought back with me from Paris in 1866. The retention of the floor of the orbit prevented any displacement of the eyeball. This normal appearance of the eye, the normal voice, and especially the absence of any external scar, greatly aided in keeping the operation an entire secret.

Only one blood vessel was tied. Pressure, hot water, and at one point the galvanocautery, checked the bleeding. The hemorrhage was not large, probably about six ounces—say, a tumblerful—in all. At the close of the operation, at one-fifty-five P. M., the pulse was only eighty. The large cavity was packed with gauze to arrest the subsequent moderate oozing of blood. At two-fifty-five P. M. a hypodermic of one-sixth of a grain of morphine was given—the only narcotic administered at any time.

What a sigh of intense relief we surgeons breathed when the patient was once more safe in bed can hardly be imagined!

Mr. Cleveland's temperature after the operation was 100.8 degrees Fahrenheit, and never thereafter rose above 100 degrees. His pulse was usually ninety or a little over. With the packing in the cavity his speech was labored but intelligible; without the packing it was wholly unintelligible, resembling the worst imaginable case of cleft palate. Had this not been so admirably remedied by Doctor Gibson, secrecy later would have been out of the question.

The Second Operation

In turn with the others, I sat by Mr. Cleveland's bedside much of the time that evening and the next day, reading to him at times to help pass the time. Doctor Bryant's and my own full notes say nothing about any stimulant. They would have recorded the stimulant if any had been administered. My recollection, also, is clear that none was given. Our notes do not record the exact day when Mr. Cleveland was able to get out of bed, but my recollection is that it was late on July second. That he was up and about on July third is certain, for I saw in Commodore Benedict's guest register on the Oneida the signatures of the President, Secretary Lamont and Doctor Bryant on July third, the second day after the operation.

Doctor Hasbrouck had been landed at New London on July second. I left the yacht at Sag Harbor early on July fourth and came directly home. On July fifth, in the evening, the yacht reached Gray Gables, and "the President walked from the launch to his residence with but little apparent effort."

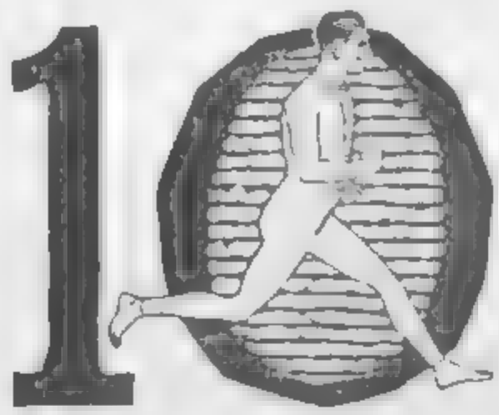
During such an operation, especially in operations on bone, with the parts bathed with blood, it is often impossible to judge accurately whether all the diseased tissue has certainly been removed. When, later, he could see clearly the condition of the parts, Doctor Bryant was not quite satisfied with the appearance at one point. At his request, Doctors Janeway, Erdmann and I again boarded the Oneida, at New York, with precautions for secrecy similar to those on the former occasion. We picked up Mr. Cleveland at Gray Gables; and on July seventeenth Doctor Bryant, with our assistance, removed all the suspicious tissue and cauterized the entire surface with the galvanocautery. This operation was brief and the President recovered quickly. On July nineteenth, again the second day after the operation, the same three signatures appear in Commodore Benedict's register. This second operation was never discovered by anyone.

On the evening of the eighteenth I was put ashore at Newport just before the Fall River boat was due, on her way to New York. Then an amusing encounter almost betrayed me. My intention was to get a stateroom and seclude myself there at once. At the head of the stairs on my way to the stateroom, whom should I meet but my brother-in-law, Mr. Spencer Borden, of Fall River!

"Hello! What are you doing here?" was his greeting.

I said very nonchalantly that I had had a consultation near by, and had had no time to visit the family in Fall River, as I had reached Newport only a few minutes before. Knowing my reticence in such matters and respecting my sense of duty, he did not press the question as to where the consultation had been held. When Holland's account was published, six weeks later, with swift intuition Mr. Borden exclaimed that that surely was my consultation when he met me on the boat!

(Concluded on Page 55)



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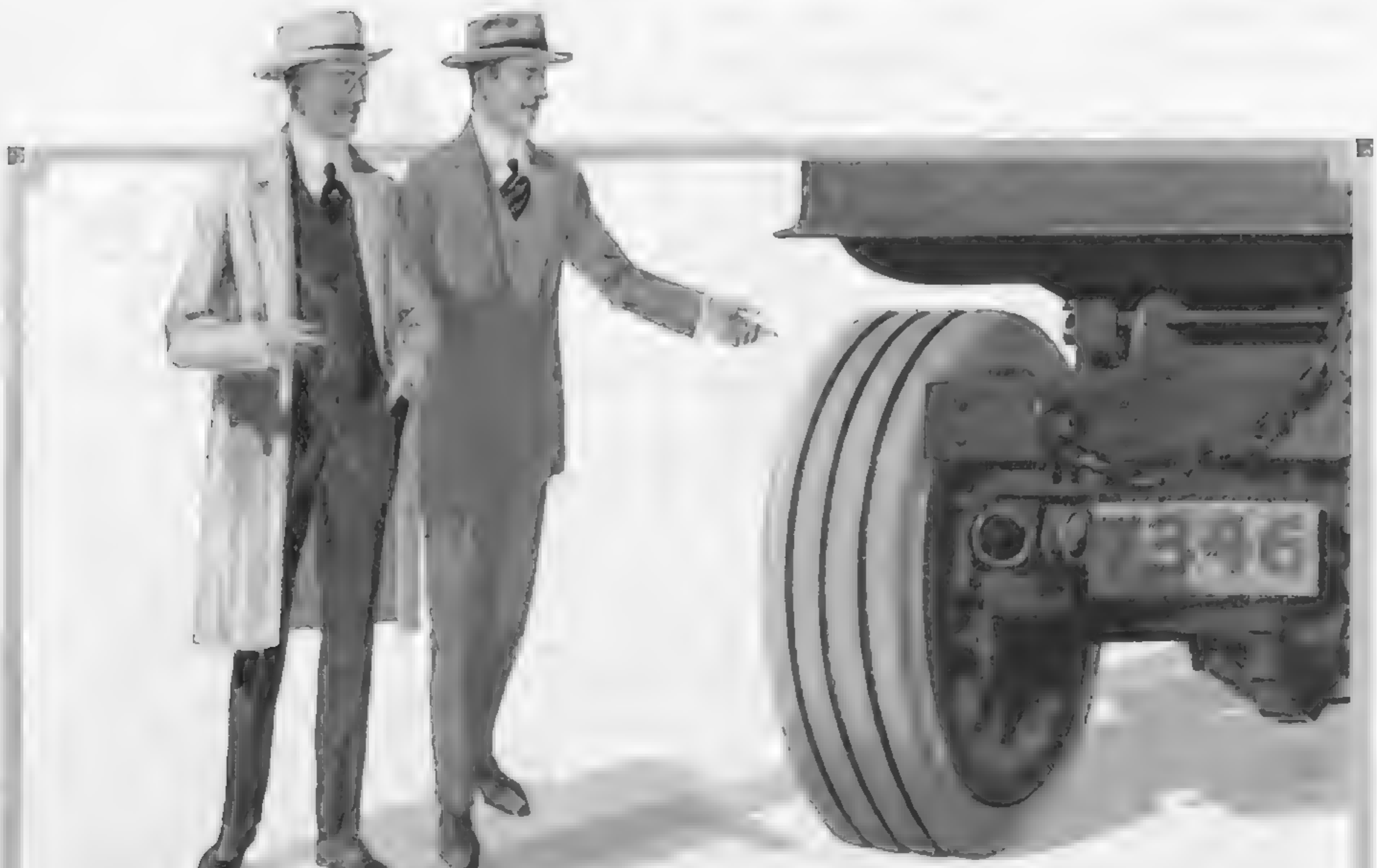

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Firestone GIANT Truck Tires

The Big Tires With the Grooved Treads

(Concluded from Page 53)

Mr. Cleveland left Gray Gables for the special session of Congress on August fifth. He returned to Gray Gables for rest and recuperation on August eleventh. Finally he went to Washington for the winter on August thirtieth and reached the White House on September first; on which date Doctor Bryant's notes say: "All healed."

After the first operation, while the President was at Gray Gables, Dr. Kasson C. Gibson, of New York, fitted Mr. Cleveland with an artificial jaw of vulcanized rubber. With this in place, his speech was excellent, even its quality not being altered. On October fourteenth Mr. Cleveland, in a letter to Doctor Gibson, expressed his lively satisfaction after trying a new and even better and more comfortable plate made by Doctor Gibson.

I went to Washington at intervals several times afterward to examine Mr. Cleveland's mouth and never found anything wrong. These brief visits were always a great pleasure, at the time as well as in retrospect, since I made the more intimate acquaintance of both the President and Mrs. Cleveland and their lovely family.

Now, after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, it is even more evident than it was at the time that the instant decision of Mr. Cleveland himself, concurred in by his professional advisers and such friends as Secretary Lamont and Commodore Benedict, to keep the operation a profound secret was wise, and one may say imperative. What the consequences would have been had it become known at once we can only surmise, and shudder!

Mr. Cleveland died June 24, 1908, fifteen years after our operations. I was then in Europe. That he should have survived after the removal of a sarcoma of the jaw without local recurrence for so unusually long a period was a great satisfaction to Doctor Bryant and his colleagues.

Long before his death Mr. Cleveland had "come into his own." He passed away as the "foremost American citizen," respected and honored by all parties and in all ranks of life. To me it is a rare satisfaction to have been associated with him so closely and to have been able to assist my trusted friend Bryant in doing a most important service to our beloved country.

The first time I ever saw Mr. Cleveland was at a reception in Washington, in 1888.

The Clevelands at Home

Mrs. Cleveland had still the bloom of a youthful bride, for the marriage of the President and Miss Frances Folsom had been celebrated in the White House in 1886; only two years earlier. I shall never forget the deep impression she then made upon me as we filed past and she shook our hands. Her manner had a delightful friendly charm, which seemed to say to every one of us in turn: "My dear doctor, I should really like to sit down and have a nice little chat with you; but you see all these gentlemen behind you, to whom I must say a word or two. I am very sorry; but I must let you go." Nor has that charm been lost with the passing years.

Unfortunately Mr. Cleveland never learned how to dictate to a stenographer. All his letters, papers and addresses were written by his own hand. In the New York Academy of Medicine there is framed a formal address before the Academy, every page of it laboriously handwritten. I never received from him a note or a letter that was typewritten.

I never knew any other public man who took the duties of his office so seriously—one might say, so overconscientiously. Every case that reached him from various courts, civil or military, I have been told, had to have all the evidence presented along with the sentence; and many a midnight hour found him still poring over the documents in the case. Such infinite labor has long been a heavy task for our Presidents. Now it has become a practical impossibility. The President of over one hundred million people should be relieved especially of the huge burden of the appointment of thousands of officeholders in the many Departments of the Government. The principal and confidential officers, Cabinet ministers, judges, members of important commissions, and so on, should be the only presidential appointees. This would give him time and strength to devote to determining the great questions of policy, which the direction of internal affairs, and still more the intricate and often perplexing foreign relations of a great nation, require. His time and strength should not be frittered away by the importunities of applicants and their personal and congressional advocates.

Once only did I myself transgress this rule, and the time and care he gave to this case shamed me. In the autumn of 1893 one of my former medical students wanted to study tropical diseases. As his means were limited he asked me whether I could obtain for him an appointment as consul at some not too busy place, where there would be leisure for such study. In those days there were no laboratories available for such studies. The work had to be personal and individual.

The Man and the Patient

Moreover, there was absolutely no examination for consulships, and the commercial duties represented by our present useful consular reports were often neglected. Accordingly I wrote to Mr. Cleveland, stating the case. Most men in his position would have thought himself warranted in making the appointment upon the facts as stated in my letter. Not so Mr. Cleveland! He insisted on knowing all about the applicant in detail; and, instead of directing a clerk to write the reply to me, he wrote it himself. When satisfied with the qualifications of the applicant he made the appointment.

In 1898 Mr. William Potter, former Minister to Italy, and then, as now, the efficient president of the Board of Trustees of the Jefferson Medical College, sought to obtain Mr. Cleveland as the orator at the Commencement of the Jefferson. At his instance I wrote to Mr. Cleveland, urging him to accept. In his courteous reply, declining the invitation, appears an echo of July, 1893:

"I sometimes think I have not, and perhaps never will recover from the mental twist and wrench of my last term in Washington. I suppose I am booked for a speech of a political character, to be made late in April; and while it seemed to me the highest duty dictated the engagement, the anticipation of the ordeal is already such a nightmare that it makes me unhappy."

There again spoke the great citizen. The "highest duty" was ever a call to be obeyed.

The last time I saw Mr. Cleveland was in his Princeton home on December 26, 1905, in consultation with Doctors Bryant, Carnochan, of Princeton, and William C. Lusk, of New York. He was the same dutiful patient as in 1893. For a man of his rugged temperament, self-conscious power, and concentrated will and purpose, he was the most docile and courageous patient I ever had the pleasure of attending.

Once a decision was reached and announced to him, he observed the prescribed regimen steadfastly and with unquestioning obedience. His equanimity was one of the most noticeable features of his everyday life—at least, as I saw it; but I have a strong suspicion that when, in turn, the lion was roused it were well for his adversary not to cross his path.

My political principles and convictions differed from his own, but I never questioned his sincerity. He had long had my profound respect, but he gained my affection in the very first hour I passed with him on the deck of the Oneida. May this nation ever be blessed with many such noble, fearless citizens!

AUTHOR'S NOTE—This account is published with the consent of Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, Junior—formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland—as a contribution to the political and financial history of the country. Besides my own notes written at the time of the first operation and afterward, I have had the advantage of the original notes by Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, the surgeon in charge of the case; of the notes of Dr. Robert M. O'Reilly, United States Army, who gave the ether; of Dr. Ferdinand Hasbrouck, the dentist; and of recent interviews with Dr. John F. Erdmann, Doctor Bryant's then assistant, now the widely known surgeon in New York City, with Commodore E. C. Benedict, and K. C. Gibson, D. D. S., and of correspondence with Mr. E. J. Edwards—"Holland"—of the Philadelphia Press.

I have also consulted various newspapers of the time, particularly the Nation, the Commercial and Financial Chronicle, and many clippings from a number of daily newspapers; several Lives of Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Cleveland's "Presidential Problems," and various books dealing with the financial conditions in 1893, especially Peck's "Twenty Years of the Republic," Dewey's "National Problems," and Burton's "John Sherman."

My thanks are also due to Mr James Ford Rhodes for valuable suggestions.

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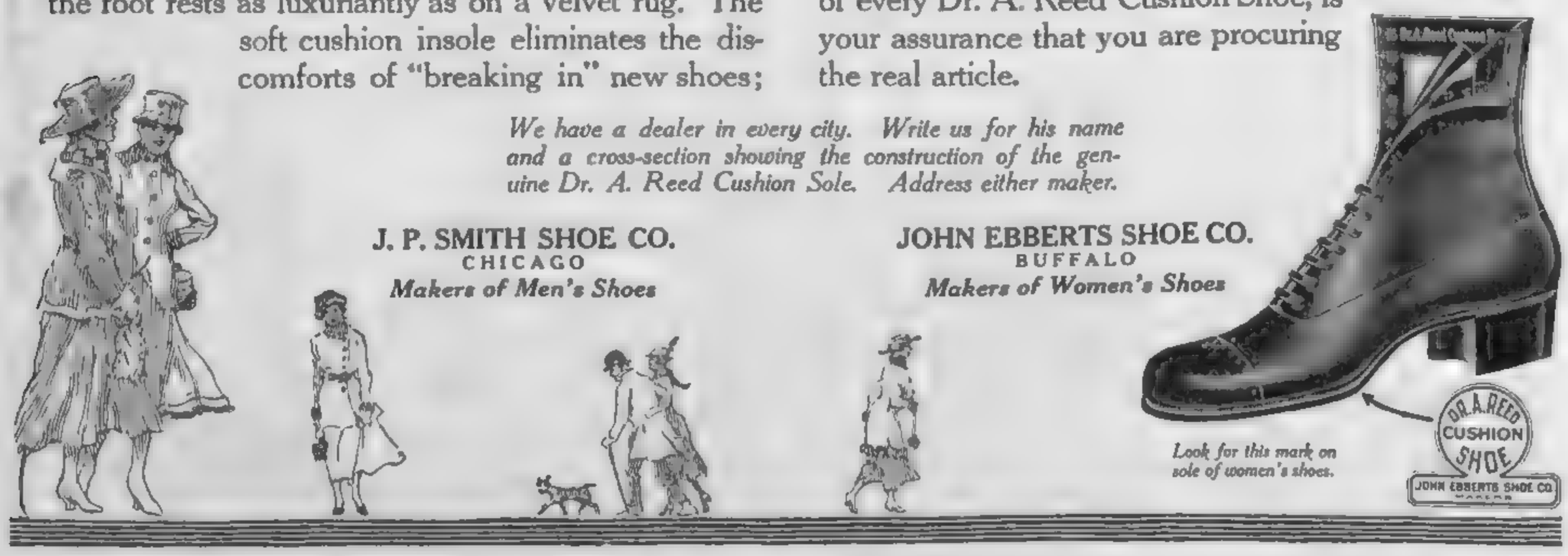

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DR. A. REED CUSHION SHOE
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JAPAN AMAZES AND AMUSES

(Continued from Page 14)

what it amounts to, too, if one may be permitted to express an opinion founded on experience. There are those who know what they are doing and who get what they think they are getting; but the inexperienced stranger seldom in return for his money takes anything away with him the value of which, even in his own eyes, does not decrease almost to the vanishing point before he gets home with it.

The thing I always do on landing in Japan is to hand my keys to the hotel porter who met the first ship I ever came in on, and who has met every one since, including the one I came on this time. He seems to me to be as much a part of Yokohama Harbor as the everlasting hills that lie behind it. Then I walk ashore empty-handed and leave the rest to him. The only thing he does is to jiggle the keys in front of the inspector to show that he has them; the inspector puts on the chalk marks and the porter delivers my baggage unopened and undisturbed.

Though to do them justice I do not believe the Japanese are so careless with everybody. If they are their allies should take them to task about it in such times as these. There are a great many Indians and Russians traveling nowadays—more than ever before. In India there is deep-dyed German intrigue, already partly exposed, while in Russia, in addition to German influence, there is a strong peace-at-any-price party. The number of Russians going "home from exile" in the United States and Canada is really astonishing. Every ship that crosses the Pacific is crowded with them. On my ship coming over there were eighty-four, and they were for the most part typical young trouble makers. All but three of them were in the second-class cabin, and they did little else all the way across the Pacific but sit in groups round the decks howling wild and weird revolutionary hymns.

The Returning Russians

At the port of departure from America a number of them refused to open their baggage for inspection, and the ship was detained two hours while the Russian consul was being located and enough policemen collected to enforce the regulations. The only thing of a dangerous character that was found in their trunks when they finally were opened was a quantity of red revolutionary literature, and this was considered dangerous much in the same sense that it would be considered dangerous to throw a pail of water into the sea or a firebrand into a conflagration. However, more as a matter of form than anything else perhaps, it was confiscated.

Of the three Russians who were traveling first-class, two should have been entertaining or even extremely interesting in the present state of Russian affairs. But nearly all Russians nowadays are too advanced to be fully understood by ordinary, old-fashioned, law-abiding mortals.

I talked at length with both the gentlemen. One of them spoke nothing but the language of a kind of socialistic Utopia that sounded to me like a place to land in for your sins, while the other was an "internationalist" who did not believe in killing Germans—or anything. He preached a sort of Tolstoian gospel of universal happiness which lacked all the Tolstoian ruggedness and which, even in peacetimes, when there was some measure of agreement in the world as to the definition of happiness, would have tasted in one's mouth like Turkish Delight. It was just that cloyingly and insipidly sweet. And it was wicked in spots too.

There was a young woman on board who took wifehood very seriously and who referred, too frequently perhaps, to "my husband." But she always said "my husband" in a prideful tone that to me, at least, had a pleasing ring.

One day on deck the Russian internationalist gentleman dropped into the midst of a general conversation this delicate little contribution:

"Oh, why," he exclaimed, "do American women always say 'my husband'? One hears it so much in your country, and it always irritates me indescribably. Surely, it implies a kind of possession that no really intelligent person could possibly believe in!"

He spoke in soulful cadences.

A moment of strained silence, then:

"What would you say," I asked, "when it happens to be necessary or desirable to speak of said—relation by marriage?"

He shrugged away all the laws there ever were.

"Marriage!" he exclaimed. "Husbands and wives! Husbands and wives! Oh, why should they be! Why can we not all be free! free!!"

"Are you married?" I asked presently, because really you know it would be "agin nature" for a bachelor to talk like that. It takes experience to develop such principles in true form. But he was a bachelor, all right. At least he said he was. And he would have proceeded to develop an entertaining argument in favor of being free if the wifely young person had not cut him short by declaring with some vehemence that so far as she was concerned she didn't want to be free! free!! and that she had mighty little respect for anybody who did. Then she added in a kind of politely apologetic manner, by which she meant that she had no intention of being unpleasant:

"But, of course, Mr. Kazinsky, you are a Russian." She seemed to think that fact explained him thoroughly.

The Tables Turned

The hotels in Japan are all filled with Russians. So are the boarding houses and the highways and the byways. They are everywhere, and one is constantly hearing the most extraordinary stories about them. There are any number of counts and countesses and barons and such, and some of them are said to be Crœsusly rich. But I have seen none of them who looked particularly prosperous. Moreover, they are most un-Russianly subdued—that is, the supposedly rich ones, who live in the big hotels, are. Ordinarily the Russians are the most extravagant people in the world, the Russian spendthrift making the average American spendthrift—who has a much better reputation in his line—look positively penurious. But the Russians in Japan are not spending money, and the Japanese are quite upset about it.

Many of them fled from Russia; they did not just come away—they fled, and with only such belongings as they could carry in a hand bag. Also one hears of confiscated estates, and properties in the battle zone that are as good as lost for the time being, and have been since the war began.

It is all very sad. In the main they are people who have been used to living softly all their lives and who accepted sharply marked class distinctions as naturally as they accepted the air they breathed. And now they are afraid. They run from hardships that to them are intolerable; and mostly, I gather, they run from the serving class, which no longer serves with unquestioning and unvarying servility—taking blows and evil treatment as its natural lot in life—and which, as often as not, refuses any longer to serve at all, takes what it desires and talks back.

They really are afraid; so they have come to Japan by the hundreds and are coming all the time, to live in comparative comfort at the fine hotels, and in aching suspense, no doubt, with regard to what the future holds in store for them.

The thousands who are going back from the United States and Canada are of the revolutionary breed, and it is a notable fact that a large majority of them manage to look it. To be a revolutionist and a gentleman at the same time is not an impossibility, as many revolutionary gentlemen have proved; but all the Russian revolutionists I have encountered run to red flags, careless attire, a strong smell and bad manners. They are earnest with an earnestness that would be sublime if it were not so blatant and selfishly misdirected. They are going back to help divide the spoils of victory and take their own turn at living softly. That is what I have got out of all my talk with them, and I have talked with many. If you suggest that they are hardly the kind of men that poor Russia needs just now they wave their arms, declare that they themselves are Russia, and begin to rant about rights and universal brotherhood. If the reports one gets from Petrograd about Russian revolutionary dignity and right purpose are to be believed these lads are traveling toward

(Continued on Page 59)

One of the 57

Has that tear-off cap which makes it so easy to open.

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India Relish

The Heinz ideal is to raise all fruits and vegetables under Heinz supervision, to raise them where they grow best, and gather them while fresh. Then expeditious methods, toothsome recipes and scrupulous cleanliness unite to make the Heinz label a guarantee of quality.

Heinz India Relish is a splendid result of these thorough-going methods. It is a sweet pickle relish made from delicately seasoned chopped vegetables. Its appetizing flavor, its real piquant pickle taste add zest to nearly every kind of food. If people only knew how good it is, it would be used on every dinner table in the land, as it is right now on thousands of them.

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For all ordinary driving you will use its "loafing" range.

In this range it performs all those feats of smoothness which distinguish the really fine from the ordinary car in the every day service of an exacting owner.

And in this range it is on half rations, consuming fuel so sparingly as to shame many a lesser powered six—even many a four.

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The performance which characterizes its "sporting" range begins where other ideally soft, smooth cars balk at the steepness of the long up-grade or deliver their last spurt of speed.

By opening the throttle a little wider you release her double poppets and utterly change the character of your car.

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Such cars are out-and-out exponents of the more rugged virtues of brute power and speed.

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Present Prices		*New Prices* Effective October 15th	
Touring, $2090		*Touring, $2340*	
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f. o. b. Cleveland—subject to change without notice

The Peerless Motor Car Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Seven Passenger Touring
$2090
f.o.b. Cleveland

(Continued from Page 57)

the shock of their lives. Half-baked is a term descriptive of a too finished state to fit most of them, and I have yet to encounter one of them with a constructive idea in his head. Most of the good Russians stayed in Russia, I suppose.

All of which reminds me of passports and the freedom with which people come and go in Japan. The Japanese pay so little attention to passports that they do not even stamp them with a decorative ideogram, this being a disappointment to an industrious collector of passport visés and untamed signatures. My passports for 1915 and 1916 are so completely covered with stamps and autographs and explanations of me in strange languages that each of them has an additional page, duly clamped on with a red-seal imprint of the American eagle—one being attached in Greece, one in Italy. But my new 1917 passport, all clean and crisp, has hardly a scratch on it yet. It was viséed in New York for India and at the British Embassy in Tokio for Hongkong, but no Japanese has any more than glanced at it.

"Yoroshii!" they say—that everlasting Japanese "All right!" And really I wanted an ideographic visé. Ideograms are so far-away-at-the-ends-of-the-earthy and so suggestive of strange gods.

It is the most un-Japanese performance I ever knew anything about. One would naturally expect the Japanese to get in the game with the largest and most important-looking visé conceivable, and with enough red tape to trip up even the innocent and unoffending. But not at all. The Kaiser himself could get through with an American or British or Russian passport.

Official Inquiries

A notice is posted on the ship's bulletin board to the effect that passports will be examined in the dining saloon immediately after the medical inspection is finished, and if you have had any experience in Europe you begin to flutter a little and to search your conscience for any possible small fault that might serve to cast suspicion upon you. Opening a passport for a solemn uniformed official who sits bolt upright behind a table with a sword across his knees is enough to make one feel like a seditious outcast anyhow; but your Japanese official merely glances at it, clears his throat and says with painstaking nicety of enunciation:

"Ah, sh-sh-sh, where—were—you—born?"

You would be perfectly safe in saying Oshkosh, Florida, or Tinkledehunk, Utah. He would fold up your precious document with a satisfied "M-m-m-m" and hand it back to you, along with a little blue slip of paper. And nary a stamp or scrawly ideographic signature or anything! The little blue paper is to be handed to the dock officer at the bottom of the gangplank, but when I went down the gangplank he was not there, so I have it yet; though I was told that I could not get off the ship without giving it up.

Incidentally, when you once get ashore you are at perfect liberty to come and go as you please, there being no demand that strangers register at a police station or anywhere else. The purser of the ship one comes in on gives the passport inspector some details about the passengers which he has previously gathered, but that is a mere preliminary in all other countries. Here it seems to suffice. And in a way one must admit that it is positively refreshing, except that in these days I do not believe in taking anything or anyone for granted. Extreme precautions may be annoying and may seem superfluous to the wholly innocent, but also they may result in the saving of precious lives. I have been in a good many countries since the war began and I never yet have objected, even in my mind, to any form of inquiry to which I have been subjected. It is legitimate war business, and those who neglect it run iniquitous risks.

The whole world has been so altered by the thousand and one changes that have come with the war that I really think I expected to find Japan had changed in every way. But no, hardly in any way at all. Japan has merely gone on—in some respects with dizzying swiftness—along her chosen path called *Meiji*, which means enlightenment. The era that ended with the death of the last emperor was called the era of *Meiji*. His name in life was Mutsuhito. His name on the roster of the deified is *Meiji*—Emperor Enlightenment.

They say he was an intelligent man. It is difficult to be sure of such a thing about an emperor, but if he was his intelligence in the high place where he now is must find strange exercise in contemplating the development of the movement that was started in his sacred name. The latest manifestation of Japanese enlightenment is money madness

In comparison with our own standards per unit of population the country has not grown rich—though I find that some of my Japanese friends are fond of declaring that it has. But so much money has come into the country during the past three years that the people have become almost giddy in their efforts to realize it and to take an "enlightened" advantage of it.

One noticeable effect of such undreamed-of prosperity is a new kind of confidence underlying the old baseless Japanese arrogance toward foreigners. That spirit, always displayed by Japan, appealed in the past more to one's sense of humor than anything else, but when it is backed up by something more substantial than overestimated racial value one's smile gets twisted, if it does not altogether fade away.

I had my first irritating experience at the paying teller's window in the bank, and my feelings proved to me that I myself am a hopeless victim of the same habit of mind that I so heartily condemn in the Japanese. From the serene height of our American nationality perhaps we, too, have always been a little arrogant. But never consciously and deliberately so. And therein we are different from the Japanese.

As a usual thing the American traveling abroad is affected by the rising and falling tide of world economics as manifested in the fluctuations of money values greatly to his own advantage. And to find the American dollar at a discount in a country where it has always been worth cent per cent when it was not worth cent plus per cent is to get a decided shock. During the period of my experience in Japan the yen has never been worth more than just fifty cents. I have always handed over a dollar and received two yen in exchange for it, and it never made any difference before whether it was American paper, American gold or an American letter of credit.

I needed a little of the coin of the country, so I went into a bank and asked to have a nice new yellow-backed United States Treasury one-hundred-dollar gold certificate changed into yen. The Japanese paying teller took it, regarded it for a moment with a look of suspicion, snapped it through his fingers, held it up to the light and carefully scrutinized both sides of it. Then, without a word of explanation, he passed me out one hundred and ninety-four yen.

"Do you charge for making change in that amount?" I asked. Having just landed I was entirely without information as to the state of affairs.

"No, not at all," he replied.

"But you have given me only one hundred and ninety-four yen." Rather plaintively I said that.

"Yes," he replied; "that is correct. The American dollar is only worth one ninety-four now."

High Art Going Higher

A three per cent discount for In God We Trust! And he said it in a way that was intended to make me feel personally reduced in value. I did too. Then he added with a supercilious smile:

"If you have any American gold I can give you one ninety-six for it."

It was not his fault. He was not regulating the world's exchange. But he was regulating his own features, and he deliberately spread upon them an expression of personal and lofty satisfaction. Is it not extraordinary how childish one can be about a thing like that? I think it is the first time in history that American money has been below par in Japan, and the explanation lies, of course, in an excess of Japanese exports over imports and a considerable influx of specie. One Japanese said to me:

"'Japan is very rapidly getting rich. It will not be long before the world will stop speaking of us as a little people. Numerically we are nearly as strong as Germany now, and if we continue to advance in the industrialization of our country we soon will be as strong in every way."

As a result of the sudden accession of wealth there is a new element in the population whose representatives are referred to always as narikins. The word designates the newly rich, and by those who are still conservative or who have not shared directly in the financial benefits of the times it is spoken with the same measure of contempt that we manage to convey when we say "noovo reesh." It is usually a respectful and envious kind of contempt, but there are those who can make it sound unqualified

The narikins are ostentatious. They are untrained spendthrifts and, for the most part, raw plebeians. They have raised the prices of a number of things beyond everybody's reach but their own, and their arrogance makes the arrogance of a samurai, who still feels the possession of two swords as a one-armed man sometimes feels the possession of the lost member, look like self-depreciation.

Their specialty is old Japanese art treasures and curios. High-class Japanese have always regretted the extensive sale of such articles to foreign dealers and collectors, but at one time the country was so filled with beautiful things, the product of centuries of refined leisure, that their market value was very low. But not any more. Foreign enthusiasts have done their worst, and real Japanese treasures are now almost as rare in Japan as they are anywhere.

Beginning several years ago, I have acquired a fairly good collection of old Japanese porcelains myself—Imaris, Nabeshimas, Kakiemons and others—and my appetite for them has grown with my indulgence of it, as such appetites always do. When I arrived in Japan I said to an old friend of mine with a similar passion:

"While I'm here I want to do a little browsing round and see if I can't find some more good plates and things."

"Oh, you do?" she replied. "Well, I'm glad to know you. Where did you get all your money?"

Sudden Millionaires

I learned later that sarcasm was the only fitting vehicle of expression under the circumstances. The new Japanese millionaires have laid an embargo of fictitious values on the whole treasure market. They think nothing at all of paying anywhere from five hundred to five thousand dollars for a single Nabeshima plate if it happens to be of the right vintage, and they buy everything else at like prodigal prices.

In consequence everything has moved up—modern things away beyond the real advance in the cost of production—until common little modern Kago and Satsuma coffee cups which one used to take home for two or three dollars a dozen now sell for anything between two and ten dollars each; and everything else in proportion.

If it keeps on, poor foreign travelers who leave so much money in Japan every year will be able to do nothing but look longingly into shop windows; though of course there will always be in abundance the precious article that the Japanese dealer will tearfully part with for one-fifth of the price he has marked on its ticket.

The narikins are not popular with the time-honored well-to-do. They display all the characteristics of the newly rich that are familiar the world over. They acquire property in heretofore restricted aristocratic localities, and cast ugly shadows of vulgar extravagance over every simplicity with which they come in contact. They are a new thing under the Japanese sun, but already they have made themselves ubiquitous.

There is the story of a certain prince of ancient lineage which is like unto any number of other stories. This prince had a beautiful old house in the country where it was his lifelong habit to spend all his leisure time. It was the house of his fathers, and his chief pride and joy. It was not a palace, but only a house of the old style in that style's simplest and most charming form. It had a chamber of enchanting view where the prince could sit and look out across wonderful distances, distances dominated by Fuji-yama, a mountain deified by all good old Japanese.

It is sad to think of that stately old gentleman when the narikin came. The narikin came and built a great ugly house that towered over the prince's humble abode and cut off the enchanting view as completely as a man's hand held close to his eyes can cut off a view of the sun.

Then, to make the situation intolerable, the narikin moved in with a noisy retinue of low-bred and low-moraled sycophants;

(Concluded on Page 63)

Brush your Teeth Up and Down
Not This Way
You can get Pro-phy-lac-tic quality and original features (9 of them) only by asking for and getting the tooth brush that looks like this and comes in the Yellow Box.
Pro-phy-lac-tic is widely imitated. Beware of spurious imitations and when you buy be sure to say to the clerk: "Pro-phy-lac-tic."
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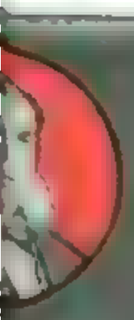
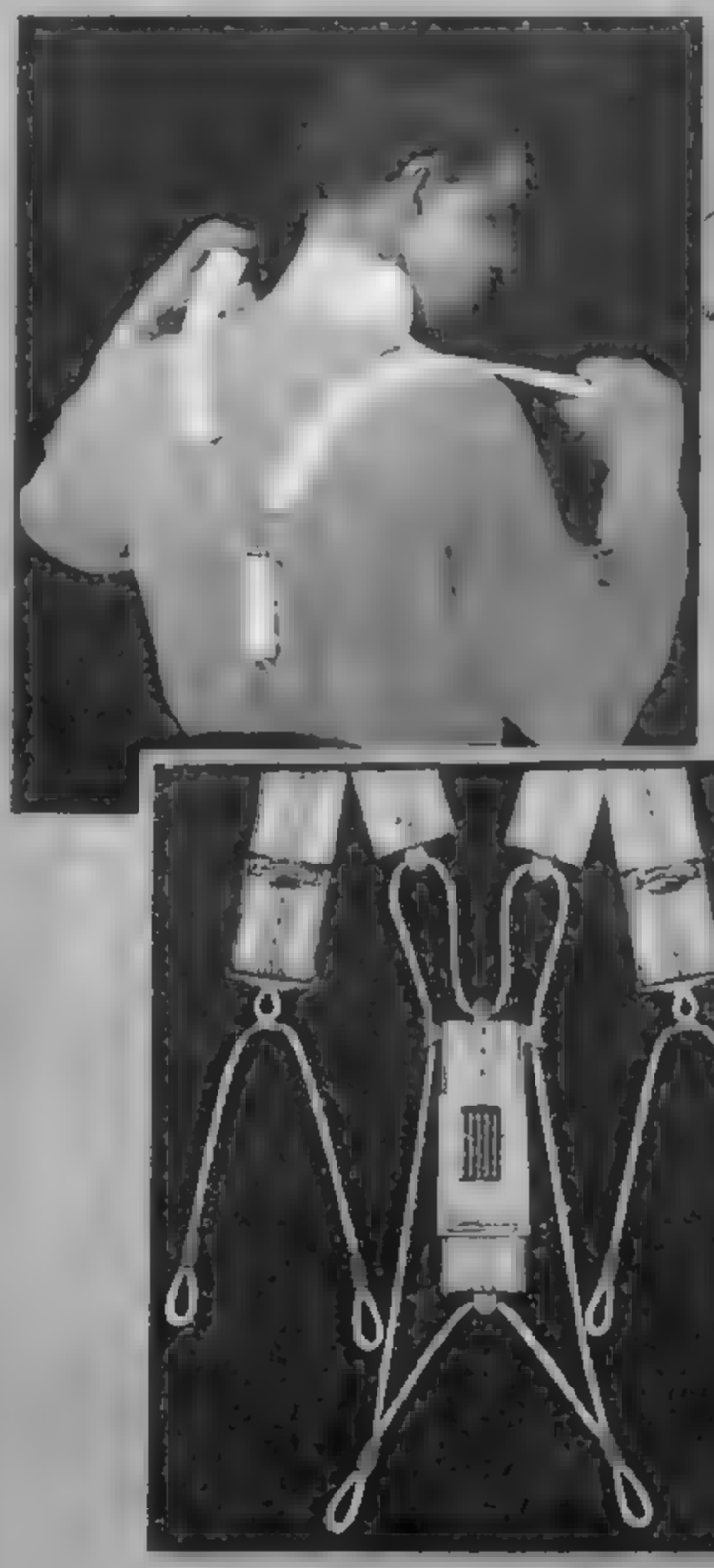


Styleplus $21



So good to the shoulders

"A comfortable body makes an easy mind, an easy mind helps to better work, better work promotes success—then why not Presidents?"

C. A. Edgarton, Pres.

Presidents are the "easiest feeling" suspenders you ever put on. No grip on shoulders, no pull on buttons. The "give and take" feature adjusts automatically with every turn of the body—as light and easy as the seam in your shirt. They hang and hold the trousers *right* under all conditions, affording service, plus comfort—the comfort and service not found in a belt.

Light Presidents for Dress Wear—
Sturdy Ones for Rougher Service

There's a President for every preference. Narrow and Wide Lisle, light and "natty", in all the popular colors, for dress and business wear; Medium Weight and Extra Heavy, in the best wearing webs for rough-and-ready service. You can tell Lisles by examining the webbing. It is thin and the colors of the pattern show through in the back of the webing. Medium weight is best for business wear. Extra Heavy is made of strong hard twisted yarn. It's the webbing suitable for men who do hard work.

President Suspenders for comfort

Ask for them by name—say "I want a pair of *President* Suspenders." See that the President mark is on the buckle. Pick the kind of web that suits your occupation. Your suspenders will then give you longer wear and better satisfaction. Best dealers everywhere sell Presidents at 50c. Get a pair for each pair of trousers.

If the Presidents you buy prove unsatisfactory—in any particular—after they have been worn, mail them to us, and we will repair, replace, or (if requested) refund your money. There is a guarantee tag on every pair. Buy Presidents for *comfort* and *long service*.

President Suspender Company, Shirley, Mass.

The manufacturers of the famous President Suspenders make a complete line of suspenders to satisfy every preference. "Shirley Make" on a pair of suspenders is your guarantee of highest quality and service. All dealers.

MR. DEALER: It will profit you (in dollars) to harmonize your selling to TO-DAY'S demand. Every sale turned away is so much trade lost. Handle goods that move. There is no way you can lose by keeping a full line of Presidents. Because—we *guarantee satisfaction* to your customer—we *guarantee sales* to you. It's more than a "fair play" proposition—it's an *absolute money-back guarantee* in both cases. Tell your jobber you want Presidents.

(Concluded from Page 59)

and there were stories of wild roisterings into the wee ama' hours. As a suitable mistress for his mansion the narikin "redeemed" a famous beauty who was under contract to her keeper to stay where she was for a certain number of years. Such contracts are legal in Japan and are as hard to break as a London lease. They are issued by the police department and are a source of government revenue.

Another interesting item is that the newly rich have developed all kinds of curious and expensive fads. None of them lasts very long because someone is always inventing a new one. The latest thing is a fad for pet quail. I have no idea in what way these birds make themselves entertaining, but perhaps they emit a sound that is musical to the Japanese ear. The Japanese canary is an insect that makes fiddle music with its wings—music more pleasing to a Japanese than the note of a nightingale. These insects are sold in delicate little wooden cages, and as performers they are usually most obliging, responding to encores in the moonlight for hours on end. I lived in a house once next to that kind of bird-fancier, so I know.

But the quail fad is a puzzle to everybody. A Japanese gave one to an American business man in Tokio one day, and the American thought it would be amusing to adopt the craze himself. So he sent out to find another one—a mate for the one that had been presented to him. One after another was brought to him for inspection, but the lowest price that was quoted to him was five hundred yen for a single bird. He changed his mind about going in for the fancy. It is not for anyone who cannot qualify in the narikin class.

With the narikin has come also the automobile. The last time I was in Japan—a year before the war—there were so few automobiles in the country that I had actually never seen one. I knew there were some, but I always thought they were probably more pride-gratifying than useful to their owners.

In the first place the country has almost no roads over which an automobile can be driven with any degree of comfort, and nearly all the streets in the cities and towns and villages are narrower than the average American sidewalk. Only in the principal streets is there room for two automobiles to pass. And as there are no sidewalks at all—not any of any kind anywhere except on one or two streets in Yokohama and Tokio—the population afoot, and mostly in wooden clogs, makes use of all the street there ever is. Even a ricksha coolie, trotting along at a leisurely pace, has to keep shouting all the time to warn people out of his way. The Japanese are deep thinkers, and many of them seem to do most of their thinking in droop-shouldered preoccupation right in somebody else's way. You encounter more deep thinkers when you are in a tearing hurry than at any other time.

Children Everywhere

And I must not forget the children. There are children everywhere—little children and big children and children carrying littlest children pickaback. Those who come in pairs are more terrifying than the single ones because the one carried is entirely helpless, being tied to the other one like a papoose to a board, and the carrier, thus laden, is hampered in her movements. Not that it makes much difference. The attitude of most Japanese children toward the automobile is "Aw, who's af'aid!" And they put the question of their safety up to the driver of the car with a sauciness that makes one long for a hickory switch. "Children are alike the world over"—but especially in Japan. I would not drive an automobile through a Japanese street for the price of all the cars there are in the country.

Yet as I write the chief sound in my ears is a mixed blare of many-toned horns and open mufflers. The cars are owned by both foreigners and Japanese, of course, but mostly by Japanese, and they are driven at a rate that should be terrifying. It does not seem to be so to anybody, however, and the Japanese are such accurate and excellent drivers that one hears of very few accidents.

I drove with some friends the other day—not narikins; only humble American residents—up to Miyanoshita, a hot-springs hotel in Fuji's foothills that is one of the most alluring spots on earth. My sense of all that is fitting and my love of all that is peaceful with the peace of age-old custom were outraged to begin with by the mere fact of motoring to Miyanoshita. Then I discovered that the proprietor of the hotel has put a line of automobiles for hire on the wonderful old winding mountain road that leads up through the gorge and over which I have journeyed by every possible primitive conveyance, including the kago, a sort of short woven bamboo hammock swung from a pole, in which one can enjoy torture in its most excruciating refinement and imagine oneself back in the middle of the seventeenth century. There are kagos in some of the loveliest of the old Japanese prints, and in every particular they are the same kagos one sees on the byways of Japan to-day.

There are still some of them, and rickshas as well, on the Miyanoshita road—because it is not everybody who can afford to ride in an automobile—but one feels sorry for their occupants, and for the toiling, sweating men who carry them, when one of the great high-powered cars whizzes by with what must seem to them like blistering speed.

Two Fortune Seekers

Maybe I am managing to convey an idea that Japan has improved. If so I must stop and back up to the facts. I know a man whose answer to a direct question is nearly always:

"Well, yes—and no!" Which means that he does not like to commit himself to a one-sided opinion.

I have said that Japan has not changed, and I must qualify that statement by explaining what I mean. I mean simply that one finds the same old Japan with the same old characteristics, and in the same old breathless hurry to do things and get on in the world. She has achieved a sort of distorted material advancement, but aside from such signs of prosperity as are displayed by individuals the only evidence one sees of a new spirit in the land consists of a general slackness and untidiness in the everyday aspect of things. It is as though the country had been building so fast that it has not had time to clean up the débris. All the public services have run down to an amazing extent, and to me—returning after so long a time—everything seems to be in a good deal of a mess.

I have permitted myself to write "distorted material advancement." And so it is. There are so many new interests and industries that the list of them is positively bewildering, and these new interests and industries afford new employment, of course, to thousands of people. But the sudden inflation of a few high spots is what makes economic scenery look so volcanic. In Japan there are a good many financial Fuji-yamas, but there are a good many more who might be likened unto the submerged paddy fields.

Living costs have advanced to nearly double what they were before the war, and by as much as fifty per cent within the past year. Wages have also increased, but by percentages much lower than the increase in living costs; while salaries have remained about the same. Tremendous social contrasts were never noticeable in Japan before, but the rich are getting richer and the poor are not even keeping up with the necessities.

Daily wages, though they are slightly higher than they used to be, are still expressed in terms of sen—a sen being just one half an American cent—while new fortunes are counted in terms of millions.

There is one interesting story which, though it may be unique, serves to illustrate conditions: Just forty years ago two young men traveled up from the southern part of Japan to seek their fortunes in the capital. Neither of them had much education, but they hopefully tried all kinds of possibilities and eventually decided to try to get positions as mail carriers. This required an examination in the simplest items of education, and only one of them was able to pass it. He got a job, while the other one wandered forth to try his luck elsewhere. The post-office department paid and pays a wage to its carriers that is unbelievably small—fifteen or twenty cents a day—but in the old days it was enough to live on, and the successful candidate was glad to get it.

To follow the fortunes of the man who could not pass the examination would take a volume, but it will be sufficient to identify him as Soichiro Asano, the great steamship millionaire, a man with imagination plus energy and daring. Besides owning most of the stock in the largest steamship company in Japan, he controls many other great money-making interests. And only recently he embarked on a new career as a shipbuilder.

A year ago he began to reclaim for dockyard purposes some waste land on Tokio Bay at Tsurumi, a few miles north of Yokohama. Six months later he laid the keel of his first ship, a passenger liner of eleven thousand tons. Last Wednesday, just six months from the day the keel was laid and one year from the day the reclamation work began, he launched that first ship with great ceremony and in the presence of thousands of his friends and employees.

And on that day a singular thing occurred: The companion of the great Asano's youth who became a letter carrier received a bonus from the government of forty yen to commemorate the end of forty years of faithful and uninterrupted service.

As I am writing only about the surface of things in Japan I shall be forgiven the plentiful lack of statistics and detail which characterizes this article. The world has been surfeited with figures anyhow. I have a formidable stack of them right in front of me now and anybody may have them who will come and get them.

I do not understand them. So many of them refuse to dovetail with the evidence of my own eyes.

Japan is prosperous. There was an increase in government revenues for the first half of 1917 of more than seven million yen, more than half of which represents increased profits from government monopolies and enterprises. And I want to say a word or so about one or two of these institutions.

Execrable Telephone Service

Among the many government monopolies are all the telegraph and telephone services, but these are not included in the general statement of increased revenue. They show an increase of two million five hundred and seventy-four thousand yen all by themselves, or a total revenue of more than fourteen and a half millions for the first half of the present year.

Yet Japan has the worst telephone and telegraph services in the world, without a single exception, that I have ever encountered. It is rather astonishing, too, because I remember when the people were very proud of these systems, and with some degree of reason. But they are government owned; the government has had other use for its money and it has "let well enough alone" until "well enough" is antiquated, not to say utterly demoralized.

To get a telephone installed takes anywhere from one to three years, and even so it can only be done through a telephone broker, who charges as much as a thousand yen for the instrument, the use of which in most countries is free to the telephone subscriber and the property of the telephone company. Conditions are so bad that even a modified statement of the facts sounds like a gross exaggeration. And during a period like the present, too, when time is money and the telephone an indispensable part of every business man's equipment. Private telephones are naturally a luxury that only the very rich can afford.

According to the latest Japan Year Book the number of waiting applicants for telephones at the end of March, 1915, was one hundred and forty thousand. Each of these applicants having deposited with the bureau of communications the required sum of fifteen yen, that bureau held in trust on this account more than two million yen. And some of those applications are yet to be filled!

A tremendous increase in the demand for telephones, due to the speeding-up of industry and the establishment of thousands of new enterprises, has resulted in a state of affairs wherein the successful applicant is entirely at the mercy of the telephone broker, who, without let or hindrance from the authorities, is able to sell his instruments to the highest bidder.

The Leisurely Telegraph

And at that a telephone represents a minimum of usefulness even after its owner has broken his nerves in an effort to acquire it. The operators are, almost to a unit, incompetent and indifferent. In many instances they are impertinent as well, with an impertinence peculiar to the poorly paid but insufferably conceited minor government servant of Japan. The populace grinds its teeth.

From Yokohama to Tokio it is just eighteen miles; Yokohama is the principal port of the country, with a population of four hundred thousand; Tokio is the capital, with tremendous business interests and a population of more than two millions. Yet New York can get San Francisco on the long-distance telephone in less time than it takes Yokohama to get Tokio!

I had an engagement one day to lunch with some friends at the Imperial Hotel in Tokio, and along about ten o'clock that morning more important matters presented themselves which made it impossible for me to go. I knew it would be quite all right if I telephoned a message to my hostess, so I went to the switchboard at my own hotel in Yokohama and asked the operator to get me the Imperial. Only eighteen miles away, mind you; and telephone connection asked for between the two biggest and best hotels in the empire. Just then the manager of my hotel came along.

"You don't mean to tell me you are trying to get Tokio on the telephone!" he said.

"Yes; why not?"

"No reason at all," he replied, "if you happen to have the day to spare."

"But I haven't. How long will it take?"

"Oh, not more than two or three hours if you're lucky. But it would be much quicker to send a telegram."

All right. I accepted his advice, wrote out my telegram and handed it to one of the clerks in the office. When he saw what it was about he scratched his ear in a thoughtful kind of way and volunteered the information that it would probably not be delivered in time.

"Better send it special," he said.

"What do you mean, 'special'?"

"You pay a double rate and get the right of way over ordinary telegrams."

I paid the double rate, which amounted to three yen—one dollar and a half—for fifteen words, including the address and signature, and my telegram was delivered to my very much annoyed hostess at three o'clock that afternoon! Suppose it had been a confirmation of a business deal for an option on which I had paid a large sum and which expired at two o'clock? That is what the business man in Japan is up against.

Yet the Japanese Government, any member of which could make himself a popular hero by raising merry Ned about all these domestic shortcomings, including the execrable railway services and certain iniquitous monopolies, such as the salt monopoly, the tobacco monopoly and a number of others that serve to bleed white the poor of the country and to make their simplest necessities almost prohibitively dear—the Japanese Government concerns itself almost exclusively with matters relating to the country's international status, with war, the cost of war and the spoils of war.

Japan will profit as much as any country in the world by a peace that no nation will be permitted lightly to break.

Actual photograph of one of the 40x8 Goodyear Cord Tires now in truck service for the Chicago Surface Lines.

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

The Ultimate Truck Tire

An herculean pneumatic—so able, strong and prodigiously useful that we deem it the most important contribution to self-contained transportation since the adoption of rubber as a carrier.

GOODYEAR offers America in this new Cord Tire for Motor Trucks what it believes will be the greatest accelerator to motor transportation yet devised.

It prophesies that this powerful and agile carrier will endow the motor trucks of the country with a range, speed and variety of employment such as even their builders had not dreamed.

It sees in this tire's vast capacity and elephantine proportions the bulky shoulders of a new and invaluable servant to interior commerce.

It puts it forth as the latest product of Goodyear enterprise in the conviction that it answers an imperative need of this future-working nation.

* * *

In the motor truck, as in the railroad train, the steamship or the airplane, the great need is speed.

Yet speed in the motor truck necessarily has been sacrificed under the handicap of that arch-enemy to endurance, vibration.

Such vibration primarily is caused by imperfect cushioning between the vehicle and the road.

We know with the certainty of long and intensive experience that the only element affording perfect cushioning is air.

This Goodyear Cord Tire for Motor Trucks, being pneumatic, is the self-powered transport's seven-league boots.

It strips from the motor truck every hindrance to full efficiency, and converts it from a short-haul vehicle into a high-speed long-distance traveler.

It does so while magnifying gasoline and oil mileages beyond all previous experience, and cutting depreciation to the minimum.

It does so while affording extreme comfort to the driver, and the utmost protection to the load.

We do not market these Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks as an experiment—they are the result of a fifteen year development.

They are the matured expression of an old Goodyear idea, brought to final success *only through the perfection of the Goodyear type of cord construction.*

Right now, they are being used to signal advantage on busy trucks in more than 200 cities in this country.

A five-ton transport regularly plying over a 1500-mile round-trip cross-country circuit, is beating the one-way express service repeatedly, by a full day.

In interurban and passenger service, in the delivery of foodstuffs or of fragile wares, for all manner of safe-conduct rapid-transit—Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks are delivering superlative service, and delivering it now.

And in all such usage, by a speed, endurance and economy previously unequaled in any such carrier, they fast are proving themselves the ultimate truck tire.

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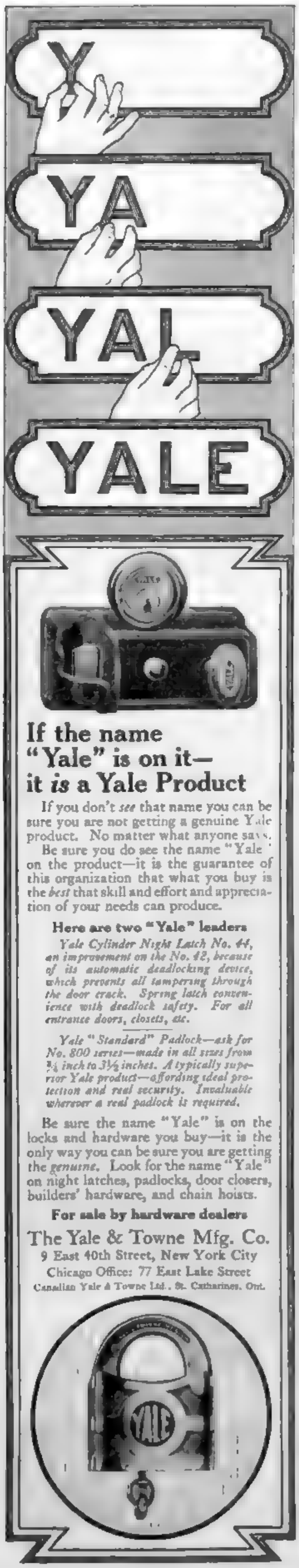
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES



If the name "Yale" is on it— it *is* a Yale Product

If you don't *see* that name you can be sure you are not getting a genuine Yale product. No matter what anyone says.

Be sure you do see the name "Yale" on the product—it is the guarantee of this organization that what you buy is the *best* that skill and effort and appreciation of your needs can produce.

Here are two "Yale" leaders

Yale Cylinder Night Latch No. 44, an improvement on the No. 42, because of its automatic deadlocking device, which prevents all tampering through the door crack. Spring latch convenience with deadlock safety. For all entrance doors, closets, etc.

Yale "Standard" Padlock—ask for No. 800 series—made in all sizes from ¾ inch to 3½ inches. A typically superior Yale product—affording ideal protection and real security. Invaluable wherever a real padlock is required.

Be sure the name "Yale" is on the locks and hardware you buy—it is the only way you can be sure you are getting the *genuine*. Look for the name "Yale" on night latches, padlocks, door closers, builders' hardware, and chain hoists.

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The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
9 East 40th Street, New York City
Chicago Office: 77 East Lake Street
Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.

REBELS AND REVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 5)

natural resources of the country, any foreigner ought to be willing to loan money to the government. The resources are here, many of them still untouched, they will declare; and if foreign capital invests in Mexico it must be prepared to share prosperity or revolution with Mexico. I shall reserve the written arguments of Mexican officials for another article.

The pacification of Mexico to-day presents, in many respects, the same problem with which the United States Government had to deal after the Civil War. The Mexican bandits are the Ku-Klux Klans of Mexico. Generals Villa and Zapata are the James brothers. The difference is that in the United States the bandits attacked American or national property; in Mexico they destroy foreign property. The most popular cry of the revolutionists has been "Down with the foreigners who exploited us!" Thus, our neighbor south of the Rio Grande faces some of our problems of the late sixties, with the added difficulty that whenever the highwaymen operate in Mexico it causes an international as well as an internal crisis.

The operations of Villa in the north have roused not only foreign business interests but the American people. What Zapata has done disturbs the Mexicans the most, though he, too, is opposed to foreigners.

The Carranza Government has sent several military expeditions into Morelos in an attempt to crush Zapata. As the soldiers marched through the state in search of Zapata's army they met only the most peaceful citizens. No one knew where Zapata was! No one had seen his army! Zapata was clever enough not to fight. He ordered all his soldiers to bury their arms and plow their fields. When the Carranza forces left, the army appeared; and it was and still is unsafe for anyone to go through the state. The government has attempted to stop shipments of ammunition to Zapata; but this has not been successful, because officers and soldiers in the government's army have sold munitions to Zapata. Now the government, suspicious of certain officers and men, is laying a trap for them; and if they are caught they, too, will be disciplined.

Another demand of the revolutionists has been for land. Even the present government sympathizes with this, and the first endeavors of President Carranza to fulfill promises made during his campaign are being made in the little belligerent state of Morelos. It is the smallest state in Mexico. When the Spaniards settled in this country they gave to each town and city what was called the *ejido*. This was the granting of one league of land round the original town or city limits to the inhabitants, to be worked by the community.

Anti-American Sentiment

During the development of Mexico this league of land has been given to outsiders or to farmers having property near by. Many citizens have lost their *ejidos*. This is particularly true in Morelos, and the good citizens of this fighting state want it back. So the present government is attempting a new means of pacification. It is returning this property to the community. Simultaneously the government is announcing that all political rivals who repent and swear allegiance to Mexico will be pardoned.

Though this movement is having all the success the government anticipated, its progress can only be very gradual, because Zapata, like the Germans, is a propagandist. He is telling his followers that if they surrender to Carranza they will be executed. He is warning the farmers that if they desert him they will be downtrodden by the Americans. And the people of Morelos are suspicious of outsiders.

This anti-American part of the propaganda is very popular. Even the present government, according to many Mexicans, is too friendly to the United States. Most of the newspapers of Mexico City, even those that are pro-Ally in their war sympathies, have a grudge against the United States. El Democrata prints more articles of hate about the United States than any other newspaper, and its articles are mainly reproductions of anti-Mexican comments in a certain group of American papers. These comments are aiding the Germans in Mexico in the most successful way.

Redencion, another daily, seizes every opportunity to stir the slumbering Mexican against the Yankees. On August ninth it printed on its first page a three-column cartoon picturing a nude woman tied to a stake, representing the revolution. The fire that is kindled at her feet is the enemy of the revolution; and the fresh logs that have been placed on the flames are labeled Yankees, United States, Friends of the Yankees, and so on. Government officials who are friendly to the United States, such as Don Luis Cabrera, unofficially the Acting Secretary of the Treasury, and Don Manuel Amaya, official introducer of ambassadors, are also enemies.

El Democrata is one of the morning newspapers that do not receive the Associated Press dispatches. Its news telegrams from the United States and Europe are sent to Mexico City from New York by the Spanish-American News Agency. These telegrams, which the United States censor, as late as mid-August, was permitting to pass, are not only intensely pro-German but exceedingly anti-American.

Various Trouble-Breeders

Before the United States declared war the German Embassy in Washington sent a daily telegram to the German Minister in Mexico City, Herr von Eckhart. This dispatch contained the wireless news circulated by the German Admiralty and Foreign Office. When the United States declared war the service ceased; and an organization known as the Spanish-American News Agency, with headquarters in New York, began to serve El Democrata, and several newspapers in South America.

La Defensa, an afternoon newspaper, announces daily some great catastrophe to the United States or the Allies. Since I have been in the capital it has proclaimed an American revolution. It has announced the sinking of several American battleships and transports. It has forecast American intervention and printed the most astounding news about events in Washington. Some of this news has a basis in fact; some has not.

La Defensa receives most of its telegrams from Nuevo Laredo, Mexico.

The general opinion in Mexico City is that, as a group, the Germans are working very quietly. Many of the German citizens here are related to Americans, and they correspond freely with residents of the United States. They receive all the American newspapers and magazines, and are able to keep themselves almost as well informed about events in the United States as the German Embassy in Washington was before diplomatic relations were broken. Though it is impossible to-day to send information to Berlin from Mexico by wireless, the mail route, via Cuba, is still open to Spain, and from that country the German representatives have the use of an uncensored wireless.

A few weeks ago, when there were reports that German agents in Mexico were plotting against the United States, President Carranza summoned the German Minister to inform him that the government would not permit attacks on a friendly government to be hatched on Mexican soil. The Germans to-day are working quietly, with but one object: They know that after the war, when the real fight for raw materials and commercial supremacy will begin, the greatest possibilities for Germany lie in Mexico. That country has many of the raw materials Germany will need; and the Germans figure that it will be easier for German merchants to buy in Mexico, if that country remains neutral, than in any belligerent land. For this one reason alone it is highly in the interest of the Kaiser's government that Mexico shall remain friendly with Berlin.

It is generally understood that one of the factors determining President Wilson's policy toward Mexico—I have not been in Mexico long enough to venture to pass judgment, even if I wished to—was the attitude of Latin America. The Carranza Government has been quick to recognize this, and now everything possible is being done to fuse the bonds between Mexico and South and Central America. Diplomats from those nations who have arrived in Mexico during my stay have been accorded the most enthusiastic receptions.

Recently the Argentine Republic sent a new envoy. When he arrived at Vera Cruz a delegation of Mexican Ministers and officers was sent to act as his escort to the capital. In the big palace at the port the incoming diplomat was tendered a banquet, at which several speeches were made about the value of a Latin-American Union. To these addresses the Argentinian replied that his country, too, favored such a Union.

When the speaking had ended, a young general—there are many generals under thirty in Mexico—rose and, in a long, hesitating after-dinner speech, declared that he believed in the purposes of such a Union, but considered the name unfortunate.

"I propose," said he, "that we call this Union a Latin-Mexican Union, and leave American out."

This general was one of the group of anti-American army officers who are pro-German, and who carry round chips as shoulder straps.

One would think that a government with so many internal problems to solve might be spared international perplexities. Not so in Mexico. Mexico's internal strife is the chief cause of her international disputes. There are some radical Mexicans who advocate the lynching of all foreigners. Others desire the confiscation of all foreign property. This group of radicals was influential enough at the recent Querétaro Convention to insert confiscatory clauses in the constitution. Some Mexicans will state that these provisions of the constitution will be enforced some day; while others will remark:

"Oh, but what is a constitution among friends?"

Nevertheless, the chief obstacle to reconstruction in Mexico to-day is the lack of confidence of foreign investors in the stability and honesty of the present government. So long as there are rebels and grafting generals about the country, and so long as the present government holds property that was confiscated when the Constitutionalists were a de facto government, foreigners will be skeptical of Mexico.

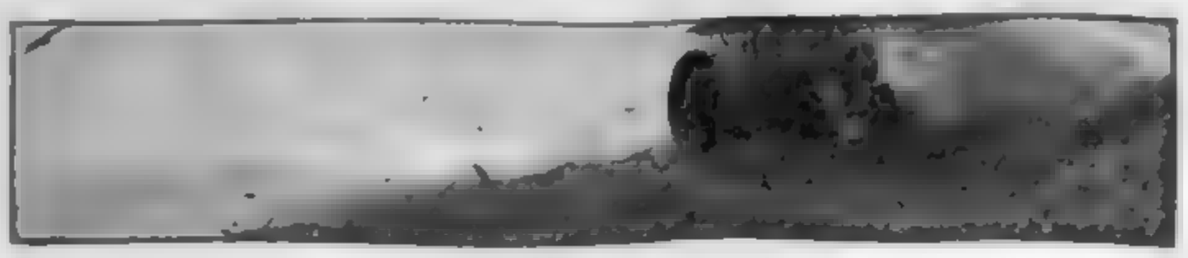
Carranza's Forester

President Carranza and his most trusted advisers know this; but they are still, to a certain degree, hampered by the radicals, who know nothing and care less about international obligations. Where it is possible, the present government is returning confiscated property—even that belonging to the old *Cientificos*, the so-called scientific grafters of the Diaz régime.

When the State Department sent Mr. George A. Chamberlain to Mexico City to reopen the United States Consulate General, he selected a house on Avenida Juarez that was built by Señor Limantour, Secretary of the Treasury under President Diaz. The house at the time was occupied by General Urquizo under confiscation orders of the government. Mr. Chamberlain told the owners he wanted to rent the place on behalf of the United States Government. General Urquizo was ordered to vacate. When he turned the residence over to representatives of the Limantour estate, who were to rent it to the Consul General, the palatial home was in as good condition as it was when built, though all the beautiful furniture had disappeared.

A few days ago a tree specialist, who was sent to Europe years ago by Diaz to study the scientific care and planting of trees and shrubs, returned to Mexico City. President Carranza sent for him and asked him to head the Forestry Department of the government.

(Concluded on Page 69)



The End of a Perfect Day

YESTERDAY—a soiled and mussy mass!
TODAY—an attractive array of snowy, white things!
A result easily accomplished with

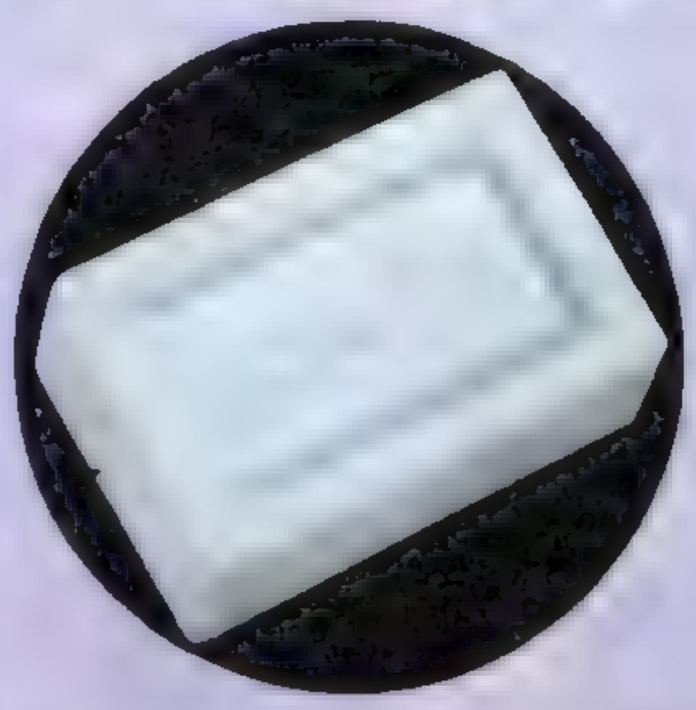
Peet's Crystal White

The New WHITE Soap is doing its "bit" in thousands of American homes today!

Prolonging the life of things we wear—and proving itself efficient in every household use!

There's wonderful cleansing power in that mild, creamy lather! It's free from substances which are harmful to fabrics or hands.

Crystal White users have no need for or interest in other soaps.



PEET BROS. MFG. CO.
KANSAS CITY — SAN FRANCISCO

BATES

VAN DYKE Model
Gun Metal Calf—Style 1333

McALPIN Model
Patent Colt—Style 316

WAUKER Model
Vici Kid, O'Sullivan Heel
Style 1932

SAFETY FIRST Model
Glazed Kangaroo (Blucher)
Style 1925

You Can Wear Them Too

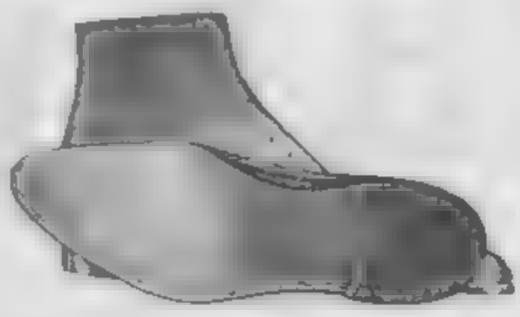
A YOUNG man sauntered out on to Fifth Avenue from one of the best known stores in New York. He walked with that assurance which comes from knowing that he was as well dressed as any one he might meet. Occasionally he glanced in the windows at the reflection of his shoes. They had the look of New York—the look of Fifth Avenue. They looked well-made, trim, fashionable in a truly metropolitan sense. They were more comfortable than any shoes he had ever worn. He had just bought them. They were Bates Shoes.

Wherever you live, you can get just as much pleasure and comfort and satisfaction from your shoes. For near you there is a shoe merchant who sells Bates Shoes.

Their style leadership is based on thirty-one years of experience in combining metropolitan fashions with the greatest possible comfort in shoes that wear well. The models shown here illustrate four of the many styles offered in Bates Shoes. One of them the Bates designers fashioned for you. Which one is it? By going to the nearest Bates dealer you can be as fashionably fitted out with shoes as the man who buys his shoes—and wears them—on Fifth Avenue.

BATEX

IN certain models Bates Shoes may be had with the new Batex Sole.



The Batex Sole wears long, is flexible, noiseless and damp-proof. It is a fibrous product of the laboratory, with springy resiliency. It won't slip on wet pavements, or burn or draw. With all its endurance and comfort it costs no more than leather.

Shall we send you *"Shoe Life"?*

It is a new Bates publication telling how to make your shoes last longer and look better. Now that shoes are costing more, applying this valuable information will be a real economy because by giving added service to your shoes it reduces what you spend.

A. J. BATES CO.
WEBSTER MASSACHUSETTS

$6 to $8

SHOES

(Concluded from Page 66)

These are instances that indicate a new policy on behalf of the Carranza Government. Government officials, including members of the Chamber of Deputies, have assured me that the government intends to return all confiscated property as soon as possible. However, the Carranza Government is still operating the tramways of Mexico City and all the national railroads, even the English road from the capital to Vera Cruz.

Several years ago there were many street-car systems in Mexico City, all in miserable condition. Belgian, English and French investors saw the possibility of consolidating these lines, and the Mexican Tramways Company was organized. The same investors to-day own the large power plant located about one hundred miles from the capital, at Necaxa. In peacetime this station provided all the electric power and light for Mexico City, Pachuca, El Oro, and other cities. The Light and Power Company and the Tramways Company are operated as distinct corporations.

Sometime in 1914 the Carranza forces "intervened" and took over the tramways without paying the investors interest or compensation. For over two years the power company furnished the electricity to run the cars free of charge. This was confiscated property, pure and simple.

President Carranza saw that some day the tramways would have to be returned to the owners; and he was informed that if they were returned in their present condition the company might claim millions of dollars' worth of damages. So the President ousted his former grafting "interventor" and appointed a young engineer, Señor Francisco Cravioto, as director on behalf of the government, responsible to Mr. Carranza alone. Since Señor Cravioto has been in office he has paid installments on the electric power bills amounting to forty thousand dollars a month, and has turned over a few hundred thousand pesos to pay interest on the foreign bonds, out of many millions owing. Foreigners in Mexico City to-day look forward to the time when the tramways will be returned to the owners and the old debts adjusted.

This is pointed out by the most optimistic foreigners as an example of the treatment foreign business interests may expect from the Carranza Government when the business men show a willingness to coöperate, instead of an inclination to criticize and condemn.

The government is in need of financial assistance. All problems of reconstruction virtually rest upon the possibility of the government receiving a loan. Granted a loan, the most reliable foreigners in the capital believe that Mexico will experience more prosperity than it had under the Diaz régime. To-day the government is minting gold and silver as fast as possible, and all the banks in the republic are granting so-called forced loans of gold and silver, which they have on deposit.

These, then, are some of the problems of reconstruction in Mexico. The nation is passing through a trying, tempting transition period. Government officials have had practically no experience in directing big business enterprises or government affairs. Every element that has in the past contributed to failure is present in Mexico to-day, and very few of the requirements of success are to be found. There is hatred, jealousy, suspicion, graft, intrigue, and the baneful influence of relatives who have been appointed to office.

Patriotism, sincerity, good will, faith, honesty and confidence are scarce. But, despite all these national elements, the Carranza party is the strongest in Mexico; and there are on the horizon no other parties or leaders who could summon the support that is being given to President Carranza.

I have stated in this article that the government sought the friendship of Latin and Central America. But the "unkindest cut of all" came from one of those nations.

In the United States it is understood that the revolution was started against Diaz, the Dictator; and many people in this country will tell you that the greatest benefit of the revolution was the overthrow of Don Porfirio. But there are, perhaps, some places where this is not understood or if it is, then Uruguay has a delightful sense of humor.

One of the things the present government has done has been to change the names of all streets in the capital named after saints. Avenue San Francisco, the famous business thoroughfare, is called Francisco I. Madero. To carry out the government policy of winning the Latin countries, Calle San Agustín was changed to Calle Uruguay, and the Uruguay Government was officially notified that a street in the capital had been named after that country.

In the course of diplomatic time, Uruguay replied that it was highly honored by the act of the Mexican Government, and had decided to change the name of one of the streets in their capital to the Avenue of Porfirio Diaz, in honor to the great Republic of Mexico!

Though this method of honoring foreign countries is recognized in the telephone books, I have not been able to find streets named after the United States. I have passed on several occasions, however, a bronze statue of George Washington, two blocks from the American Embassy on the Plaza de Dinamarca, where the First President of the United States stands with his right hand extended and his left holding his three-cornered hat. But the bronze tablet, which told who this hero was, has been removed; and George Washington, to a passer-by, might be any one of a thousand local or international heroes.

LIVE AND LET LIVE!

(Continued from Page 12)

that fifty per cent over fifty thousand. Just let me at that pen and paper, will you?" requested the widow. "And I'll show you a dockyment that'll hold water—and sell water, too."

Abruptly the old lady dispossessed Bobbie of pen and chair, and, with thin lips clamped purposefully, wrote a new agreement in an angular but firm hand. It read, "between Helen I. Hancock, widow, of Wallacetown, and Robert L. Jones, single, of Port Judson"; and it recited among other facts that in case these lots were sold for more than fifty thousand dollars the amount in excess of that sum was to be divided evenly between principal and agent. Bobbie noticed this and smiled at the woman's pertinacity.

By this time, however, the automobile was back with the squire. The widow and Bobbie signed, the hired man and the hired girl witnessed, and the squire took acknowledgments and affixed his seal; and there were Bobbie and the widow and the widow's water lots tied up as tight as glue.

"Humph!" said Calahan Senior when Bobbie laid the contract on his desk Monday morning. "You got a lot of foolish persistence, Jones, when it comes to barking up the wrong tree. I tell you there's nothing to them water lots. Ain't now and never was, and never will be while you and me are on topside ground." With which contemptuous remark, Calahan tossed the contract into the safe without even a glance at it.

Disappointed but undismayed, Bobbie retired to his desk in a corner of the outer office and drew from his pocket the prospectus of a new shipbuilding corporation, the plant of which was to be located somewhere over Delaware-way, and began to study it. It was pure stock-selling propaganda, this prospectus; and, therefore, it discussed with force and ingenuity all elements in a shipbuilding enterprise necessary to the making of profits for its stockholders. One of the things dwelt upon was location. Bobbie conned particularly all this prospectus said about location—of the advantages of short rail hauls, of deep-water approach, of proximity to labor supply, and so on. With a glow of exultation the young man saw that, judged by map distances, Port Judson possessed all these advantages in greater degree.

Next came actual figures—a delving into transportation costs on lumber, coal and steel. Bobbie even computed the cost of bringing fuel oil from Mexico. Some of these figures he got from the transportation companies and some of them from the books of Daniel Lathrop.

"What are you driving at, young fellow?" the old man inquired, with his odd habit of peering round the ends of his glasses.

"Drusilla," answered Bobbie with a challenge in his tone.

Daniel grinned dryly.

"If you had as much persistence in business as you've got in love ——" began the old man.

"Mr. Lathrop," interrupted Bobbie eagerly; "if I make five thousand dollars this year will you let me have her?"

"If you show up Mart Calahan into the bargain," conditioned long-memoried Daniel with a twinkle. "Then I'll know you've got the right stuff in you to take care of what I saved from Old Martin a long time ago."

"What are you and Cousin Helen so down on Mr. Calahan for?" demanded Bobbie.

"Cousin Helen! What do you know about Cousin Helen?"

"We're going to sell her water lot for her for a shipbuilding plant," explained Bobbie.

"Hadn't heard of such comin' down here," remarked Daniel. "Have you?"

"No; but I'm going to get one down," declared Bobbie recklessly.

"Are, eh?" observed Daniel with one of those skeptical laughs that were not so different from the same sort of merriment when echoing from the leather lungs of Calahan & Son.

Mauger the laughter, however, Bobbie went on with his campaign of preparedness, which, at this time, included the clipping of all newspaper stories of shipbuilding organizations. There were at least a dozen new corporation births announced within a week; and Bobbie, checking up the locations of these plants, so far as given, made a cursory study of their advantages as compared with Port Judson. Such comparisons were always encouraging; and the young man made eager note of the names of executive officers and their addresses.

It was while about this work that Bobbie noticed it gave him a feeling quite different from any he had experienced before. No longer was he a mere middleman taking toll off the traffic of others; he was creating something. He was going to call a great manufacturing industry into existence where only tide flats had been before. He was going to make a snug little addition to the fortune of a widow; he was going to add a great business and untold wealth to the town of his nativity; going to supply work therein for many more men; and incidentally he was going to make the price of a bungalow site for Drusilla.

This new sense of dignity and importance warming in his breast emboldened Bobbie in the course of two weeks—his preparations being completed and the time ripe to move out of the trenches—to seek three days' leave of absence. Since Jones was on a commission basis now and it was mainly his time that was lost, Martin Calahan did not refuse.

"Some more darned foolishness, I suppose," was his ungracious comment.

The next morning Bobbie was in the city of New York and taking an elevator to a certain twenty-sixth floor, where, after inquiries and formalities, he was ushered into the presence of a stocky, heavy-shouldered person, whose quick prodding glance led the young man immediately to his point.

"Mr. Cobham?" Bobbie inquired. "Had you thought about Port Judson as a site for your new shipbuilding plant?"

"Port Judson? Never thought of the place in that connection—no!"

This answer was bluff and frank, like the man who gave it, and it caused the visitor to lay down a map and put his finger on that important spot.

Mr. Cobham adjusted horn spectacles and gazed while Bobbie set one leg of a pair of compasses on Port Judson and swept the other leg round in a circle, calling the gentleman's attention to the number of places important to shipbuilding that such a sweep included. When Mr. Cobham was obviously impressed Bobbie spread the compasses more; and, not strangely, they included more. Then Bobbie laid on the map a little sheet of typewritten figures that gave data as to tides and water depths and prevailing winds. There were, also, his compilations of transportation costs. Bobbie read from some of these; and then, pushing map and memorandum toward Mr. Cobham, he said:

"Investigate Port Judson."

"I will investigate it," replied the gentleman with the horn spectacles, with such

(Continued on Page 73)

Oh-Thomas

"Take these shoes over to the repair man. Tell him to put on a pair of

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

"Don't forget that name. It's the kind with the Foster Friction Plug that prevents slipping. No, no other heel will do.

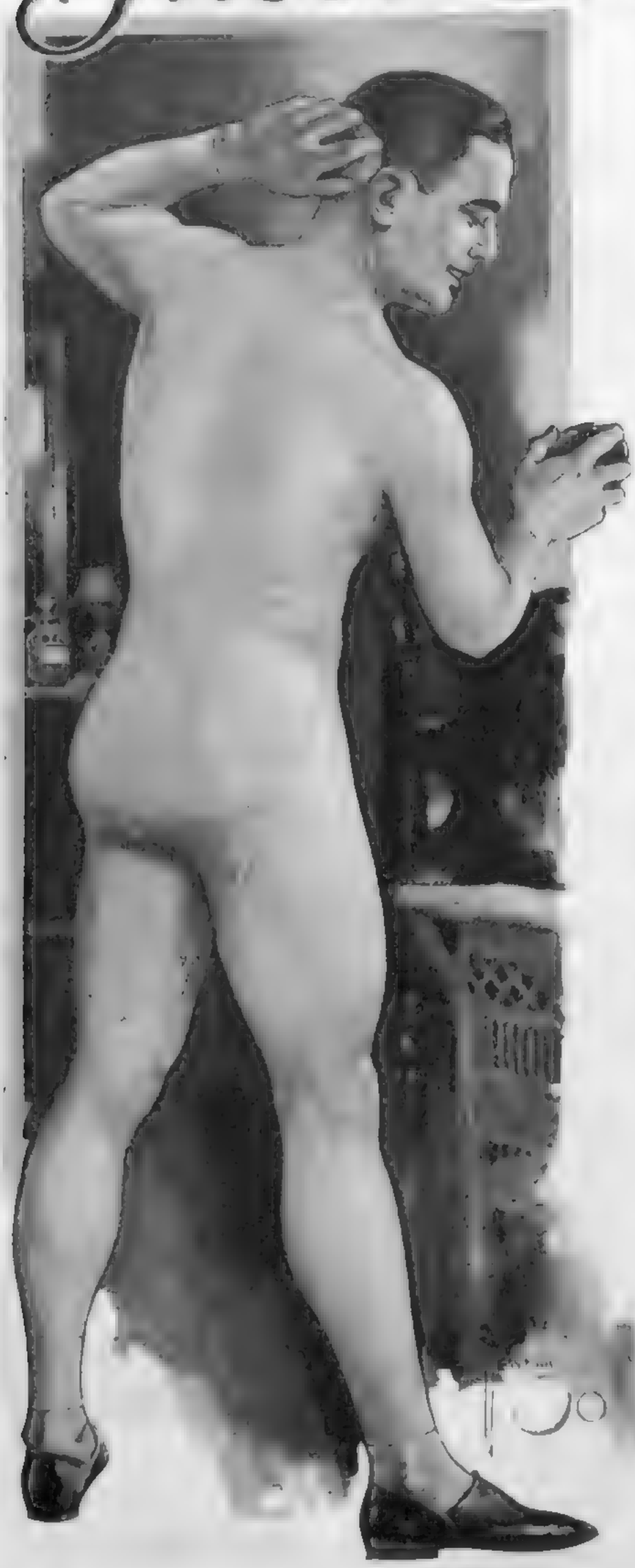
"You see there are no holes to track mud and dirt into the house. Fine heels for you, too, Thomas, less noise around the office, and you'd feel safer on the street.

"The repair man will put them on while you wait."

50c. attached, black, white or tan. For men, women and children, all dealers

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
105 Federal Street - - Boston, Mass.
Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which Prevents Slipping

These Trade Marks



The manufacturer who trade-marks his output obligates himself to maintain quality that his reputation may continue to be an asset.

COOPER'S ORIGINAL Spring Needle UNDERWEAR BENNINGTON

When Cooper of Bennington invented the spring needle machine he gave the world a fabric unequaled for underwear. With this as a foundation there has been builded the greatest influence in the knit goods field. Nothing has been omitted to make the product of this institution all that can be asked for in durability, elasticity, style, fit and finish.

COOPER'S BENNINGTON Spring Needle Underwear

The mile of extra yarn knit into Cooper's Spring Needle Fabric adds a year of durability to the garment. The fine, close stitch provides "the stretch that springs back." This is the one material that yields to every change in position and never binds or draws.

The new shoulder insert gives Cooper's-Bennington the extra five inches of body room required when sitting down and saves the garment itself from strain and adds to its life.

The French collarette retains its shape, is never too tight or too loose. The closed crotch is the last word in one-piece underwear comfort and convenience; the flat lock seam is stronger and prevents any chafing or irritation. And there is a price range to suit every purse

In short, Cooper's-Bennington, the garment, like the store where it is offered for sale and like the label always found in it, represents the highest form of service.

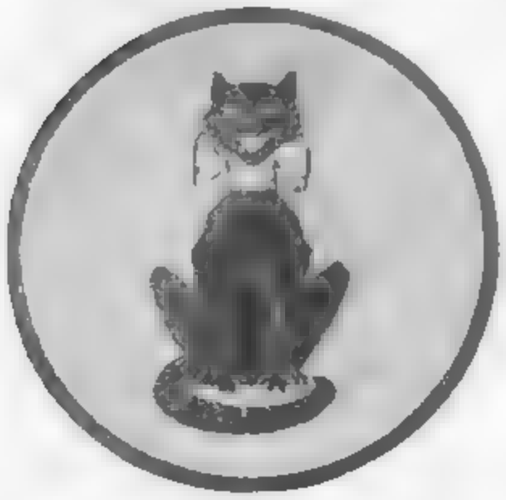
Black Cat Textiles Co.

Makers of Black Cat Reinforced Hosiery for All the Family

Branch Warehouses at

New York, 1107 Broadway
Boston, 63 Chauncey Street
Chicago, 237 S. Fifth Avenue
San Francisco, 57 Sansome St.

Guarantee Quality



To be sure of value, the thinking buyer will insist on goods of known origin—trade-marked products of unvarying quality.

For thirty years the manufacturers of Black Cat have made, and Black Cat dealers have offered the public, a hosiery of unfailing service. Men, women and children have learned to expect a quality which never deviates from a fixed high standard. Black Cat reputation has become not only a great asset but a great responsibility.

Black Cat
Reinforced Silk Hosiery

Fine gauge knitting, correct shaping, and pure silk give women's styles the unwrinkled fit and sheer luster essential to fine appearance. Double reinforcement in toe and sole, high spliced heels, and non-tearing, flare-top garter hem add the wear resistance for which Black Cat is famous.

In men's hose, extra threads woven into sole, toe and heel give durability. No holes! No darning! Comfort and dressiness supreme, extra elasticity to save the strain of putting on—and a ribbed top that won't tear.

In children's stockings, three-ply knees—two extra threads knit in—fortify against play-wear. Toes and heels reinforced with extra threads make a stocking of triple service, and give mother emancipation from the darning basket.

When a merchant offers you Black Cat hosiery you have proof that he buys and sells on a basis of *true values* and not big profits.

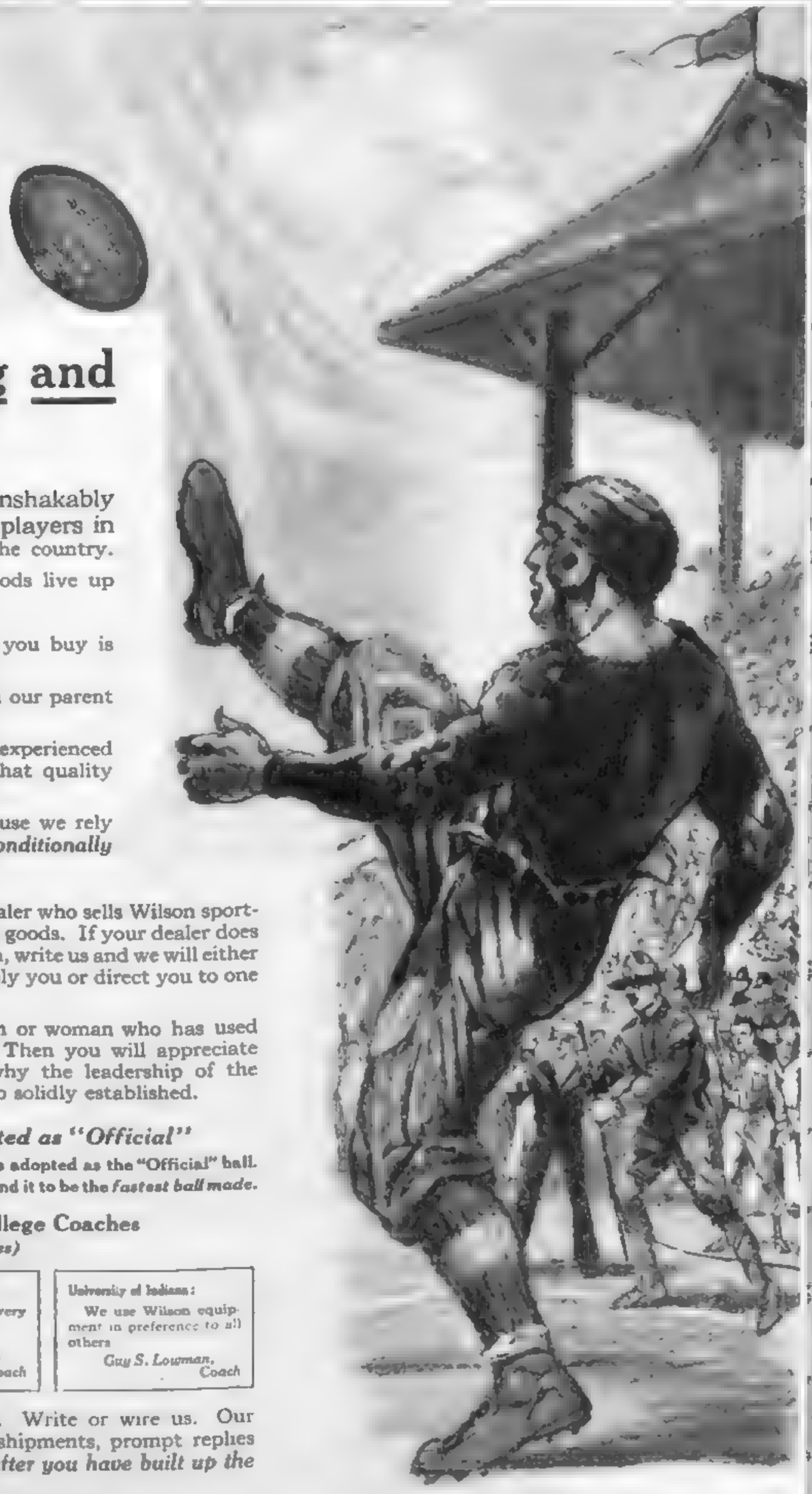
Black Cat Textiles Co.

Makers of Cooper's-Bennington Underwear for Men

Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wisconsin
and Bennington, Vermont

SPORTING & ATHLETIC GOODS
THOS. E. WILSON & CO.
CHICAGO
U. S. A.
MANUFACTURERS

Insist on Wilson Sporting and Athletic Goods



WILSON sporting and athletic goods are unshakably established in the good opinion of the best players in every game and sport, and the leading dealers all over the country.

This good opinion has been *earned* because Wilson goods live up to every statement and every promise we make.

+ + +

The Thos. E. Wilson trademark means that whatever you buy is better from the very start—better even *before it is made.*

To begin with we have first choice of raw materials from our parent institution, the $30,000,000 organization of Wilson & Co.

Thos. E. Wilson & Co. products are designed by expert, experienced players, and made by intelligent people who appreciate that quality must be in workmanship as well as in materials.

The Wilson trademark is better as an investment, because we rely upon the squareness of the American sportsman and *unconditionally guarantee* all Wilson goods.

+ + +

When you pick out your football, basket ball, skating, hockey, gymnasium and other sporting and athletic goods, insist upon the Thos. E. Wilson & Co. trademark shown above.

Insist on it for your own benefit—for the greater value Wilson goods give for the money—for the actual help they are to you in your game or sport.

Go to the dealer who sells Wilson sporting and athletic goods. If your dealer does not handle them, write us and we will either get him to supply you or direct you to one who will.

Ask any man or woman who has used Wilson goods. Then you will appreciate all the more why the leadership of the Wilson line is so solidly established.

Why the Wilson J4 Basketball Has Been Adopted as "Official"

At the National A. A. U. Championships the Wilson J4 Basketball was adopted as the "Official" ball. Many of the country's most prominent universities and colleges have found it to be the *fastest ball made.*

Read These Endorsements From Famous College Coaches

(Hundreds of similar letters are in our files)

University of Wisconsin:
Thos. E. Wilson footballs and basket balls have proven satisfactory in every particular.
John R. Richards

University of Utah:
Your basket ball is worthy of the highest commendation and your football retains its shape regardless of the hardest use
N. H. Norgren, Coach

University of Illinois:
Satisfactory in every particular
Ralph Jones, Coach

University of Indiana:
We use Wilson equipment in preference to all others
Guy S. Lowman, Coach

TO DEALERS—There is good territory still open. Write or wire us. Our co-operative policy means prompt shipments, prompt replies to letters—*and that we will not open a store in your town after you have built up the business and we will help you sell the goods.*

Partial List of Products of the Nine Big Wilson Factories

Wilson "Official" Intercollegiate and College Foot Balls, Intercollegiate Head Harness, Football Pads, Football Pants, Football Shoes, Wilson "Official" Intercollegiate Basket Ball, Basket Ball Nets, Outdoor Basket Ball Outfits, Jerseys, Sweaters, Field Sport Coats, Class Hats and Pennants, Elastic Bandages, Athletic Stockings, Indoor Base Balls, Volley Balls and Nets, Medicine Balls, Hand Ball Gloves, Boxing Gloves, Striking Bags, Gym Middies, Suits and Shoes for Women and Girls. Wilson Skating Shoes for Men and Women. Tennis Equipment. Wilson Golf Equipment, etc., etc.

Wilson products used by U. S. Government. We have created a special department for furnishing Army Officers Equipment Send for free catalog of Puttees, Shoes, Uniforms, Shirts, Hats, Sweaters, Jerseys and Leather Vests.

Use this coupon and get our handsome new fall catalog — an authoritative publication filled with accurate illustrations and descriptions

THOS. E. WILSON & CO., Dept. SP-9, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free—the Wilson Fall Sporting and Athletic Catalog
☐ Check here for Coach Richards U. of W Book How to Play Football"
☐ Check here if you wish to be put in touch with nearest Wilson dealer
Give me particulars regarding the following goods
Name
Address

Thos. E. Wilson & Co.

Sporting Goods and Army Supplies CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 69)

quiet directness as made Bobbie know that the sprawling mixture of seaport and manufacturing town was in for the double-o from a pair of eyes that wouldn't miss much of what was on the surface—or under it either.

"There's my card," said Bobbie, handing him the business Bristol of Calahan & Son—"Presented by Robert L. Jones." "If you like Port Judson, and get down to considering sites there, come and see me."

"I will," said Mr. Cobham, attaching the card by a clip to the memorandum and the map.

In the course of three days more in the big city and in Philadelphia, Bobbie saw four more prospective shipbuilders and had about the same sort of interviews with them. Then he went back to Port Judson and waited. That week's waiting was longer than any year, Bobbie all the while trying honestly to sell lots in the Western Addition. But could he be expected to keep from running back to the office every hour or so, in order to be there in case a gentleman from New York inquired for him?

Not that he mentioned such a possibility at the office. He merely contrived to be about. When no such call came his faith ran low, and he dropped down to the water front to be pumped freshly full of enthusiasm by Captain Elkins. Nightly, too, he saw Drusilla, and at least twice they went out for a look at the bungalow site in the moonlight.

But early in the second week the little two-sheet daily announced, out of a clear sky, that Mr. Allen, of the Hennepin Shipbuilding Company, was in Port Judson looking for a site for their new plant. Bobbie crowed exultantly, but with silencer carefully adjusted. Remembering Mr. Allen well, he hung round the office all day waiting for that gentleman to call. When he did not Bobbie began to keep a suspicious eye on the comings and goings of both the Calahans, but there was nothing to indicate that they had heard from Mr. Allen or considered his visit to the town one of any moment to themselves.

Under the circumstances Bobbie conducted himself with commendable restraint. He did not rush off to Mr. Allen's hotel. He did not attach himself to the coat-tails of any who were entertaining that gentleman. He waited. Even when he knew Mr. Allen was being luncheoned by the Board of Trade, a function Bobbie might easily have attended, that young man, in his growing sagacity, decided not to be present. If Mr. Allen wished to try to slip him the double cross, all right for Mr. Allen!

One thing was sure—when the president of the Hennepin Company undertook to purchase the one most desirable site in the Port Judson tidewater district he would have to walk through the doors of Calahan & Son and inquire of a person named Jones. As a matter of fact, on the afternoon of the luncheon Mr. Allen departed without apprising his hosts as to whether or not he had developed serious intentions regarding blushing Port Judson.

Mr. Allen's visit had one result, however, which to Bobbie was both amusing and gratifying. This was a sudden quickening of interest in water-front property. These wide acres of tide flats, which the day before had no value and no owners, began all at once to have prices and names attached. For Sale signs went up in all directions on the creek—one of these brazenly upon the Hancock property until Bobbie, cruising with Captain Elkins in the latter's motor boat, snagged it out with the anchor chain and let it go ingloriously out with the tide.

The latter part of the same week another gentleman, representing another shipbuilding organization, came to town and was automobiled and motor boated and banqueted by the Board of Trade, and to one person at least the game began to grow exciting. But this second visitor also departed without declaring his intentions, without seeing Calahan & Son, and without inquiring for Bobbie. That young man was not so surprised this time or so chagrined. Instead, he wore a knowing smile. Old Martin Calahan had conceded a long while before that Bobbie was bright; and it looked as if he were in a fair way to demonstrate it, for prices on tidewater lands were steadily mounting.

Bobbie was now sure of getting thirty thousand dollars for the Hancock property, and thirty thousand meant the bungalow site. By day he kept a watchful eye upon the Calahans; by night he and Captain Elkins busied themselves in hauling up signs from the Hancock waters and giving them to the ebb.

Sunday was a day of calm; but Monday the excitement broke out afresh, for it was learned that another shipbuilder was in town. This day everybody was talking tidewater lots, even Calahan & Son.

"We've been caught with one foot asleep on this water-lot business, Ben," Bobbie heard Old Martin confess grudgingly; "but it's not too late to clean up on it yet."

And then the door of the private office was shut; but through its glazed upper half father and son were visible, huge round heads together, conferring long and hopefully.

Had the full facts been known, Port Judson must have been more excited than it was, for not one but two shipbuilding men were in its midst. The second was Mr. Cobham. The first had come commonly in by railroad train and been immediately discovered and pounced upon; but Mr. Cobham came in grandly in his yacht, the Ibis, which dropped anchor about noon in the stream and heeled her sleek and glistening sides gently to the breeze.

Mr. Cobham was in eager mood and after an early luncheon was put ashore, where, like the straightforward business man he was, he made directly for the office of Calahan & Son. The Calahans, having gone out to a leisurely luncheon according to their custom, were not there to greet him; but Bobbie, having, according to his strategy, stayed himself with a sandwich and a glass of milk from the stand-up round the corner, was on hand to do the honors and the business.

Panically anxious to negotiate this important sale himself, he hurried Mr. Cobham out at once. An automobile ride was first proposed to give him the lay of the land and show him where, four miles distant, that competing line of railroad might be tapped. Next on the program was a trip in Captain Elkins' boat; but Bobbie had learned something about human nature while selling lots to mechanics and small tradesmen which he suspected might also apply to the more august human when buying manufacturing sites. Accordingly he instructed Captain Elkins, by telephone to the saloon across the way from the ship chandlery, to meet them with his boat a mile down the river. From there they took the back way into the estuary by means of a small arm of the tide that ran behind the town.

This strategy brought them to the less eligible properties first; and, as there was lots of room in there and a huge area to be considered, Bobbie, by expatiating on the merits of each and lingering long in answering Mr. Cobham's questions, so managed that it was dark when they got down to where the Hancock tract lay—too dark to see it satisfactorily, though enough was visible to raise expectations.

"There's another property right off here on our left," said Bobbie, "that I want you to see in the morning. It's the one I've really had in mind for you, but I thought I'd save your time by letting you see the other properties first. It's not open to any of the objections you have urged against them."

Mr. Cobham darted longing eyes into the darkness and it was plain he wished he could see it now. Bobbie perceived this, but was undisturbed by it. He had learned from Mr. Cobham enough to make sure that the gentleman had determined to locate at Port Judson if a satisfactory site could be found, while the objections he had so far raised to the properties shown convinced the eager salesman that he would buy the Hancock tract on sight.

This was enough to make that young adventurer sanguine, but something else occurred just then to make him wildly excited. It was the fact that just when, in a wild moment, he was entertaining the notion that Mr. Cobham might possibly pay as much as fifty thousand dollars for the Hancock property, the shipbuilder intimated with perfect frankness that he would go as high as one hundred thousand to get what he wanted at Port Judson.

Bobbie nearly fell out of the boat. One hundred thousand was fifty more than fifty thousand, and fifty per cent of fifty thousand was twenty-five thousand, which, plus ten per cent of that first fifty thousand, meant thirty thousand dollars in commissions for Calahan & Son. Of this Bobbie's sixty per cent would be eighteen thousand—not eighteen hundred any more, but eighteen thousand! There was the bungalow site, and the bungalow and all its furnishings, including Drusilla; and there was left a nice little opener for a real-estate business of his own!

The aspiring young man hugged himself tightly in the dark and came out of his ecstasy just in time to hear Mr. Cobham inviting him to dinner aboard the Ibis. That was the most appetizing and tasteless dinner of Bobbie's recollection: appetizing because from soup to cigars it contained in the choicest and most appealing form such a list of viands as only an experienced gourmet could have imagined, let alone ordered; tasteless because in the excitement of these newer and more brilliant anticipations Bobbie's tongue might as well have been lapping sawdust, for any passing impression the food left upon his palate.

Parting from Mr. Cobham with the promise to see him early in the morning, Bobbie went to his boarding house to change a collar before rushing out to Drusilla, but found a peremptory summons to the office awaiting him. He reached the real-estate emporium at the dismal hour of nine-fifteen in the evening. Martin Calahan was alone in his office and pretending to be at work.

"Who's that you've been out with this afternoon?" he demanded sternly over the tops of his glasses, and with much the air of a judge addressing a criminal in the dock.

"Why, Mr. Cobham, of the World Shipbuilding Corporation," explained Bobbie easily.

"How long you had him in tow?"

"All the afternoon."

"Well, you young snip"—and Mr. Calahan's complexion of paste and freckles suddenly grew red right up to the ears—"I want you to understand that when a proposition of that size comes round we want to handle it ourselves! It means too much to take the chance of an inexperienced hand like you spilling the gravy."

"But you told me two or three weeks ago that you were not interested in water lots; that it was a waste of time ——"

"Well, you needn't throw any of that up to me to-night," interrupted Calahan, evidently nervous as well as irritated. "Times have changed since then."

"And I changed 'em!" boasted Bobbie, nettled at being called a snip. "Besides, Cobham is my fish. I went to New York and saw him. He came down here and saw me."

"It don't make any difference about that," snapped Calahan angrily. "I'm goin' to sell him. You understand?"

All at once a horrible suspicion—one that Bobbie knew now he had been harboring for a week unrecognized—came clearly to birth in his mind.

"You mean—you mean that you are going to do me out of my contract share in the commission?" he inquired huskily. "You'll sell him the Hancock lot at ten per cent, which is the contract with her, and sixty per cent of your ten is my contract with you."

"Your contract share? Say!" Calahan's face was getting redder, either with the addition of embarrassment or the increase of anger. "Do you think your contract applies to stuff like this? Look here!" He dragged the contract out of a pigeonhole with such readiness that Bobbie knew he must have been examining it. "It says: 'By your sole individual efforts.'" The thick finger of Martin was pointing to the line.

"But I can sell the man by my sole individual efforts!"

"I wouldn't be willing to trust you," argued Calahan, almost with a sneer. "The chance is too big of your losing the sale to one of our competitors.

"By the way, what did he think of the Hancock property?"

"I haven't shown it to him yet," Bobbie answered rather mechanically, since at the time he was thinking of nothing but the perfidy of this man, Martin Calahan, to whom he had been loyal with all a young man's loyalty.

"Didn't? Look at that now! Suppose somebody else gets at him before morning!"

"I took dinner with him on his boat and I'm due out there for breakfast," deposed Bobbie by way of rebutting this possibility.

"Well, you take me along out there to breakfast with you," directed Calahan crassly; "and from now on I'll handle the business myself."

The real-estate man never knew how narrowly he escaped a throttling at about this moment. As a matter of fact, Bobbie

(Continued on Page 76)

A pipe tobacco that keeps on being liked

When you go into a strange hotel and look around the lobby, you gather in a minute a pretty definite impression of the kind of cigars and tobacco sold there.

Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco is the kind that is sold where Corona Coronas are sold—not because Edgeworth is in the price class of Corona Coronas, but because the kind of man who smokes a 50c cigar usually turns to Edgeworth when he decides to smoke his pipe.

Edgeworth is a favorite tobacco with men who buy their smoking tobacco in the larger-sized packages. We know this to be true because so much Edgeworth is sold in this way.

It is a tobacco that suits the smoker who keeps one generous supply at his office and another supply at his home—the type of smoker who likes his pipe so well that he does not carry his entire supply of tobacco around in his hip-pocket.

Edgeworth has that quality of keeping itself well-liked that some cigars have. There are cigars, you know, that have developed into conspicuous box-sellers. Like Edgeworth, they have that steady capacity for being liked, that makes a man feel assured that he is acting wisely when he buys a quantity.

We do not mean to infer that nobody ever switches from Edgeworth. We know they do, but they most always come back to it and like it better than ever.

Now, we realize that it would take considerable urging on our part to induce you to go forth and buy a dollar package or even a 10c tin just on the strength of our statement that Edgeworth is a much appreciated tobacco.

You may have samples of Edgeworth free if you will write for them.

We say samples because Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco comes in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Plug Slice is the original form and is very popular among certain pipe-smokers. The tobacco has been pressed by powerful machines into compact square plugs which are sliced into regular oblong slices

For smokers who prefer the convenience of a tobacco ready for the pipe, we have prepared Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. It is the same tobacco as Plug Slice but already prepared for the pipe by special rubbing machines.

We will send you a sample of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed and so let you decide about Edgeworth, even to the form in which you prefer it.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c, and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

For the free packages, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one- or two-dozen (10c size) carton by prepaid parcel post at the same price you would pay jobber.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
SMOKING TOBACCO

15 Labor-Saving Conveniences Women Have Always Wanted

No Other Cabinet Combines All These Star Features

No. 1—Automatic Lowering Flour Bin
No. 2—Automatic Base Shelf Extender in lower cupboard
No. 3—Ant-proof Casters
No. 4—Gravity Door Catches
No. 5—Porceliron Work Table
No. 6—Dovetailed Joints and Rounded Corners
No. 7—False Top in Base—Dust Proof
No. 8—All oak
No. 9—Oil Hand-Rubbed finish. Withstands steam in kitchen.
No. 10—Full Roll Open Front
No. 11—Roller Bearings for Extension Work Table
No. 12—Commodious Kitchen Linen Drawer
No. 13—White Enameled Interior—upper section
No. 14—Sanitary Leg Base Construction
No. 15—Glass Drawer Pulls

and 32 other features

YOUR every want is anticipated in this marvel of kitchen comfort!

WHY do you buy a kitchen cabinet? Think! Don't you buy it to save work? Of course you do. Then consider carefully the superior labor-saving features of the Sellers "Special."

This new Sellers "Special" has 15 long-wanted features that never before have been combined in any one cabinet. Things which women have always missed; conveniences that eliminate every needless move—every bit of extra work—and make, for the first time, perfect cabinet convenience, are here.

The Automatic Lowering Flour Bin

The first cabinet with a built-in Flour Bin and Sifter was hailed as a Godsend. But lifting heavy sacks of flour to the top of the cabinet, to fill the flour bin, took all the joy out of the convenience.

So in this marvelous new Sellers "Special" we have a new creation—the Automatic Lowering Flour Bin.

A gentle pull brings it down *level with the table top*. Filling is done without effort. Then a little start, *with your finger*, and it swings noiselessly back into place.

The "Sellers" bin holds 50 lbs. Where can you duplicate that?

This feature alone has won thousands of housewives. It's the most important labor-saving improvement ever made in Kitchen Cabinets. *And no other cabinet has it!* We own the patents.

Other Long-Wanted "Sellers" Features!

See how we *save this labor* in the new Sellers "Special"?

When you open the lower cupboard door, our patented Base Shelf Extender automatically brings the shelf out with it. All pots and pans are in plain view. You can quickly select the one you need from where you sit. That's *real* convenience.

Then look at the guaranteed, pure white, sanitary, Porceliron Extension Work Table. It's a typical Sellers refinement—which all women have wanted.

Notice, too, the Ant-Proof Casters—a patented Sellers idea. They positively prevent ants from crawling up into the cabinet. The Sanitary Base Construction!! The Full Roll Open Front which leaves the table free of doors!! The Steam-proof Finish—White Enamel Interior—and a dozen of other features that will delight any woman's heart. Read them all to the left.

Good Housekeeping Model Kitchen!

Illustration shows the Sellers "Special" in the Model Efficiency Kitchen designed by Good Housekeeping Institute and built by the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Co. The Sellers was selected because it met all the efficiency requirements—a significant honor.

Combined for the First Time In Any Cabinet!

The most important of these innovations are Sellers exclusive creations! No other cabinet has them. This master Sellers "Special" is the only cabinet that offers you *all* these labor-saving helps.

This Sellers "Special" is, we believe, the most nearly perfect cabinet ever built. Holds 300 to 400 necessary articles within arm's reach of where you sit at the work table. Every move is anticipated—everything made more convenient and easier than ever before.

And long years of service are guaranteed by the high quality of materials and superior "Sellers" construction.

The quickest way to prove how much more the Sellers "Special" offers at the same cost is to compare it with other cabinets!

DEALERS! The exclusive "Sellers" Agency in your town will be very profitable to you. Only a few open territories are available. Better write for our proposition at once.

USE THE COUPON AT LEFT

DEALERS
Mail This Coupon!

G. I. Sellers & Sons Co., 1005 13th Street, Elwood, Ind.

Send me details of your Agency proposition and big national selling campaign *at once*.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

SELLERS

The best Servant

See the Wonderful Automatic Lowering Flour Bin-

No other Cabinet has this long-desired feature!

WERE this the only advantage in the new Sellers "Special" thousands of women would prefer it.

But it is only one of many features that women *want*—only one feature that assures better results with less labor and in less time than ever before.

So important do we consider the new Sellers "Special" that we are going to demonstrate it *nationally* to thousands of women during

Sellers *Cabinet Week* *Oct. 1st to Oct. 6th*

See your local dealer at this time. Have him demonstrate each feature of the Sellers "Special." Learn all about it! Compare it critically with any other cabinet. Compare the prices. If you do we know you will select this wonderful new Sellers "Special."

During this national exhibition week, the greatest event of its kind ever planned, most dealers will offer special inducements. Some will sell on attractive credit arrangements; others for $1.00 down and $1.00 a week!

Be sure you see this Sellers "Special" before you buy any cabinet. If you don't know the local Sellers Dealer mail the coupon below.

Fully Guaranteed

Sellers "Special"

Has the patented Automatic Lowering Flour Bin and other features listed. 70 inches high on Ant-Proof Casters. 42 inches wide. 38x41 inch working surface when table is fully extended. Most complete Kitchen Cabinet ever designed.

Sellers Cabinets Cost No More Than *Ordinary* Cabinets

FREE BOOKLET

MAIL COUPON

Tells all about the "Good Housekeeping Efficiency Kitchen." Describes in detail the distinctive labor-saving features of the Sellers "Special."

We will also include "21 Inexpensive Meals," prepared by Constance E. Miller, A. D. E. These are menus for a whole week—with recipes and information about the use of inexpensive cuts of meats, etc. Every woman should have this book. Send no money. Merely mail the coupon completely filled in and we will send booklet free of charge.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., 1005 Thirteenth St., Elwood, Indiana

CABINETS *in your House-*

Housewives
Mail This Coupon!

G. I. Sellers & Sons Co.
1005 13th St., Elwood, Ind.

Please send me *free of charge* copy of your interesting booklet describing Sellers Cabinets and "21 Inexpensive Meals," by Constance E. Miller, A. D. E., and local dealer's name

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

I own a _____ Cabinet.

Date purchased?

If you have no cabinet check here ☐

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in a RETAIL STORE saves time, abolishes errors and pleases customers with neat machine-written, machine-accurate statements.
(Experience of Miller Grocery Co., Cincinnati)

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BINDERS, LEAVES
are the choice of THE BIG MAJORITY of machine bookkeeping users — proof they are the best.
Don't blindly imagine that your business is "not large enough" for machine bookkeeping.
Thousands of businesses your size — retailers, wholesalers, manufacturers, etc., use it.
Learn how they attain accuracy, speed, neatness, more details about their sales — and save money besides!
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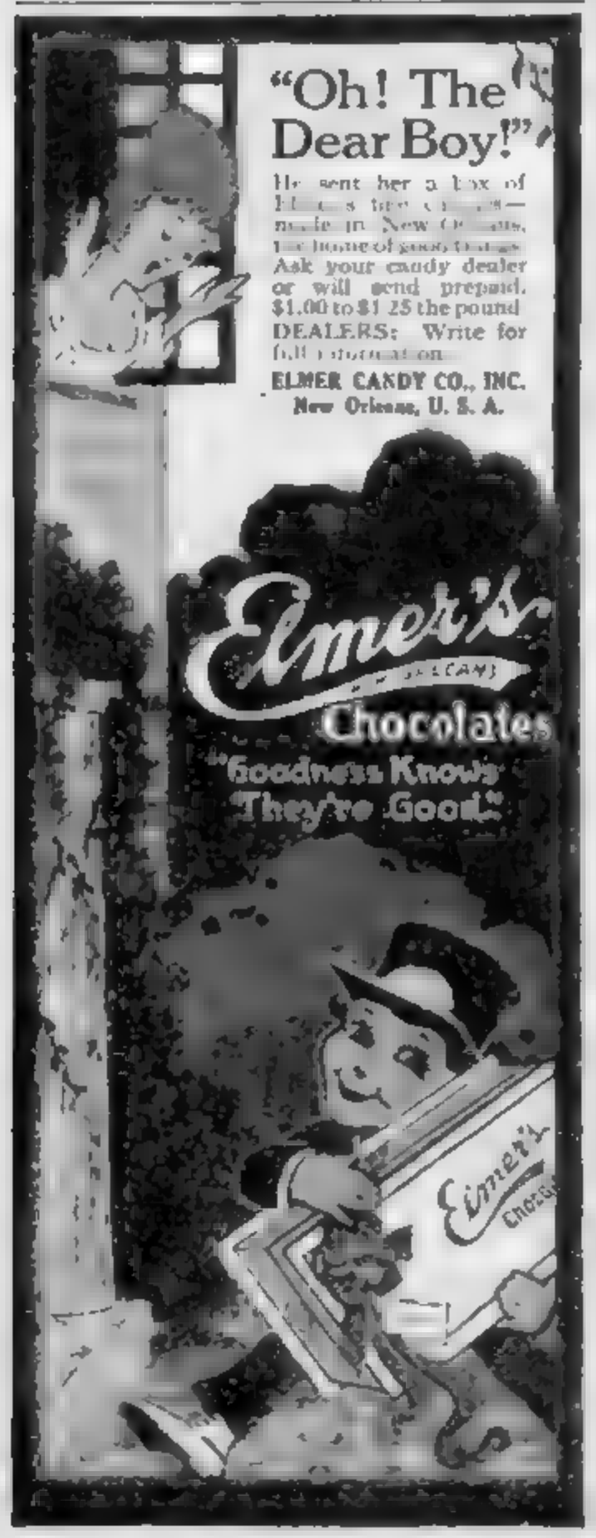
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He sent her a box of
made in New Orleans,
the home of good things
Ask your candy dealer or will send prepaid. $1.00 to $1.25 the pound
DEALERS: Write for full information
ELMER CANDY CO., INC.
New Orleans, U. S. A.
Elmer's
Chocolates
"Goodness Knows They're Good"

(Continued from Page 73)

had ceased to be Bobbie. He was Robert L. Jones now, roused and dangerous, yet speaking with calmness and a self-control that deceived Calahan entirely.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Calahan, that you would do me out of my share in the commission on this deal after I worked up the whole thing myself?"

Mr. Calahan, immeasurably assuaged by seeming to get the reins into his own hands so easily, looked hurt beyond words.

"Why, certainly not, Bobbie! In case I make the sale I intend to take care of you all right for your part in the transaction."

"How much?" demanded Robert L. Jones, thoroughly skeptical now.

"Why"—and the old man hemmed in his throat and hitched in his chair—"if we sell for fifty thousand dollars or better I'll give you an even five hundred. That's more than you've earned in the last two months and it'll be big pay for your time and trouble. Want it in writing?"

Mr. Calahan dipped his pen, for he was anxious to propitiate Bobbie as fully as possible, since he should need him on the morrow.

"No! No!" said Robert L. Jones. "Your word is as good as your bond, Mr. Calahan."

"Course it is!" agreed Mr. Calahan, throwing down the pen, too obtuse and too intent upon his own designs to suspect his young agent of sarcasm. "What time is breakfast?"

"Eight," reported Robert L.

"Meet you at the dock at seven-thirty," announced Mr. Calahan, with no qualms whatever at having invited himself.

"Very well, sir," replied Jones, and went out, plotting deeply. "Won't he get a jar that will stand him on his head though?" he inquired of himself between clenched teeth as he went up the street. "Won't I give him the razz? Yes; you bet I will!"

So Bobbie to himself; and so Bobbie to Drusilla half an hour later, when she had listened first to his narrative, with smoking eyes, and then to his plan, with cheeks aglow and a little squeal of delight.

"Oh, Bobbie! Won't that be wonderful?" she exulted. "I'm so proud of you!"

In this pride she had to slip away and tell her father. He, in his surprise and gratification at the prospect, had to come puffing round the corner of the piazza, the headlight of his cigar heralding his approach through the darkness.

"Good for you, lad!" Mr. Lathrop declared, shaking hands with unwonted cordiality. "You know, Robert, I'm getting to have a good deal more respect for you than I used to have—since this shipbuilding business. Bless my soul if I thought you had spunk enough to fight a flea!"

But while Bobbie plotted and gloated there was counterplot as well. Perhaps an hour after he left the office of Calahan & Son, Ben had entered in a state of considerable exuberance.

"It's all right, father," he croaked. "Foote will pay a hundred thousand for the Hancock property. He's half paralyzed for fear Cobham will beat him to it."

"Sure you've got him fast till to-morrow?"

"I just put him to bed!" declared Ben.

"Good boy, Bennie!" approved Calahan Senior. "Now you hike out for Wallacetown. Take an auto—the trains don't run right. So you take an auto; and you'll have to ride all night, but you get there. Get hold of the widow and buy the property outright. Pay her twenty thousand dollars for it if you have to; though, if she hasn't heard anything you might get it for ten, maybe, unless Jones got her expectations all roused up when he butted in. Go as high as fifty if you have to—and that's our limit; it's all we dare risk. Here's a thousand dollars to pay down and tie her up."

"I'll land her, dad," said Ben eagerly as he laid the packet of yellowbacks lovingly in his wallet. "Holy mackerel, but I wish I was going to be here to-morrow morning to see you play off Cobham against Foote! You've got to work fast, though, or Dodge will pin that Morrison property on Foote."

"Cobham's crowd has the most money," said Martin. "I'll use Foote to run the price up on Cobham, and then let the short man drop out."

"Wise old dad!" laughed the son, showing some buck teeth. "Well, me for Wallacetown!"

Ben hurried out to hunt a garage; but the hours he put in racing madly through the night Robert L. Jones passed in tranquil happiness in his bed. He didn't sleep; but neither did he toss. He lay like a man in a trance, waiting for some glorious ecstasy to come upon him. He reached the dock at seven-twenty next morning and was almost afraid that Martin Calahan might not be there.

As a matter of fact, Martin did at the last moment debate seriously whether he should go or not. His disposition was to wait till he could hear from Ben and be assured that he, through a contract of sale, was the owner of the Hancock property, with information, also, as to what it had cost him.

On the other hand, a certain strain upon his conscience, hardly as strong as guilt, but tending in that direction, made him fear that he might somehow lose Cobham if he didn't fasten to him now. Besides, if Ben was unable to buy, nothing could alter that fact at this late date; and, anyway, Calahan & Son stood to reap ten per cent commission on the sale. With the price climbing steadily, this was likely to create an emolument that in itself would be very nice. The thing, therefore, was that he should sell to Cobham, and sell high.

Accordingly Martin sent word to Foote, at his hotel, to meet him at his office at eleven o'clock; and, anxious and somewhat distracted by the several irons in his fire, but crafty and determined, he presented himself at the boat landing.

Mr. Cobham welcomed Mr. Calahan cordially, seeming to regard his entry into the transaction at this point as entirely natural, and from that moment Robert L. Jones played the rôle of a silent but gloating partner. Hating his principal now with an intensity at least as great as the loyalty he had formerly felt for him, annoyed and irritated by the coarseness, the vapid jokes and hoary witticisms with which he sprinkled Mr. Cobham's perfect breakfast, Bobbie, nevertheless, had to confess that as a salesman Mr. Calahan was decidedly there. But Mr. Cobham made it evident that he was also among those present when it came to driving a wedge into a bargain. In consequence Robert L. found both entertainment and instruction in watching these two seasoned traders square off for action.

The shipbuilder's air had entirely changed the moment he ceased to be a host in his own luxurious cabin. His manner became that of one who was dissatisfied with what he had found in Port Judson, and who never expected to be contented again until the Ibis had weighed her anchor.

Nevertheless, when they had passed under the railroad bridge and began to skirt that portion of the Hancock property which lay above high tide and afforded firm approach to the country road that might in a short time become a city street, Mr. Cobham, gazing raptly over the starboard bow, could not help betraying his satisfaction and delight. Though his lips were tightly clamped, except to ask an occasional question, the answer to which was invariably received with a noncommittal grunt, the gray eyes glinted pleasurably as his quick mind matched one detail after another of the situation to the needs of his enterprise.

But Calahan, also, was maintaining a pose. His remarks continually indicated that he was only half convinced that Mr. Cobham was in earnest about Port Judson, and presently he ventured to intimate that that gentleman might not wish to pay the price which would be demanded for suitable property.

"Price?" blustered Mr. Cobham, inveigled into swelling with conscious pride in the millions back of him.

Calahan ignored the challenge in this ejaculation, going on calmly and mendaciously to remark:

"We've been offered one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for part of this tract, but I've advised the owner not to break it up."

Robert L. Jones looked at Mr. Calahan in mingled contempt for his baseness and admiration for his audacity.

"It's none too large as it is," grudged Cobham.

"Three hundred and fifty thousand is what I expect to get the widow for these water lots," confided Mr. Calahan.

Mr. Cobham emitted a sound like the gurgling of steam pipes.

"Take me back to the yacht!" he called out brusquely to the chauffeur of his motorboat.

Mr. Calahan removed the cigar from his mouth and, with slightly parted lips, scrutinized the face of Mr. Cobham as if studying the weather.

"Seen enough?" he inquired presently.

"Enough to know I'm not going to be held up to any such a tune as that!" snapped Mr. Cobham shortly.

"Oh, well," suggested Mr. Calahan diplomatically, but without backing down. "If three hundred and fifty thousand's not reasonable we'll find it out pretty soon. There's another man waiting for me at the office now. He was pretty anxious last night, but my son held him off because Mr. Jones had opened negotiations with you in New York and we felt like we owed you the first chance at it."

All this while the launch was slowly swinging about in a graceful curve, the helmsman's eye on the face of Mr. Cobham.

"Straighten her out, Hansen," directed that gentleman in a mollified voice. "We might as well take a run across the property before we turn back."

Thus was a crisis passed and Robert L. Jones drew a natural breath for the first time in nearly three minutes. Robert's allegiances, by the way, were now rather difficult to analyze. His hopes were in Calahan—the shameless liar!—though he scorned and detested him. On the other hand, he liked Mr. Cobham, but without extending to him any sympathy in the present conflict, taking it for granted that that hard-headed gentleman was not going to pay one cent more for this property than it would be worth to him.

At the gangplank of the yacht Mr. Cobham turned on Calahan almost fiercely and for the first time committed himself definitely.

"I'm sweet on this Hancock property, Calahan," he announced, "and I'll pay you two hundred thousand dollars for it. Not a cent more! I'll give you till two o'clock this afternoon to make up your mind."

"An offer's an offer," said Calahan just as bluntly. "We'll consider it. I'll talk to the owner on the long distance; and then I've got to see what this other man, Post—no, Foote—what Foote has to say."

"Foote? Is Foote here?"

Mr. Cobham propounded this inquiry quickly, apprehensively almost, as if he knew particularly well what Foote's presence might mean.

"That's his name," said Martin carelessly, bobbing up and down in the launch, while Mr. Cobham stood more steadily on the bottom step of the gangway.

"Well," said the latter, and it appeared that his interest had tightened up still further, "I'll be over at two o'clock to know what you've got to say."

Martin Calahan and Robert L. Jones were delivered to the pier and went uptown on the street car.

"You see, Bobbie?" remarked Martin blandly as soon as they were alone.

"Yes, I see," admitted Robert L. Jones, so full of what it meant to him that Cobham should have offered two hundred thousand dollars for the Hancock property that he could afford to be loftily complacent toward the small vanities of Martin Calahan.

"I'll make that check of yours a thousand," slavered the man, rarely satisfied with his morning's work.

"That's generous of you, Mr. Calahan," conceded Robert L.

"Oh, I'm no penny splitter!" declared Martin, sparing a moment to view himself with pride.

His complacence would have been vastly increased, however, had he known whether at this moment he stood to make twenty thousand dollars in commissions as the agent for the Hancock property, or one hundred and fifty thousand or more as its owner. There was no little latitude for anxiety in this uncertainty, and Martin hurried to his office. A telegram from Ben awaited him.

"Owing to breakdown got here late," the message read. "Party already on way to Port Judson by train."

"Damn these automobiles!" said Martin fervently. "They always break down." Then he thought for a moment and turned to Jones with "Bobbie, Mrs. Hancock left Wallacetown this morning for Port Judson. Look up the time table and see when she's due here."

Robert L. obligingly fumbled the pages of the time table.

"She would have left at nine and she is due here at two-five," he reported after the necessary interval.

"That's five minutes after Cobham'll be here for an answer, and I've got Foote on

(Continued on Page 79

Van Camp's Formula for Mulligatawney Soup

Chicken Stock	80	lbs.
Chicken, cut $\frac{1}{16}$ in. sq.	25	"
Celery	6	"
Onions	15	"
Turnips	8	"
Carrots	15	"
Rice	25	"
Tomatoes, screened	5	gals.
Apples	15	lbs.
Cocoanut	2	lbs.
Fat from chicken	2	qts.
Vinegar	1	qt.
Salt	11	lbs.
Sugar	4	"
Butter	7	"
Curry Powder	1	"
Cayenne		oz.
Nutmeg		"
White Pepper	1	"

Preparation of Chicken Stock

From 2 to 5 p. m.

Clean chickens. Base amount on cleaned weight, and place in kettle with cold water. Soak until midnight.

From 12 to 2 a. m.

Raise temperature slowly to 180 degrees Fahrenheit.

From 2 to 6 a. m.

Hold temperature at 180 degrees. Skim off fat; hold for later use.

At 6 a. m.

Take chicken from kettle to cool.

From 7 to 10 a. m.

Cut chicken. 80 pounds of cleaned chicken will yield about 25 pounds of cut meat. Leave liquor in the kettle for first stock.

Place bones in water at 180 degrees Fahrenheit in another kettle.

From 10 to 12 noon.

Keep this kettle at 180 degrees.

From 12 to 2 p. m.

Raise temperature to boiling in about 30 minutes and boil 1½ hours.

Draw off this second stock and add proportionately to first stock. Stir well in drawing off.

Other Ingredients

Cut the celery fine with a chopping machine.

Pass onions and turnips through a grinder, holes 6 millimeters in diameter.

Weigh salt, sugar, butter, curry powder, cayenne, nutmeg and white pepper into one container in the order given.

Cut carrots into small pieces, blanch, then pass through grinder with holes 6 millimeters in diameter.

Rinse rice with cold water before using.

See that tomato stock has a specific gravity of 1.032.

Pass apples through grinder with holes 6 millimeters in diameter.

Cocoanut must be finely shredded.

All sliced chicken meat must be cut into cubes in our cutting machine, all cubes exactly $\frac{5}{8}$ inch square.

Vinegar must contain 10 per cent acetic acid.

Directions for Cooking

Turn on steam—

Put in chicken stock, celery, onions, turnips. Bring to boil in 7 minutes. Boil 1 minute.

At 8 minutes—

Add salt, sugar, butter, spices. Boil 3 minutes.

At 11 minutes—

Add carrots. Boil 6 minutes.

At 17 minutes—

Add rice. Boil 6 minutes.

At 23 minutes—

Add tomatoes, apples, cocoanut. Boil 2 minutes.

At 25 minutes—

Add fat. Boil 2 minutes.

At 27 minutes—

Add cut chicken. Boil 1 minute.

At 28 minutes—

Add vinegar. Boil 1 minute.

Turn off steam—

Can at once.

18 Soup Creations

Evolved by Scientific Cookery

Fine Examples of This New-Day Art

HERE is one Soup formula as perfected by the Van Camp scientific cooks.

A famous chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris devised the original recipe. Then our culinary experts—college trained—made countless tests and changes. It took them three years to evolve this masterpiece of quality and flavor.

Mark the exact directions. Note how every detail is exactly specified—time, size, weight, rotation and degrees of heat. All those items are essential to a soup like this.

Then, once perfected, no detail ever varies an iota. So every dish—forever—is identical.

18 Kinds Made Likewise

We publish this formula—as an illustration—because we value it the least. Some Van Camp formulas are valued up to $500,000 each.

There are eighteen formulas for Van Camp's Soups alone, including every popular kind. Each was evolved by testing hundreds of scientific blends. Each comprises, as does this one, scores of minute instructions. And each is a matchless creation.

But scientific cookery, as practiced here, starts long before the formula. It starts with seeds and soils, which so affect vegetable flavors. And many materials are selected by analysis.

We stop at no extreme to get the pinnacle of flavor. All our butter, for instance, is made where pastures are at their best.

Compare Our Soup with the Finest Soup You Know

All Van Camp's Soups were originally made by a noted Parisian chef. He made them here just as he made them for world-famed hotels.

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"No longer John Smith, merchant, but artist, dreamer, poet"

A STORY OF AN EVENING WITH The PIANOLA

The great modern pianoforte that all can play

"IF I should write 'pianist' on my business cards, it would create something of a sensation, wouldn't it? But I have some right to the title, nevertheless.

"By day, business claims me wholly. It isn't simply my bread and butter, it's my life. I love it and all the enthusiasm and energy in my nature are consecrated to it.

"But I've learned, as other Americans are learning, that there is something to life besides business—that there is another side to us that deserves cultivation, and which, if cultivated, broadens us, makes life pleasanter and actually makes us better business men. That something for me is music.

The Pianola has granted me an artist's accomplishments

"While I was enjoying an after-dinner cigar and a magazine article the other evening, Mother took up my evening paper as usual. Presently she spoke. 'John,' she said, 'don't you want to give us a little music?'

"'Surely,' I said, going over to the music cabinet. 'What shall I play? Classic, popular, or what?'

"'Oh, play anything,' she answered, 'I like it all.'

"So I selected my program and carried the rolls over to the piano. Two pieces of Nevin's: 'A Venetian Love Song' and the 'Gondolier.' Chopin's 'Ballade in A Flat,' Liszt's '12th Hungarian Rhapsodie,' Beethoven's 'Sonata Pathètique' (the Andante Movement), a 'Romance' by Pascal, a Medley of Popular Broadway Hits, and a rattling new fox-trot by Ted Eastwood.

"I adjusted the first roll—the 'Venetian Love Song'—put my feet on the treadles, my hands on the expression levers and—lo! The music had me. No longer John Smith, merchant—I became John Smith, artist, dreamer, poet. All the deeper forces of my nature stirred into life. Emotions, dumb and unsuspected at other times, rose and thrilled me. I felt intensely, and, thanks to modern inventive skill, expressed my feelings.

"The soft, melodious measures painted pictures in my mind. It is twilight on the Grand Canal. The sweet hush of evening is unbroken, save by the lapping of the water against steps worn by the feet of countless generations of Venetian nobility.

"Swiftly and silently a gondola approaches and is deftly brought beneath a latticed window overlooking the Canal. The gondolier lifts a guitar from velvet cushions, swings the ribbon over his head, strikes a soft chord, and to the window above float the love-tones Nevin's heart gave to the world.

Personal pleasure—and enjoyment for others

"There, it is finished. I come back from fancy's world and put in the next roll, while mother says, with a little sigh, 'Wasn't that exquisite? You played it beautifully.'

"One by one, I play all the pieces I've selected. Each has its story—each carries me to a fresh and lovely world. Liszt's rugged and virile genius transports me, now swiftly in hurried rushes, now slowly in stately measure to wild Rumanian plains, where Gypsy and Magyar battle, make love, and dance, all in barbaric phantasy.

"Chopin, noble, refined, leads me to his world, no less alluring, if more familiar.

"Beethoven—music's great tragic master—neither leads nor beckons to where he holds sway. But all who feel the spell of music, willingly enter his domain and awesomely, reverently, feed their souls with the grandness and beauty that were his.

The lightest as well as the greatest of music

"And so I come to the lighter pieces in my program, and dancing, rippling, happy frivolity claims me.

"The Broadway Hits penetrate evidently to the heights above, for presently down come Charles and Edna from their studies. 'One dance, father, please, before you stop.' So here goes the fox-trot. Crisp and sparkling, the piano beats out its rhythmic measures. And—'It's no use,' says Charles, breathlessly, as he releases his sister, 'the piano's got anything else beaten a mile for playing dance-music. That's a corking piece. What's its name?'

"There! That's the story of last evening in our home—of countless other evenings. Also it is the explanation of why I might put Pianist as well as Merchant on my cards.

"Of course, you've long ago guessed that our piano is a Pianola. How else could I, a business man, with no aptitude nor opportunity to learn when young, and no leisure now, be a pianist?

"And now, as I am a salesman, I may be allowed to give you a 'tip' *Buy a Pianola!*

"Trade in your old, silent piano, if you have one, and pay some difference. Buy it outright for cash—or buy it on small, monthly payments—only, *buy one!*"

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This is its fascination. Your performance is a personal accomplishment, just as is the real pianist's. Only your work is absorbingly interesting and enjoyable—his, mainly arduous.

Of course such results are possible only with the Metrostyle Pianola. It is the player-piano which you and everyone can play artistically and the only one which is unreservedly endorsed by practically all the world's leading musicians.

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my hands in ten minutes," lamented Martin. "Here, Bobbie; can I trust you?"

"You never have," said Robert L. Jones coolly. "You might try it."

"By gosh, I will!" decided Calahan, overlooking, in the stress of these piping times, the gentle shaft of irony. "You meet Mrs. Hancock at the train and take her to the hotel, and telephone me. I'll put Cobham off and come."

Robert L., with a grim inclination of the head, accepted this slight trust and went to luncheon, still rather light-headed with that overrush of happiness which would none the less be flecked with anxiety till certain loose knots were tightened and certain tight ones untied.

Meantime Ben Calahan's resources were not wholly exhausted, for he discovered after sending his telegram that he might, by a dash across the country—provided his car didn't break down again—overtake Mrs. Hancock at a junction point where she changed cars and had to wait forty minutes.

This strategy proved successful. Ben arrived at this junction in time to identify tentatively the tall gray-haired woman, who was waiting, as the widow. Leaving his driver to take the car back to Port Judson, he boarded the train and took a seat in the parlor car not far from the object of his designs, who, it appeared from this parlor-car seat, knew how to travel comfortably, so far as comfort was obtainable.

After staring at the widow outrageously Ben managed to introduce himself by an apology, being sure he had seen the lady before and inquiring whether she might not be Mrs. Hancock, who, in his boyhood, had lived in Port Judson.

"Ben Calahan?" inquired the widow in a high key. "Why, you look just like your pa did thirty years ago, though that ain't payin' neither of you any special compliment, I'll admit. How you gettin' along? And how's things over to Port Judson? I'm agoin' over to visit my Cousin Dan'l. Ain't seen Drusilly for nigh onto four years."

This seemed like assurance that Mrs. Hancock was entirely uninformed as to recent developments in Port Judson, and Ben immediately permitted himself to recall that she had some water lots over there.

"Them's the ones Myry Jones' boy was inquirin' about. You ain't done nothin' with 'em, I suppose?"

"No, we haven't," confessed Ben with a great appearance of honesty; "but we got a notion, dad and me, of buying them lots off you and holding 'em for investment."

"I been holdin' 'em forty years for investment," said the widow, "and my arms is beginnin' to ache. Land knows I'm willin' enough for somebody else to hold 'em a while!"

This was downright encouraging, and Ben accommodatingly offered the widow five thousand dollars for her lots.

"Land sake!" exclaimed the lady, perking up and actually beaming on Ben.

She did not offer to sell at that figure, however, whereat Ben, after an appropriate interval, craftily presumed that she might be willing to take fifty-five hundred dollars. But the widow was not without craft upon her own account, and in the course of some fifty miles of travel gently eased Benjamin Calahan upward till at last he found himself boldly offering twenty thousand dollars for the water lots.

"Land sake! You don't say! Twenty thousand dollars for them old water lots?"

The widow was gazing at Ben benevolently—so benevolently that he smiled the broad satisfaction-exuding smile which expresses anticipations of victory; but Mrs. Hancock, timing her action nicely, caused the smile to sicken and die.

"No!" she decided with an abrupt tilt of her sharp chin, while an anxious angle appeared on her brows. "No, Ben; I don't reckon I'll sell—not right here on the train, anyway. As long as I'm going over to Port Judson I'll give them lots the once-over again myself, and then you come and see me."

When the widow said this, something about the manner of it, or the gleam in her hard brown eye, roused in Ben the horrid suspicion that she knew something and had, in fact, been toying with him for the matter of two long hours, thereby whiling away a considerable part of the tedium of a railroad journey. It appeared, too, that the next stop after this was the place where Ben got off.

"See you in Port Judson, I p'sume?" was the widow's farewell, her eye resting upon that ambitious but disappointed young man with anticipations that were truly pleasant.

Ben dispatched another telegram to his father. It read: "Caught party on train. Refuses to do business. Probably wise. Nothing left but to go ahead on commission deal."

"He needn't be telling me what to do!" was Martin's irritable comment upon the latter part of the message, after which the man fell into an unpleasant chain of reflections, bringing up with "That old woman never did care for me—and less since the time Dan'l stung himself on the meadowland deal. Like as not she'll take the property out of our hands the minute she gets in town."

For a further immobile moment Martin caressed his sandy goatee affectionately and thoughtfully.

"Well," he decided, "I'll fool her. I'll sell that property to Cobham before she steps off the train."

And Martin, in his foresight abandoning the pleasant thoughts of luncheon—always a function dear to his heart—put his stenographer at drawing up an agreement of sale between Calahan & Son and the World Shipbuilding Corporation. By two o'clock this was complete—all except the selling price, which was left blank.

Mrs. Hancock duly arrived on the two-five and was duly met by her only authorized agent, Robert L. Jones.

"Have them Calahans cheated you and me out of our eyeteeth yet?" was her first inquiry.

"Not yet," chuckled Bobbie; "and they're working harder to-day to make money for us than they ever worked before to make it for themselves."

"Hain't that delightful!" declared the widow, who, on account of a long telephone talk with Bobbie the night before, was in a position to appreciate the situation thoroughly.

"How's prices?" she inquired.

"Two hundred thousand now, and going higher!" gurgled Bobbie.

The widow fairly cackled her delight as they walked through the station.

"Land sake!" she exclaimed, pressing a hand to her breast. "My old heart is jumpin' round like a chicken with its head cut off."

Drusilla, who, in response to a hint from Bobbie, was waiting outside—and, by the way, in that birthday present of a motor car to which old Daniel had referred so sarcastically a few months before in a talk with a suitor—waved her gauntleted hand and called to them. The girl was all aglow; nay, more, she was all agush!

"Isn't Bobbie wonderful?" she demanded of Cousin Helen.

"Perfectly surprisin'!" conceded the widow without the slightest reservation.

Bobbie placed Mrs. Hancock's bags in the car, waved the two ladies an adieu, watched the roadster dodge up the street, and then devoted himself to killing time. When this had been done in the necessary amount he rang up the office.

"Couldn't hold her, Mr. Calahan," he reported. "Drusilla Lathrop was there to meet her and she insisted on going right out with her."

"Too late, anyway," reported Calahan, a strange mixture of disappointment and elation in his voice. "I'll just call her up there and tell her the news."

"The news?" inquired Robert L. Jones with trepidation ill concealed.

"Yes, Bobbie," replied Calahan in leisurely saccharine tones. "I've just sold the Hancock property to Mr. Cobham for two hundred and twenty thousand dollars."

Two hundred and twenty thousand—actually! For a moment Robert L. Jones was just Bobbie, weak with the joy of a great triumph and clinging helplessly to the telephone which had brought him the good word; and then he braced himself and was Robert L. again.

"I'm glad for the widow's sake," he said; "but you needn't expect me to congratulate you after the way you took that out of my hands!"

"Now, Bobbie," drooled Calahan, "don't you get to feelin' unreasonable about that. You're going to see after a while that I've done about the usual thing; and it's square enough."

"It may be usual, but it's not square," said Robert L. Jones, straight from the shoulder.

"Perfectly square!" roared Calahan, insulted. "You can come up here this minute and get that thousand-dollar check I promised you if you think I'm not square."

"I'll do it," said Robert L.

Robert came and Calahan wrote the check.

"Jones," he urged as he passed over the order on his bank account, "I feel perfectly good about handin' you this. Now don't let's have any hard feelin's over this transaction. You don't want to spoil your future with us."

"Honestly, Mr. Calahan," assured Robert, "there's no hard feelings so far as I'm concerned. I—I only feel sorry for you."

"Sorry for me?" Calahan threw back his head and laughed—happily, coarsely, blindly; and it was well that he got his laugh when he could.

For the balance of that afternoon Robert L. Jones performed no sort of gainful labor whatever. He did not try to sell a single lot in the Western Addition, but, instead, drove about with Drusilla in her new car; and it must be confessed that some of the impulsive things he did in shady spots on suburban roads threatened to interfere seriously with the sober behavior of that little blue automobile. Eventually the two young people turned up on the dock, where Bobbie dropped in at the old ship chandlery to tell the good news to Captain Elkins.

"Hoo-ray!" shouted that hilarious old salt, throwing up his newspaper. "Hoo-hooray!"

In his excitement the captain rushed outside that he might feel the fresh breeze upon his brow, and there Bobbie introduced him to Drusilla.

"My friend Captain Elkins, Drusilla; to whom I owe the inspiration of the whole idea. I shall requite him with something more substantial than words in a few days."

Just then the sharp clang of a gong sounded across the water and the eyes of all three were turned to where the Ibis lay. Smoke was pouring from her stack and the anchor was coming up. As the screw began to churn, a stout, solid-looking man came out on the after-deck, stood looking off toward the estuary, and there remained, gaze fixed, his whole body in a pose that never altered, till the rounding of Catt Point cut the yacht from view. It was Mr. Cobham standing there so immobile, and the three who watched him, fascinated, knew that ships and shipyards were building in his brain.

For three days after this Bobbie contained himself but ill while Mr. Cobham's attorneys were in Port Judson, searching title, and digging and prying into the past of the Hancock property in order to make sure their principal was getting what he was buying. At the end of the third day this assurance was complete and a telephone message went to New York. Along toward noon of the following day the Ibis again dropped anchor in the harbor.

A meeting had been arranged for two in the afternoon at the office of Calahan & Son, to deliver the deed and property and to hand over the price thereof. Mr. Cobham and his attorney were there; Mr. Calahan and his son were there; the Widow Hancock was there—and asking that her young friend Robert L. Jones be present also. Mr. Calahan couldn't see any need for this; yet neither could he refuse such a natural and modest request.

The proceedings at first promised to be rather commonplace. The widow was the coolest of the party. She signed the deed in her accustomed firm, angular hand. Calahan and Jones witnessed it. The notary took the widow's acknowledgment, affixed his certificate and seal, and passed the deed to Mr. Cobham's attorney. The attorney decided it was regular and returned it to the Widow Hancock. The Widow Hancock formally passed it to Mr. Cobham. That was all on one side. The water lots were in his possession.

But, on the other side, there was Mr. Cobham, holding in his hand a stiff bluish bit of paper. This he now tendered to Mr. Calahan, who, after regarding it lovingly—and covetously—and trying to keep his hand from trembling the while, passed it to the Widow Hancock. She wiped her glasses freshly and scanned it closely. It was a check of the World Shipbuilding Corporation, certified by the National City Bank, and it read for two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The widow turned it over and studied the certification closely.

(Concluded on Page 83)

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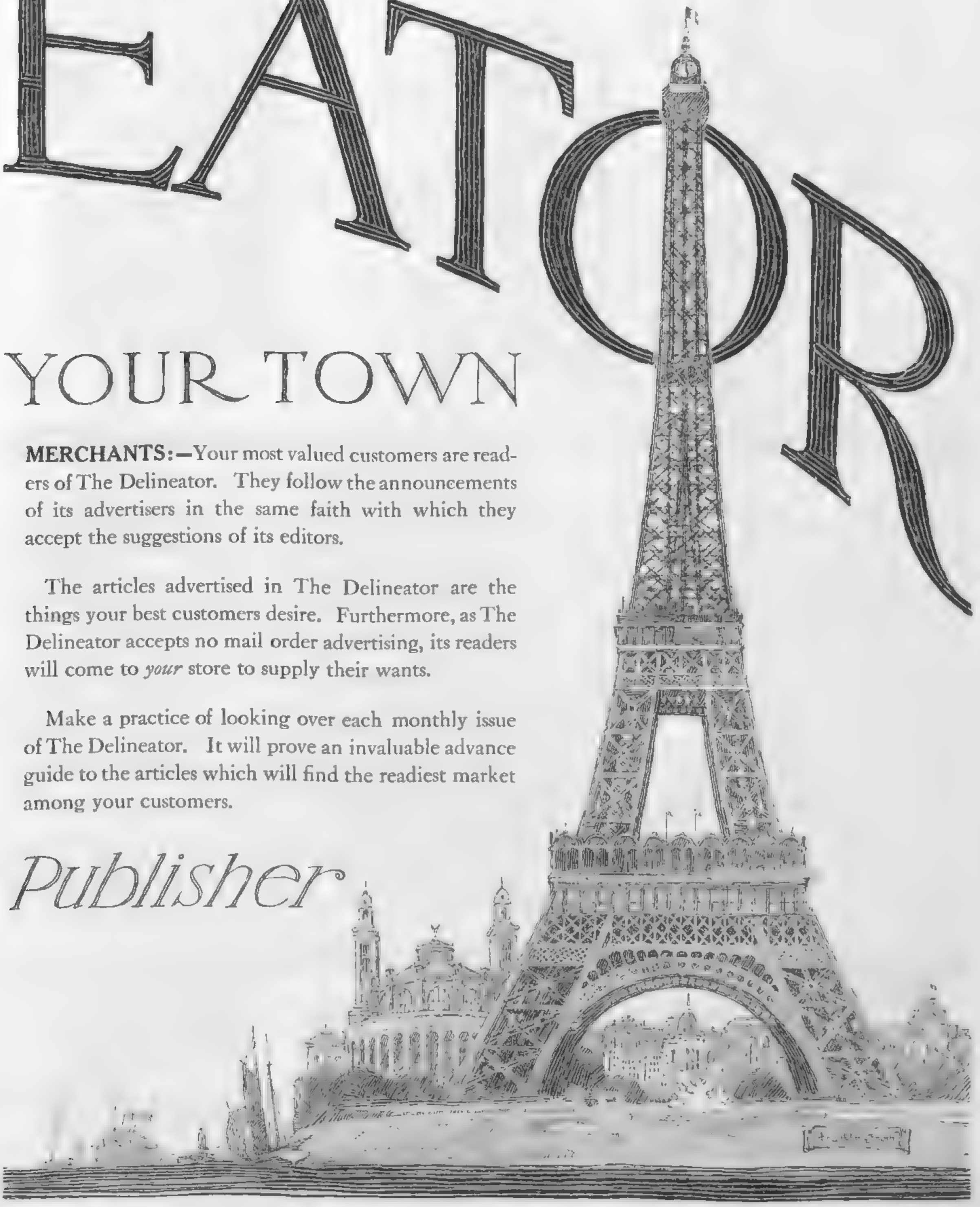

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(Concluded from Page 79)

"I can't make nothin' but hen tracks out of that cashier's signature; so it must be genuine," she commented with a quavery little laugh, and then snapped the check into her old black purse like any dollar bill.

Mr. Cobham and his attorney rose, made the usual amenities and passed out, taking their deed with them and leaving the rest of the group behind with an air of expectancy hovering over it and Martin Calahan gazing hopefully at Mrs. Hancock. Mr. Calahan was very bland.

"Our commission, I believe, Mrs. Hancock, was to be ten per cent."

"The commission under the contract was ten per cent on the first fifty thousand," she corrected, speaking crisply and categorically, "and fifty per cent on all above that."

The full import of this statement passed in at the ear of Mr. Calahan and smote him hard upon the brain. Indeed, it temporarily stunned him, so that he made no move except as one hand fumbled in a lost way among the papers on his desk.

"It's a pretty big commission," went on the widow, talking into the silence her sensation had created. "Course I didn't calc'late the price'd run much higher than fifty, but I wanted to put some ginger into this young man here, so's he'd make sure of getting me something out of them old water lots; and now I'm perfectly satisfied with my bargain. Anybody that can sell a piece o' th' Atlantic Ocean is entitled to be paid well for doin' it."

Calahan had recovered sufficiently to do some rapid and fairly accurate mental arithmetic. "Hum!" he gaped presently, his face expressing the daze into which his mind had been knocked. But still he managed to carry a sort of air.

"Bobbie," he suggested with an attempt at benignity, "you negotiated the contract with Mrs. Hancock. Go out and ask Miss Roberts for it."

"Certainly!" said Robert L. Jones, obeying with alacrity, since he had waited four days to have this request made of him in just this way, and had been on tenterhooks lest the Calahans should go looking into that contract themselves and his climax be spoiled—though not the effect of it.

"Hum!" said Calahan again, scanning the document for the first time and directing his gaze at the terms of it, after which he made fresh computations, this time with a lead pencil on the back of an envelope.

"Yes," he announced; "fifty thousand dollars at ten per cent figures five thousand dollars, and one hundred and seventy thousand dollars at fifty per cent figures eighty-five thousand dollars—total commission, ninety thousand dollars."

At this juncture old Martin could barely refrain from leaping up and hugging Bobbie Jones. To think that young man had had the foresight to negotiate a contract like this!

"Ben," he directed, "get Mrs. Hancock a blank check."

"I've got it all ready," spoke up the widow.

And out from the same old black purse she drew a check, less elegant in appearance than Mr. Cobham's, but one that would be perfectly good in half an hour, and it read for ninety thousand dollars. She passed it to Mr. Calahan, mainly that he might see what a check for a commission of ninety thousand dollars looked like.

"Why, this is made out to Mr. Jones!" observed Martin with a shade of annoyance on his moist brow.

"My dealin's was with him," explained the widow.

Ben Calahan, in his anxiety, leaned forward till his chair creaked, but Martin's thick skin was still nearly bombproof.

"Just indorse this, will you, Bobbie?" he proposed suavely, passing the check to that young man and dipping the pen for him.

"When I indorse this, Mr. Calahan," he said, using a tone in which the office had never before heard him speak, "it will be to my own credit."

The broad flaccid features of Martin Calahan for a moment expressed surprise; then consternation; then rage.

"What child's play is this?" he demanded.

"It is man's play!" thundered Robert L. Jones, towering high. "You tried to rob me of my legitimate share in a commission on a transaction that I originated and could have finished; and what you get for your trouble is—that!"

Very big, very aggressive, football shoulders and all, Bobbie had snapped his fingers in Martin Calahan's face; whereupon Ben Calahan leaped up, blustering and pretending to interpose his globular form between them.

"Do you stand back, or do I put you back?" inquired Robert L. Jones.

Ben Calahan did not answer orally, but he stepped back, blusterings gone, face white, mouth opening and closing like a fish's, and with a look of respectful terror in his eyes.

"Let me handle 'im, Ben," directed Martin. "He's a little excited over seein' so much money."

Robert's answer to this was to take up the contract from Calahan's desk.

"It reads to me," he said, pointing to the opening phrases.

"To you?" exclaimed Calahan hoarsely, paling as he saw the point. "Why, that's no good; you negotiated it as our employee!"

"It reads to me, Mr. Calahan," iterated Robert L. Jones, speaking sternly; "but I offered it to you in good faith, expecting, until four days ago, to take no more of that commission than my sixty per cent under the contract. Four days ago you tried to freeze me out. You froze yourself out instead."

Martin sat with chalky-white face. Once he opened and closed his loose lips, but no sound came from them. In part it was consciousness of guilt that whipped him; but in part, too, it was some new and unsuspected force in this young man who stood here before him—a man whom, it could be quite truthfully said, Martin Calahan had never before seen.

"But where—where do I come in?" Martin gasped presently.

"You don't come in. You go out!" said Robert heatedly. "If I treated you the way you treated me I'd merely give you something for your time. Here! Here's the thousand dollars you gave me." And Bobbie drew the check from his pocket. "I'll just hand that back to you, and you're paid." Then he hesitated and decided: "No; I won't. I'm going to keep this and frame it as an evidence of the generosity and the perfidy of Martin Calahan."

"Don't lose your head now, Bobbie," cautioned the widow. "Do him like you said you was agoin' to."

Encouraged by this intervention from an unexpected source, Martin ventured to argue: "I got more for the property than you could have got."

"That's right; you did," admitted Robert frankly, getting himself in check once more. "And I'll be square with you where you were crooked with me. I'll pay you the commission you expected to get—twenty-two thousand dollars; and then you'll pay me back sixty per cent of it."

Martin had recovered himself somewhat and was figuring with trembling hands and an avid gleam in his eye.

"And sixty per cent of twenty-two thousand dollars means that I hand you back thirteen thousand two hundred again," he quavered. "I'll never do it!"

"You bet you won't," affirmed Robert masterfully, "because I shall deduct my sixty per cent and hand you eighty-eight hundred dollars."

"Then, what I get out of this transaction is eighty-eight hundred dollars, and what you get is eighty-one thousand two hundred!"

"You're good at mathematics," retorted the Jones person.

"In other words, I work my head off making eighty thousand dollars for you while I'm making eight thousand for myself?"

"A reversal of the usual process," admitted Robert smoothly.

"I'll never settle that way. I'll take it into court."

"And perhaps you'll tell the court," suggested Robert L., "that when, acting as Mrs. Hancock's agent, you had an offer of one hundred thousand dollars for the property you suppressed the fact and tried to buy it from her for five thousand. That, I think, amounts to conspiracy to defraud."

"That was perfectly legitimate, because, according to this thing, I never was her agent," screamed Calahan, shaking the offending contract contemptuously.

"Then you have nothing to go to court on," smiled Robert.

Again Calahan was stopped, baffled entirely by this self-evident proposition. Next he turned to the widow.

"Madam," he demanded, "are you willing to give up to this young man ninety thousand dollars of your money? It's outrageous! It's robbery!"

"If it was robbery for him to get me one hundred and thirty thousand dollars for my property, what was it for you to offer me five thousand dollars for it?"

Martin recoiled from the bitterness of this speech, stammering:

"But that was different!"

"Yes," retorted the widow sarcastically; "it was different. You tried to take advantage of me, supposin' I knew nothing. Mr. Jones found me knowin' nothing and offered to make my property valuable for me; and he done it. He gets paid for doin' a good job."

Calahan subsided, not another squirm left in him, and sat with downcast eye. Bobbie was writing his check.

"It's hot in here, Bobbie," said the widow. "I'll get out. I reckon you and me know where to meet each other directly."

Martin, rallying his faculties and always ready to make the best of a bad bargain—Martin, a man whose whole business life had been made up of compromises and tag-ends—sat with these leavings of a big transaction in his hand; and it occurred to him that for four days' work eighty-eight hundred dollars was not so bad.

Besides, he would like to smother this thing up some way. It might get to smoking and start a conflagration.

"I admit, Bobbie," he palavered, "that I come near givin' you a pretty raw deal the other day; but that was because I didn't appreciate how smart you were. I'd have seen it in the right light in time, though; and I'd have taken care of you."

Bobbie looked at the appealing eyes of Calahan, and his expression was so hard it alarmed the old man.

"Ben, go out, won't you?" his father pleaded. "I want to talk to Bobbie heart to heart."

Ben, unsympathetic and affronted, clicked his tongue and went out, scowling.

"You were speaking, Robert"—at last Calahan had sensed the change in his man and could no longer call him Bobbie—"you were speaking, Robert, about a place in the firm ——"

Robert transfixed the man with a look.

"Mr. Calahan," he said, "you couldn't get me into this firm—now that I know what it's like. Besides, Drusilla Lathrop and I are going to start a little firm of our own."

At the end of this speech Robert L. Jones rose, walked by Martin Calahan without looking at him again, and passed out into the street. The Lathrop family car, and not by accident, was standing at the curb. Daniel himself was at the wheel, with Cousin Helen by his side.

"Drusilla's yours, Bobbie!" chuckled Daniel in a low voice, not devoid of exultation, as the young man drew near.

"Thank you, sir," said Bobbie, making for the tonneau door, which Drusilla, with red cheeks, was holding open most hospitably.

"Tell me about it—quick!" she bubbled; but just then Mr. Cobham appeared, coming out of the hotel, almost beside them.

Now it was quite in accordance with Bobbie's nature that he should by this time feel some qualms for Mr. Cobham and be somewhat unprepared to face him, since it seemed as if he had been instrumental in getting the shipbuilder between the upper and the nether millstones, where he had been squeezed rather mercilessly. But Mr. Cobham apparently cherished no grudges.

"Good-by, young man!" he said, extending a jovial hand and paying no sort of attention to those in the car at Bobbie's side.

Evidently Mr. Cobham was in rare good humor with himself; so Bobbie managed to stammer:

"I hope you're feeling satisfied."

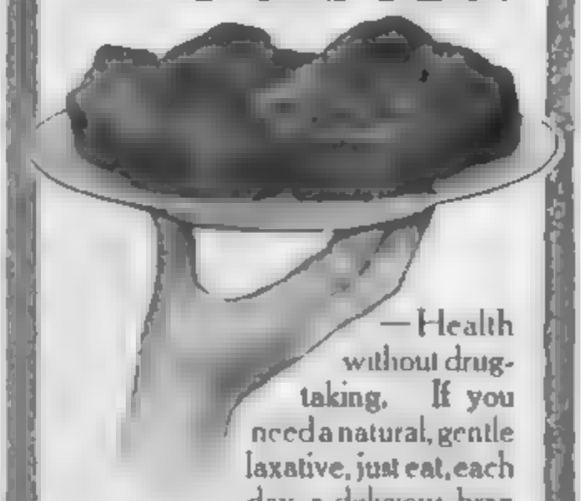
"Clear down to my sole leather!" affirmed Mr. Cobham, rumbling happily in the deeps of his chest. "Why, I'd have paid half a million for the property if that old fool hadn't been so eager he tipped his hand every time he winked his eye!"

Robert L. Jones turned back to the automobile with a feeling of dismay amounting almost to faintness.

"Did you hear what he said, Mrs. Hancock?" he murmured ruefully. "We might each have had a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars more."

"Land sake!" ejaculated the widow; immediately, however, a resigned light appeared in her eyes. "But then," she argued soothingly, "them old water lots has turned out well enough. I've got plenty to finish on, and you young people have got plenty to start on. 'Live and let live!' says I—even to the Calahans."

Here's Health!



—Health without drug-taking. If you need a natural, gentle laxative, just eat, each day, a delicious bran muffin made from

Pillsbury's Health Bran

The right cleaner coarser flakes supply the right amount of roughage to accomplish the desired laxative effect. Then too, the Pillsbury recipe printed on the Pillsbury package produces a breakfast muffin that is really delicious! Don't doubt it—try it. Forget medicine use PILLSBURY'S HEALTH BRAN and bid good-bye to constipation.

Insist Upon Pillsbury's

Large Package

15c

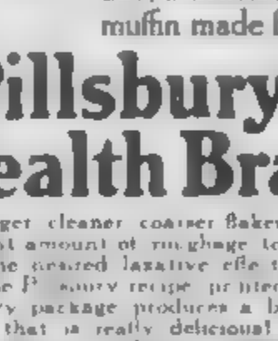
(Except in Far West)

If your grocer cannot supply you, send 25c for a full-sized package (the 10c additional is for wrapping and postage).

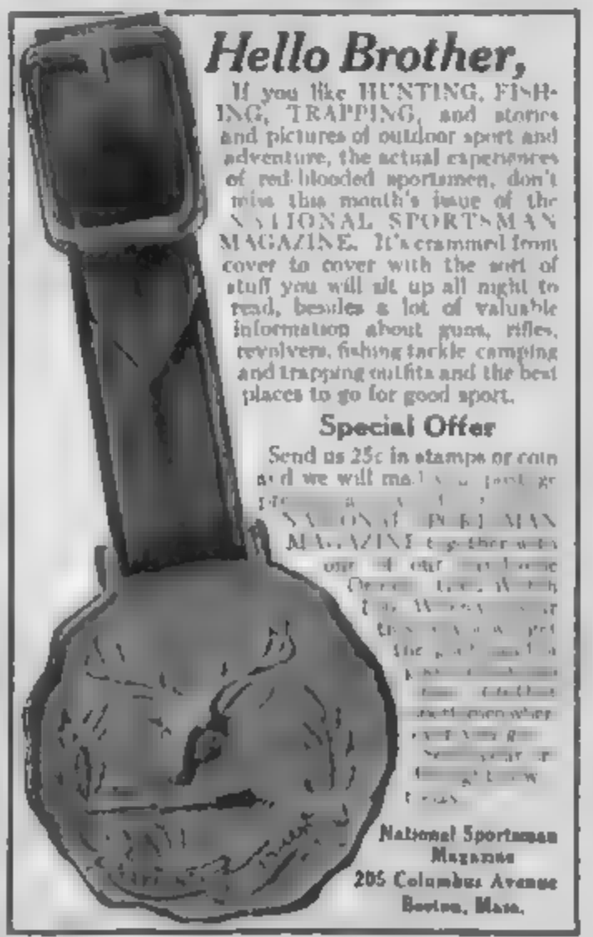
Department "S"

Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.

Minneapolis, Minn.



Ask For This Package!



Hello Brother,

If you like HUNTING, FISHING, TRAPPING, and stories and pictures of outdoor sport and adventure, the actual experiences of red-blooded sportsmen, don't miss this month's issue of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE. It's crammed from cover to cover with the sort of stuff you will sit up all night to read, besides a lot of valuable information about guns, rifles, revolvers, fishing tackle camping and trapping outfits and the best places to go for good sport.

Special Offer

Send us 25c in stamps or coin and we will ma[illegible] postage prepaid [illegible] NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE together with one of our [illegible] Outers Book, which [illegible] the best [illegible] that ever [illegible] the pen of man [illegible] this [illegible] offer.

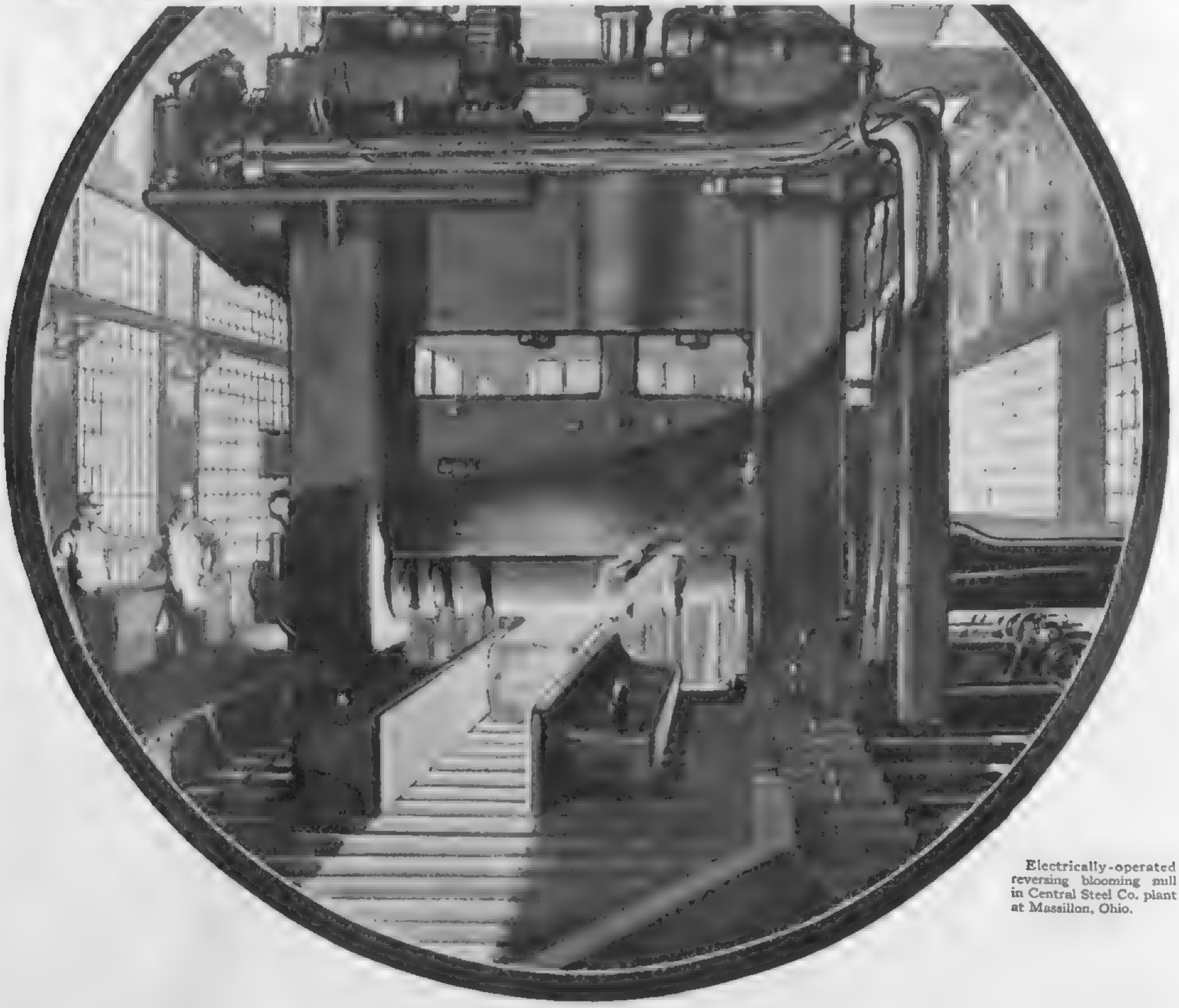
National Sportsman Magazine
205 Columbus Avenue
Boston, Mass.

A GUEST for DINNER! Never mind you have CHEESERVICE in your home if you have a few of these tins on your shelves.

PURITY CROSS for More Kitchen ORANGE, N.J.

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC MOTORS AND CONTROLLERS



Electrically-operated reversing blooming mill in Central Steel Co. plant at Massillon, Ohio.

The Power Behind King Steel

Nowhere can one gain a more vivid impression of tremendous forces than in a modern steel plant.

The massive structure of a blooming mill, the ease with which it shapes the ponderous ingot, are amazing to the layman.

Yet, strangely enough, the force that drives the mighty mill is confined within the slender wire windings of the electric motor.

More surprising still, that force is created simply by the swift revolution of one part of the motor within another.

The revolving part, or rotor, moving in obedience to a magnetic pull that operates through the air-gap between the two elements of the motor, turns a massive shaft and rolls out the white-hot steel.

The harnessing of this mysterious force has been a Westinghouse Electric task for many years. To electrical engineering, in large measure, the steel industry owes the efficiency with which steel is today manufactured, manipulated and refined.

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC MOTORS AND CONTROLLERS

8000 h. p. Westinghouse Steel Mill Motor which drives the mill shown on the opposite page.

Electricity in the Steel Mill

In that development, Westinghouse Electric engineers have figured largely. For over a quarter of a century they have studied the application of electricity to steel-making.

They have led the way in perfecting alternating-current and direct-current motors, motor-controllers and meters of extraordinary accuracy, and in solving the vitally important problems of engineering raised by every complete installation.

As a result, Westinghouse Electric has built and installed in iron and steel mills in the United States and Canada, 185 large motors for main-roll drives, totalling 450,000 h. p., and more than 50,000 auxiliary motors, totalling 800,000 h. p.

Steel is King today more than ever, and the national crisis demands every aid to efficiency in its handling. The results of our experience are at your disposal.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

The standing position. Stand at right angles to the firing line, pointing across the body to the left

The prone shooting position. Lie flat at an angle of 45 degrees to the firing line

Winchester Medals for skill with the rifle

The Gold-Plated "Sharpshooter" Medal goes to the boy or girl under 18 who makes the first grade score with a Winchester .22 rifle and Winchester ammunition.

The Silver-Plated "Marksman" Medal goes to the boy or girl who makes the second grade score.

The kneeling position. Point your right knee directly to the right, along the firing line

Three correct positions for earning the "Sharpshooter" Medal

Every real boy wants a Winchester rifle. He wants it for its own sake and because it will give him a chance to compete for the famous silver-plated "Marksman" and gold-plated "Sharpshooter" medals offered by the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps.

Your boy is no exception. He wants a Winchester and he wants it *now*. He is fairly aching to get in on the "Marksman" and "Sharpshooter" medal contests because he sees many of his friends sporting the handsome medals themselves.

He doesn't want to be outdone. You can't blame him. At his age *you* would have moved heaven and earth to hold up your end with the other boys in the gang.

A competition for real boys

The Winchester Junior Rifle Corps is an organization with an honorary membership among boys who have earned their "Marksman" and "Sharpshooter" medals. Every one of the members has a diploma signed by the President of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company certifying his standing in the organization; and the medal he wears is outward proof of his standing.

Members of the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps pay no dues and are under no military obligations. But they take a pride in their organization which is justified by the skill they must have attained before they can get into it.

It takes a real boy to get into the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps because it takes concentration and perseverance, a clear head and a good eye, to make the winning targets.

The fun you can have with a Winchester .22

You want *your* boy in the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps. His "Sharpshooter" medal will be a source of as much pride to you as to him. It will stamp him as a boy of character and ability, a good citizen of the future. Both you and he can have a lot of fun with the beautiful Winchester .22 while you are teaching him how to hold and fire it in the three correct positions. And when, later on, you take him on a hunting trip, you will have to do some pretty careful shooting to hold your own with him.

There is a place near you, either in the open or at a club, where you can shoot. If you do not know where to shoot, write to us, and we will tell you where you can, or we will help you to organize a club.

What the name "Winchester" means

The name "Winchester" stands for the best traditions in gun making. For over half a century Winchester has been the standard of pioneers and sportsmen. Winchester rifles built the West. As the need grew, Winchester originated a model and a caliber for every purpose.

The Winchester Company today is an organization of expert gun makers with fifty years of gun-making reputation behind it.

Every gun or rifle that bears the name "Winchester" is fired many times for accuracy and smooth action, and with excess loads for strength.

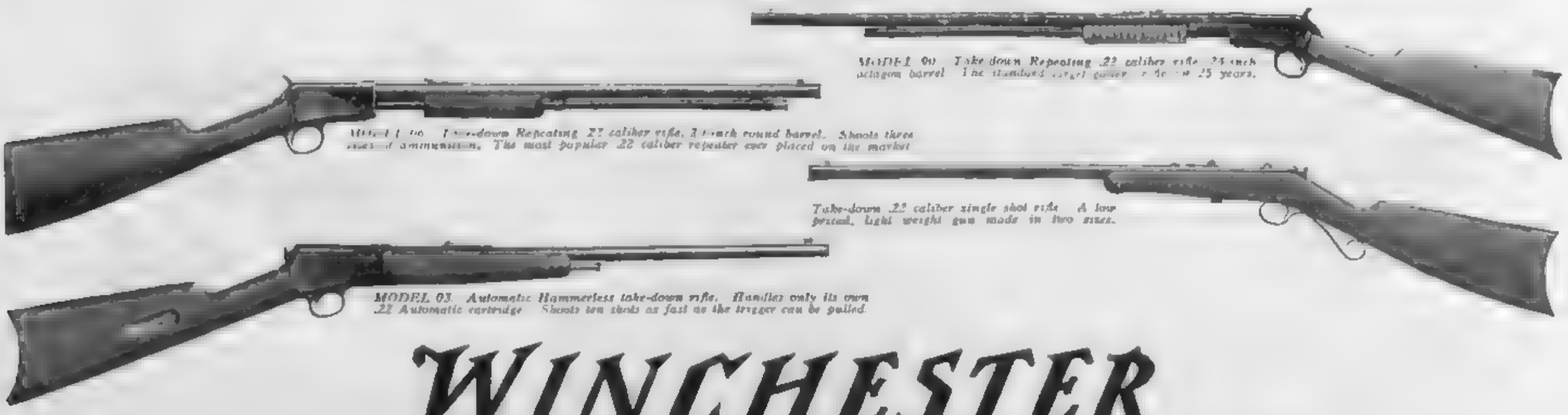
No Winchester barrel varies one one-thousandth of an inch in thickness or diameter. The Bennett Process, used exclusively by Winchester, gives the Winchester barrel a distinctive blue finish that, with proper care, will last a lifetime.

The same care that is taken with Winchester guns is taken with Winchester ammunition.

Let the boy have it now

Chances are your boy has already picked out the Winchester he wants at your dealer's store. Take him there today and get it for him. You will be surprised to find what a fine gun you can get for a low price. The dealer will explain all the rules of the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps Contest, furnish the targets and see that the boy gets the medals and diplomas when he has made the winning scores.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
Dept. 161 New Haven, Conn.



MODEL 90. Take-down Repeating .22 caliber rifle. 24 inch octagon barrel. The standard target gallery rifle for 25 years.

MODEL 06. Take-down Repeating .22 caliber rifle. 24 inch round barrel. Shoots three sizes of ammunition. The most popular .22 caliber repeater ever placed on the market.

Take-down .22 caliber single shot rifle. A low priced, light weight gun made in two sizes.

MODEL 03. Automatic Hammerless take-down rifle. Handles only its own .22 Automatic cartridge. Shoots ten shots as fast as the trigger can be pulled.

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

TIPS TO HIS BUNKIE AT HOME

(Continued from Page 7)

guy who speaks English told me the natives had a terrible time in the towns where the British was quartered just account of this same thing. So I reckon we are going about it the right way.

We get along fine with the natives. They were sure glad to see us, J. C., and every time we pass through a village or meet any of them on the road they wave their hands and the kids stand up stiff and salute. And often they come a-running to kiss us. The kids are awful cute too.

We get along fine with the French soldiers. They are friendly guys and always ready to meet you half way. When it comes to that, an American ain't so very up-stage neither, J. C., and he is ready to meet a stranger seven-eighths of the way and tell him his whole life history and how him and the missus don't get along very good. Well, the French like that kind of folks, which is why we get along with them.

I heard a captain in the Chasers tell a newspaper guy that our boys learned faster than any troops he had seen yet, and he'd been around the whole Front. What do you know about that, J. C.! Maybe we won't deliver the goods, hey? Just wait, that's all!

A word we all use a lot is camelflage. Camelflage means bull, J. C. It is a French word they use for a disguise they put on guns and camps and all that, to make them look like the scenery around those parts, and it means make-up. So whenever you hear a guy handing it out too strong you just say "Aw, camelflage!" and you will get his number right now.

I was telling you about our boys drawing too much pay. Well, they do, but a lot of them make allotments of their pay. They send ten or fifteen dollars a month maybe back home to mother or sister. All they got to do is sign a paper and the money goes straight to where they want to send it, and the captain docks it from their pay. We have got guys in our company who send as much as thirty dollars a month home—or most all they earn. But there are some who don't send nothing, and the captain is trying to get these to save up and buy Liberty bonds or just leave their pay lie till the war's over so they will have a stake then.

Hand Grenade Practice

But the boys will leave a lot of money in France, just the same. Suppose they only spend fifteen dollars a month each, which is a low figure. Well, by the time they get two hundred thousand Americans over here they will be spending three million bones a month in just a small part of this country, let alone what the Government spends to keep them here. And what the boys spend all goes to the plain people, J. C. That ought to help some!

Say, did you ever stop to think how the races are bound to mix up after this war? We got Americans and English and Canadians over here, and a lot will have French wives before they get out. Why, the race won't look the same at all in another generation.

Well, you want to know about the work, because you and the other boys back home will soon be at it over here too. But I can't tell you much about the work, old pal, because for one thing Uncle Sam will not let me, and also you can see it in the newspapers. We are learning the European model of fighting and we are glad to have the French learn it to us, but take it from me, J. C., there is a lot which is not so new to us at that; and maybe we can improve on same with a little practice.

Well, we get up at five-fifteen and at six we eat breakfast. And then we police the street and clean up our billets and make the beds, and after that we march out to where they learn us the European model of fighting. The captain says "Sing something," and we do. It sure helps on a march, and going under the big concrete bridge of the railroad we all yell to hear the echo.

The fields of grain are yellow and the fields of clover and vegetables are green, and everything is laid out straight and neat; and there's orchards too. Also woods all round and hills a-plenty.

When we get to where we learn the European model of fighting, the boys that have been picked out for it go to work on the machine gun. It is some gun and they have to learn all the parts and how to assemble same. And they have to be able to do that blindfolded so as they could deliver the goods at night. What do you know about that!

Well, a lot of other guys meanwhile are digging trenches. This is all old stuff because the trenches are hardly any different from what we learnt to dig back home. But you had ought to see the wire entanglements they learn us to make. They are fierce. I'd liefer take a chance on a fifteen-inch gun any day!

Then some more of us practice throwing hand grenades. The grenades are shaped something like gourds. You do it in five motions, and the second motion starts the fuse, and five seconds later the dog-gone thing explodes. But of course we used dummy grenades at the start and only got to the real ones later.

In front of us are some lines of trenches dug shallow from fifteen up to fifty yards away, and the idea is to drop as many grenades into them as we can. Well, the French can hit them most every time because they been at it three years, but that will take practice for us. All the same, a picked team of our boys put it all over a picked team from the Chasers, J. C., at long-distance throwing. And long distance is the way I want to fight. Ha, ha!

Invented in America

Did you know that most all these war inventions was invented in the U. S. and then we turned them loose and forgot same? Well, that is so. We invented the machine gun and the automatic rifle and the tanks and the submarines and barbed wire, and about everything horrible they got; and then we laid down on the job and went sound to sleep. Wouldn't that cork you, J. C.!

Say, you ought to see the Frenchies open their eyes when they seen our bolos, which is the knives we use for cutting brush. Well, they thought they was made for cutting throats and a French guy told me the Germans believe this, too, and that we sure will get it if we are taken prisoner with same. But I don't aim to be no prisoner, J. C., and I will hang on to my old bolo; for it may come in handy if we get close enough for rough and tumble, hey?

When we tried throwing the real grenades in real trenches most of the boys would bob up their heads to see how the shots fell. But they soon got sick of that because these grenades sent pieces of iron flying back and some of them got hit, but they only got hit in the head and no damage done. Remember, J. C., the minute you let go your grenade, why, duck down close to the wall of the trench. And don't hang on to it too long or hit the top by mistake!

Then they have a rifle grenade which they shoot out of a rifle with a thing like a funnel on the muzzle, and it is far the best grenade. The bullet drives the grenade and some gas that is formed by the bullet passing through a hole in the grenade sends the thing about one hundred and eighty yards. Ping!—that is the noise it makes, and you can see it plain going way up in the air, then Whang! The pieces fly for quite a distance after it hits the ground.

They have an automatic rifle, too, which you lie down to shoot, or you can play it from the hip when you attack. But it is not accurate this way and they only use it to scare the Germans and make them keep under cover. Well, a team from our regiment beat a picked team from the Chasers who are learning us. So maybe practice will make us as good as they are before long. I got a hunch that we can shoot better than these Europeans, J. C. Maybe I am wrong, but we will soon find out, hey, old pal?

And they also learn us how to shoot the one-pounders that are used to blow the enemy's machine guns to smithereens. It is a sort of little cannon and awful cute. It looks more like a toy, but it has got a wallop, believe me!

Well, we practice those sorts of things, and how to attack a trench so as to drive out every last rat of them Germans. Say, one guy throwed a hand grenade and a piece flew back into our trench and lit in a box of grenades and they all went. Blewey! It couldn't have happened once in a thousand times, because unless the piece that flew back had cut through a teeny metal strip that starts the fuse no harm would have been done. What do you know about that! It put out the eye of an interpreter and knocked another Frenchman and one of our officers cold for about five minutes. The interpreter had kept telling us "Now this is verree dangerous," and we sure did believe him after that. You be mighty careful when you come to try it, J. C. That sort of stuff is a good kind for a boob to lay off of.

Say, you had ought to see the bayonet practice. They have dummies painted to look like the Kaiser or Hindenburg or some of them big vegetables. Anyhow, they name the dummies that. And you jump over a sort of hurdle and whack a dummy lying on the ground with the butt of your gun, because like as not he is a darned *Boche* playing possum, only to get up and stick you from behind which is a dirty trick, J. C. Then you make a bee line for the dummy marked the Kaiser and you give him the steel straight through the middle with a jerk and a twist and go on over him like he ain't there, and get the next dummy beyond.

"Harder!" says the captain. "Make it vicious! You can yell all you like. I don't mind. Just imagine it really is the Kaiser, and hate it!"

I bet after the first battle we get into they'll never call them Germans again in the U. S., but Huns is the least they will call them, like they do up in Canada.

Well, the French teach bayonet drill with a lot of pretty sidestepping and backstepping and all that, so's to learn you what to do if you have to retreat from the other guy. But the British don't, J. C.—not by a damn sight! They figure there ain't going to be no retreat; and if there is, why, the guy who does it can take his chance! So they only learn their men the attack, and an order of theirs that I seen says it should be carried out with mad shouting and terrible viciousness. That is to put the fear of the Almighty into the dog-goned Germans, J. C.; and we are going to learn the English system, believe me, because I heard an officer say so.

Learning the Indian Walk

Well, we march back to the village and eat dinner, and after that they learn us special duties like first-aid work, or we practice with a small target rifle maybe. Did you know that twenty minutes was as long as you can leave a tourniquet on without loosening same, and that four hours is the limit even with loosening, because after that gangrene will set in? Well, it is so.

Every so often the captain takes us down into a field behind the mill and makes us do French exercises. Believe me, they are some exercises! The old army setting-up exercises is a joke beside them, and these take about three weeks for a guy to work up to because you can't stand them straight through until you get hardened.

First you do the Indian walk, all bent over with your hands near touching the ground. It tires your back and legs; but that is the way you'll have to walk in the trenches, so why not train them muscles now?

Then you get down on your hands and run like a bear, straight ahead and sideways for about a hundred yards. And after that you put your hands on the ground and leap like a frog the same distance! When you have done that you start off from a mark lickety-split as hard as you can leg it, and then down you flop like a sack of meal and keep right on going at a crawl, flat on your stomach, using your elbows to do same. That is to practice advance with rifle to attack. You have to crawl over the ground on your stomach, pulling yourself with your hands, too, J. C. These exercises are to train the muscles you will need when you go up to fight the *Boche*, because that is the only safe way to move round there. And it ain't so safe at that, neither!

After a while we have a pushing contest of teams just for fun, and then a cockfight where one guy gets on the shoulders of another guy and the two of them see how many other pairs they can push or pull down. Believe me, I'm there on that stuff, J. C.! Me and Shorty Steen downed every dog-goned one the other afternoon. We was the last ones up, and a fresh kid tried

(Continued on Page 90)

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

You Will Save

Ask your Dealer for Children's Shoes with the

TEL-TIL-TIP

"The Leather Toe That Wears Like a Pig's Nose"

In ordinary footwear the toe wears out, giving the entire shoe a shabby appearance. Shoes with the Tel-Til-Tip withstand most strenuous wear.

Tip looks no different from rest of shoe. Outwears sole. Economical. Waterproof. Look for this trademark on sole.

Your dealer can and will supply you. If you insist. Interesting booklet of "Children's Indoor and Outdoor Games," with full description of the wonderful wear-resisting Tel-Til-Tip, mailed free on request

TEL-TIL-TIP COMPANY

381 W. 16th St. Holland, Mich.

War Profits for YOU—

These days everybody needs extra money. You can earn *yours* easily in odd moments by getting the local subscription orders for the ever-popular publications—

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
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For details of our liberal cash offer, write

The Curtis Publishing Company
895 Independence Square, Philadelphia

How to frame the picture

A frame, either plain or carved, of olive green between gilded edges, combined with an olive green mat, is most pleasing for this painting. Such a frame can be secured at any picture store.
This picture contains no printing of any kind.

© 1917 by The Andrew Jergens Co.

"A skin you love to touch," painted by Neysa McMein

Your Druggist has this

Given away–

at your druggist or toilet goods counter this beautiful picture for framing

THIS picture is in exquisite colors and four times as large as shown here!

It was painted by Neysa McMein, the popular artist, whose famous portraits of lovely women you see every month on the covers of your favorite magazines. This painting is her conception of "A skin you love to touch." It contains no printing or advertising of any kind.

Actual size 15x19 inches. Reproduced on a fine quality antique paper by a special process which brings out exactly the beautiful colorings of the original.

How to get it

Go to your dealer's today; buy a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and he will give you without additional charge one of these beautiful pictures.

Be sure to ask for it before the supply is gone. Get one while they last!

Get a cake and your picture today and begin at once to get the benefit of the Woodbury treatment which will give your skin the charm of "A skin you love to touch."

A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks. At every drug store and toilet goods counter in the United States and Canada.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 25c and we will send the picture and the soap to you direct. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 609 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 609 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

How you, too, can have the charm portrayed

There is a Woodbury treatment just suited to the needs of your skin. A booklet giving them all and many valuable facts about the care of the skin comes with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Picture · Get yours today

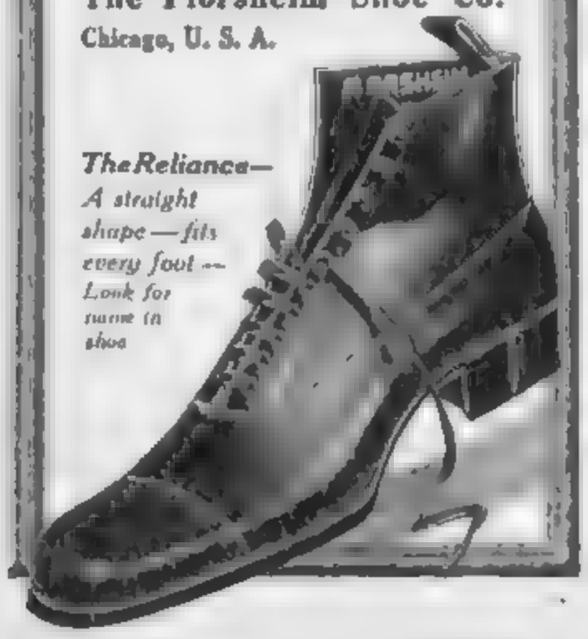
MEN of affairs—successful men everywhere—value the comfort of The Florsheim Shoe. There's a shape to suit any peculiarity of your feet and satisfy your style preference.

Eight to ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered.

There's a Florsheim dealer in every city, showing the season's correct styles. His name and booklet on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Reliance—
A straight shape—fits every foot—
Look for name in shoe



Hardly Moves the Scale

[illegible] Garter [illegible] got—so [illegible] very finest materials—the same high quality as before the war. The fittings [illegible] beautiful garter. [illegible] It [illegible] insist there will [illegible]

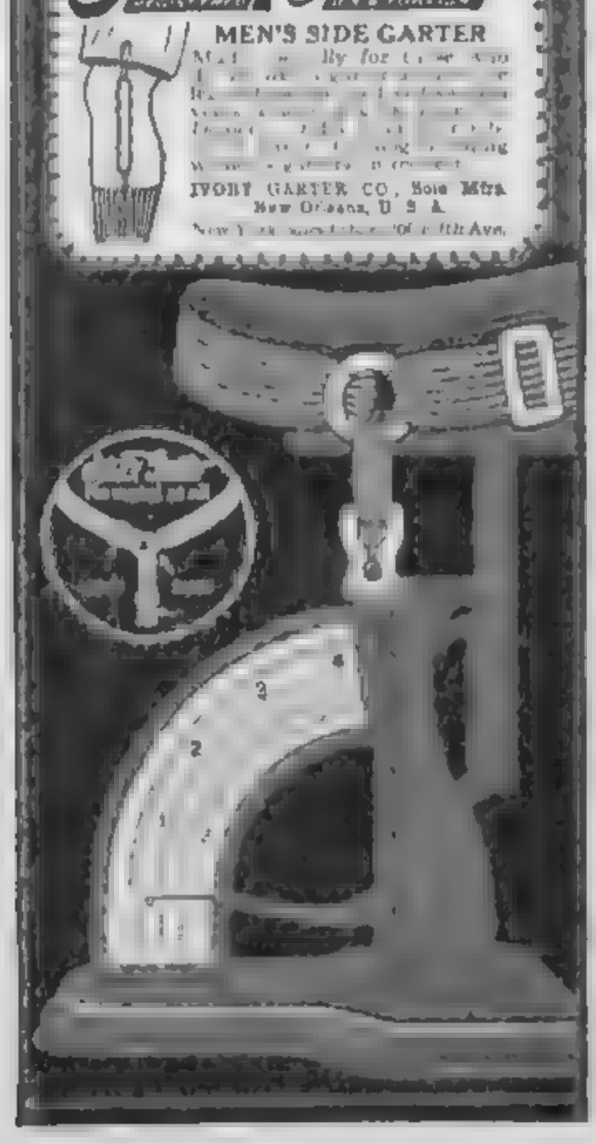
Prices 50c, 35c, 25c

Ivory Garter

MEN'S SIDE GARTER

[illegible] By for [illegible]

IVORY GARTER CO., Sole Mfrs.
New Orleans, U. S. A.
[illegible] 5th Ave.



(Continued from Page 87)

to pin a medal to the skin on Shorty's chest. What do you know about that!

When that's all over we go in for a swim in the river beside the mill, because the captain makes us do it twice a week whether we want to or not, and then we have supper. After supper there is a band concert in the square. And it sure makes you feel funny to hear the band playing Old Black Joe so far away from home. The kids of this village play all round, horning in between the band guys' legs to see what makes the noise in the horns. And when that is over we sing a while or write letters like I am doing now, and taps blows at nine-thirty. So now you know what we do with our time, J. C.

It used to be that we thought we was worked in the army when we done an hour-and-a-half drill a day. Say, that was soft! We work ten hours a day now—and then some! But it is a big job what we have bitten off, and the boys don't mind. They are plumb anxious to learn.

The Y. M. C. A. has places in some of the villages where the boys can go any time to write letters and read and play games. They've even got teeny little billiard tables there and talking machines, and up on the blackboard is a sign: Write to Mother To-day. Not so bad at that, hey, J. C.? And the captain keeps on telling us the same thing.

French Girl Farmers

Well, we will write all we can, but for the love of Mike tell the folks to write to us all they can too! That is the best thing they can do, because we get good chow and clothes. But a soldier likes to get letters even if he don't know who writes them. Even a picture postcard is better than nothing. Say, J. C., who does your sister Minnie write to? Ha, ha!

I been watching the French while they work, J. C., and take it from me, the women have got the men beat a mile. Their women never let up from morning till night, and a husky French girl can sling a load on her back that would make you go some to carry. As far as I can see the men take it easier because they like to talk it over. They got to talk over everything they do, pro and con. And you can hear them about eight miles. And they are slower than the women by a long shot. If we did that the boss would give us our time some day, hey, J. C.? Just the difference between us, I reckon.

Well, the women do most of it, especially right now account of the men being at the Front, but they have some soldiers here to help them get in the crops. These soldiers are back on furlough and they spend it farming.

What do you know about that! Wouldn't it knock you cold?

Imagine an American doughboy fighting hard in the trenches three months maybe and then getting leave for a couple weeks and spending it working like Sam Hill on a farm, hey, J. C.? But maybe he would, at that, if we was in the same fix as France is in.

It rains a whole lot—has rained about three days out of every week so far; but when the sun comes out you never seen a prettier light. It's awful bright; but soft, too—kind of like Indian summer back home.

Well, these grain fields are all around and where there ain't grain there're woods—miles and miles of them—so full of trees a man can't hardly squeeze through. But even where the woods stretch as far as you can see you sort of feel like it's only a park after all, and not a real wood like we got them in the U. S., and along the roads and the river they have big poplars and willows.

We got about five or six fields of grain where we learn the European model of fighting, J. C.—and guess what! None of it has been trampled down. No sir, not a bushel. For the soldiers to pass through they cut a path now and again about a foot wide and everybody has to go to one of these paths no matter how much quicker it would be to cross the field somewheres else to get where you are going to. Our officers are awful strict about that. One day a guy was shooting at a target and he started over to see how many hits he hadn't made and he had to cross a wheat field down in a hollow. Well, this fathead was in a hurry, so what does he do? Instead of going round to the path he takes a short cut through the grain. Zowie, but he come back on the jump! The colonel seen him, and what he said to that rookie raised a place like a porous plaster.

I never seen so much trouble taken to lay off hurting people's crops and fruit and chickens and things like them. I bet there ain't never been an army in the world paid so much attention to the natives' feelings, but those are our orders. All the same, it can be overdone, J. C., because when you're too dog-gone nice the other guy gets to figuring he can run it over you. How about it?

That's what has happened here more than once. And it has slowed up the work because our officers couldn't act prompt like they wanted to do. But I reckon some arrangement will be made soon for the Americans to boss the towns and villages where they are billeted.

Well, the trouble is we been sticking out our chests because we figured we was over here as deliverers and we ain't really nothing but guests, J. C.; and the French they figure we had ought to have been in it three years ago—so there you are.

But I was telling you about how respectful we was to their wheat fields. Suppose you was to camp a regiment of infantry near a farm in America that hadn't nary a fence and going round a field meant a walk, what do you suppose would happen, J. C.? There wouldn't be no grain left to speak of. That's what would happen. But over here the boys ain't tromped a stalk of it. They sure have got their company manners.

And if there was a plum tree and pear trees in the yard right next to your billet and fine fat chickens running loose, what would happen to same in America? Why, the farmer would be up to see the colonel next morning—and all them chicken thoroughbreds and the trees bearing eighty bushel to the tree. Ain't it the truth!

But they don't try to pull any of that stuff here. The orders is so strict that when a rookie goes by a plum tree he looks the other way, crost country, and sort of gulps.

Where we eat is under an old shed next the orderly room, which is in an old house that used to smell sour. There's a fine big plum tree between the shed and the house just loaded down with plums. Well, we been three weeks, and not a plum was taken till yesterday, when the old man that owns the place shook down a few for the boys because we been giving him slops for his chickens and geese and a little grease now and again for his family. Think of that, J. C.! I don't say none has been stole in the whole army, because maybe a few have. But our company ain't stole any.

Short Cuts to French

Say, the language ain't nearly so hard to get on to as I expected. Sometimes when the natives talk fast and wave their hands it sounds foolish, but I get along fine. I'm learning quick too.

When you want to ask where is a place you don't say "Where is it?" but you say "*Oh* is it?" and then the French guy points at the direction you want to go. It's as simple as *a b c* when you get the hang of it. And, believe me, I'm there, J. C.!

Shorty Steen has got a fine system too. He learns one word for what he wants and just keeps on saying that one word till hell freezes over. Even when they try to throw him off the track with fool questions Shorty keeps right on saying that one word till at last they get tired and give him what he's after.

What do you think has come off the other day? A French general who come by picked me out of the whole battalion to talk to. Fact!

This general was a little guy but all there, and he wore a medal as big as a platter on his right side. And they tell me he sure walloped them Germans somewheres at the start of the war; and he has lost four sons too. What do you know about that!

Well, he come along with some of our big vegetables, to inspect us while we was throwing hand grenades, and he stopped when he seen me and says in French: "Wow, there is sure some man! What is the name of that boy?" So they tells him and he gives me a pat on the shoulder. Then he goes on at a quick little walk, using his cane and saluting everybody, just like any roughneck doughboy.

The other guys in the company were all sore because the general didn't even notice they were in that part of the world. And I didn't bat an eye while he was there, J. C.—no sir! I stood like a statute. even when a fat guy who writes pieces for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST give me the wink behind the general's back—the big stiff! I knowed the captain was looking and would of give me hell.

Guess what the French call a general or one of them big guns. Well, I will tell you. They call them *gros legumes*, and I got a French soldier to spell it out for me and it means big vegetables. Say, what do you know about that! Ha, ha! People who can think up things like that must be regular folks after all, hey, J. C.?

It'd make the Kaiser's eyes stick out if he could hear the names in our company. There is Harris, and his folks is English; and MacWhirter and Riley; and Ole Olsen, who's a Swede by trade; and Wagner; and Schroeder—he's a German but says he can knock the block off any guy who says it. And there's Zubkoff, whose pa came from Russia; and Dunay; and Jiniszewski, who come to the U. S. from Poland when he was no more than a baby; and Kocak; and Amato, that section hand I wrote you about a while back, from the Erie. Don't it beat the Dutch, J. C.?

Here we got boys from every country on the globe and some whose folks come from Germany and Austria, but they're all under the Stars and Stripes fighting for the old U. S. And believe me they'll deliver the goods too, J. C.!

The Chasers in Action

These guys didn't have to come—no sir! They volunteered. Nobody made them step to it, but they figured the thing out for themselves—Germans, Austrians and all! Which is worth while thinking about, J. C. I mean for the Kaiser and his gang.

The boys learn awful fast, but of course they are green—so many were raw recruits only a few months back. Most folks seem to think we are all regulars, but that ain't so because about a hundred and forty-three out of our company was new men when we started into war and only fifty-seven was regulars. And I reckon it's the same with the others. But they're most as good as old seasoned troops already.

Say, the officers they've sent over from the training camps are there with the goods, too, J. C. They are sure-enough go-getters. And I heard the colonel of another regiment tell another guy that they made as fine officers as he could want.

Our uniforms are O. K. And they're simpler than the French. The shirts made a big hit with the French soldiers, but I reckon we got to change from leggins to putties for trench work, account of the wet and because the putties are easier on the legs.

I always thought a Frenchman was a little guy you could brush off by flicking a muscle at him, but not these Chasers, not these babies, believe me! They are near as husky as what I am, but not so tall. Mostly they are medium height and awful stocky, built right close to the ground like shorthorn cattle.

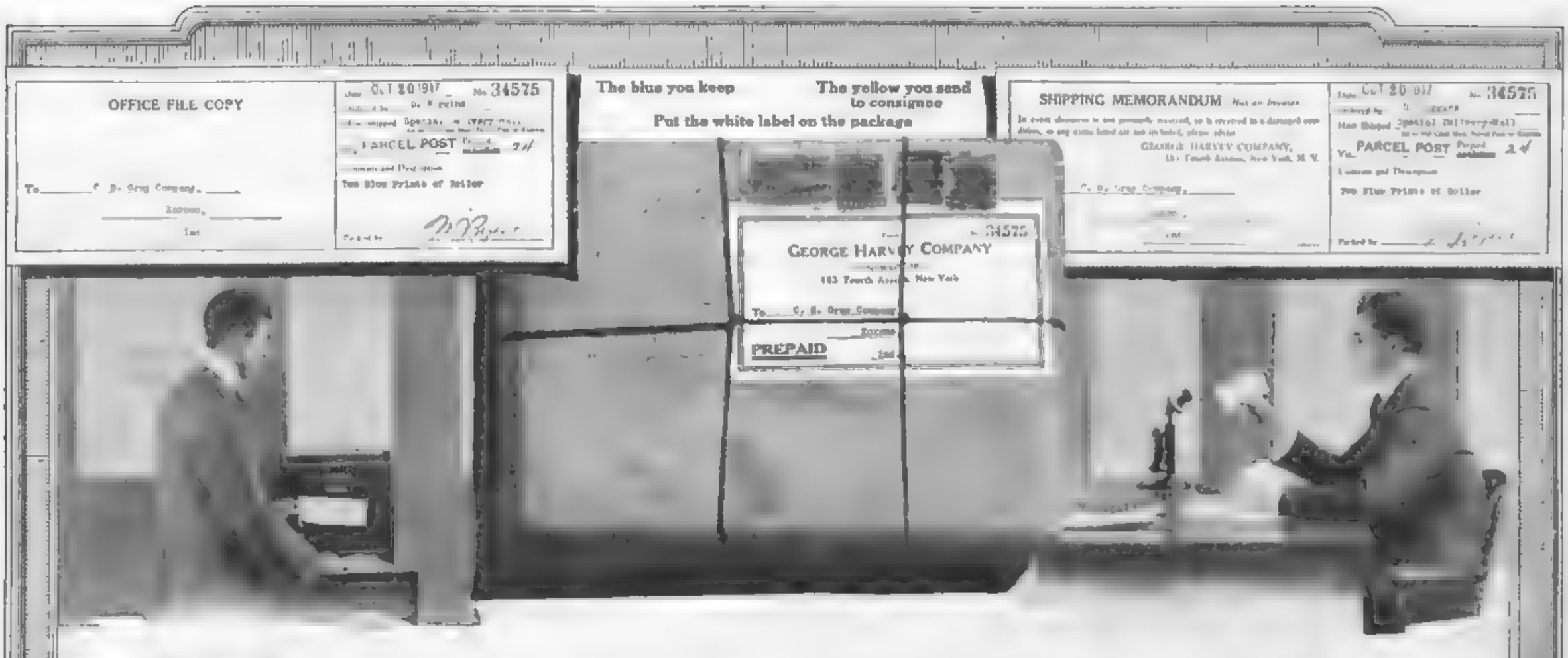
They are picked troops, J. C. The average French soldier ain't in it with these guys, not being near so quick on the trigger, so they save these Chasers for attacks. Yes sir, when the big thing is about to come off they send for the Chasers and the Chasers bust right through the enemy without drawing even a long breath.

Well, they instruct us every day and we get along fine. We learn easy because these Chasers will point to the parts of the gun and show us what to do. So what does it matter if they don't know any English? Am I right or am I wrong? And we say wee-wee to show we know it.

The boys like the hand grenades best of all because they have to throw a sort of bomb. But they will not let us throw them like a baseball account of their being too heavy, and a few throws will get your shoulder. So they fling them with a stiff arm like an Englishman does a cricket ball and the grenades go high up in the air and drop down into the trenches.

It comes kind of awkward at first because you learn it in five movements so as to set off the time fuse that busts the grenade. The first week I couldn't get beyond thirty yards to save my hide, J. C., but this week I let one fly that hit the fifty-yard trench. Which is going some, and about the limit. These Chasers can drop them grenades exactly where they want to drop them at most any distance—but then, they been at it a long while.

(Continued on Page 93)



We are sending under separate cover

Few incidents in business can give you such a blissful moment as to be asked to return something you thought you had sent back a month ago.

Another staggerer is to receive a letter saying that something you want very badly has been shipped. And it doesn't come—and it doesn't come, and you go to lunch and come back, and it hasn't come. You get mad and rail at the fellow for forgetting to ship the goods.

A threatening jumble of possible annoyances surround the phrase, "We are sending under separate cover."

The idea for a shipping label that we propose here has many worthy features to recommend its use on parcel post, mail, or express deliveries.

You get a book of them, done in triplicate. The original label, printed on white, goes on the package. The duplicate in blue and the triplicate label in yellow, carry full information for purposes of record. In your files your copy shows what was shipped, when it was shipped, to whom, by whom, and how. The memorandum to the Consignee, instead of talking vaguely of "separate cover," is evidence that the label is actually made out and that the stuff has been packed and started on its journey—mighty welcome information to have sometimes.

Why do we tell you about these forms? Because any printer can supply you with a set of them, from the above models, and because any printer can supply them printed on Hammermill Bond Paper.

Good printed forms have always been money- and time-savers in business, but buying printing has not always been a simple, easy task. Big firms met the issue by standardizing their printing. That is, they adopted one kind of paper and used it for all office needs.

Hammermill Bond is watermarked. If your printer proposes its use to you, he is sincerely trying to insure you a thoroughly satisfactory stock for your business' printing—one that at a low cost gives you all the quality and durability you can possibly desire.

We urge standardizing on Hammermill Bond because it is made in white and 12 colors, in three finishes which produce a smooth, a ripple, and a linen surface, thus giving all the variety any business can require.

The Hammermill Portfolios

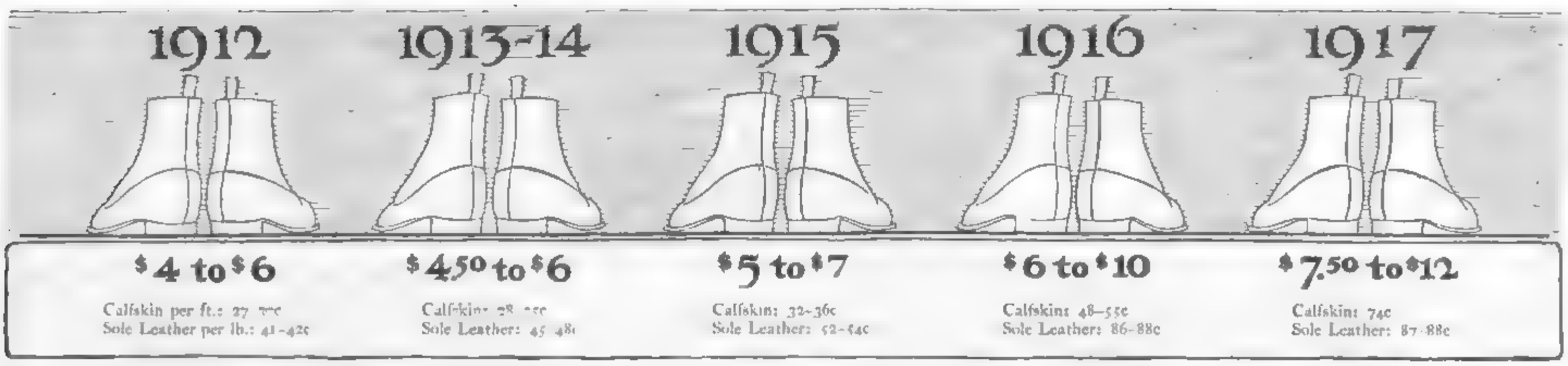
For almost every general class of business we have prepared a special portfolio showing examples of various forms printed on Hammermill Bond. Send for your portfolio. If you are a printer, you may have the complete set.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"



MEN— How will you be sure of good leather in your new Fall shoes? What price should you pay—for greatest economy? What risks if you pay less?

SHOES for foreign countries! Over 25,000,000 pairs of men's shoes have left our land since 1914.

Shoes for American Soldiers! On the single day of June 6th, contracts were awarded for 750,000 additional pairs for our army. With these contracts the Government had ordered at that time 3,360,000 pairs of shoes for the army, and 850,000 pairs for the navy.

Leather for harness! Advices from Washington report $20,000,000 to be spent by the Government on this item alone.

And these are but a few of a long series of extra demands. Begun five years ago and coupled with a cutting off of supply brought about by war conditions, together with the increased cost of labor to cover increased cost of living, they have raised the price of both calfskin and sole leather over 100% in that short time.

"Looks" vs. Hidden Value

The experienced shoe dealer chooses this Fall for personal wear, a shoe selling at $7.50 to $12. He will probably advise *you* to do the same.

In this he is guided by his confidence in the maker. Most of the good points of a shoe are below the surface, and it is as impossible to tell these in comparing a $4 or $5 shoe with a $7.50 to $12 Crossett as it would be for your grocer to point out a striking difference between two-cent and four-cent eggs.

The difference in both cases is *hidden*—but make no mistake, it is *there*—in service—in style—in comfort.

Can you afford to buy "cheap" shoes?

Mr. Lewis A. Crossett is one of the few shoe manufacturers who have determined to maintain high standards *regardless*.

He has priced his shoes this Fall at $7.50 to $12. That means a price-increase of 75% since 1912.

But remember: During the same period calfskin and sole leather have risen over 100%. Linings, silk thread, laces, stains, blackings, gums and polishes are all higher, some several hundred per cent.

Labor and overhead expenses have gone steadily up—*up*—UP. In view of these facts *what kind of a shoe can* you expect for the prices that you paid five years ago?

The Crossett Shoes for Fall, 1917, have all the style, comfort and fine leather that the Crossett name has always stood for.

Look up the nearest dealer who has Crossett Shoes in stock. He has a correct Crossett last for every foot. Good Crossett styles in wide variety. Priced fairly at $7.50 to $12—to guarantee economical shoe-service.

With your Crossett Shoes you will also receive a folder, "The Care of a Pair of Shoes." Tells ten ways to make good shoes last longer.

NEW! Crossett Walking Boots for Women—designed and made by Crossett.

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, INC.
Makers North Abington, Mass.

CROSSETT SHOE

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

PRICED $7.50 to $12

(Continued from Page 90)

You wait and you will see something. Mark my words, J. C., we will be just as good as the French or any of them at this game before fall, I'm telling you! And maybe we will spring some new stuff, too, because the boys are always practicing and trying to find out some new wrinkle that will beat the old way of throwing, just like a baseball pitcher thinks up new curves.

In these European countries, J. C., they been doing what the man higher up told them for so long that they are apt to stick at the same old rules made for doing a thing. But the guys in this army ain't like that at all. Our boys will do what they are told to do in drill, but afterwards they get to thinking: "Why do they do it that way? Gee, perhaps there is a better way, and why not? Just because somebody else has doped it out like this ain't saying it's the best, not by a long shot!" Well, that is how they figure, and first thing you know they go up to the captain and spring some new stuff.

Anyhow, us regulars knowed quite a lot of what they have been learning us. But this army will take all they got to show us, and then try to work out something better.

Take it from me, if I get in a tight place you'll see old Steve throw that dog-gone grenade any way that'll land it where it's meant for—yes sir! I sure will fling it like a baseball or whichever way comes handy, because the main idea in a scrap is to bring home the bacon, ain't it? Well!

We have band concerts every evening, and all kinds of athletic sports Sundays, and other spare times too. Some of the boys've been down fishing in the river but I haven't been yet. Say, they got wild boars near here, J. C., and we aim to hunt some one of these days.

And we sing nights to beat the band. There is one awful pretty song that I sing bass in, but what the boys like best is Where is my boy to-night? Oh, where is my boy to-night? We've got a guy in the company who used to sing tenor in his college glee club and he can make his voice shake so's to make you cry. But I'm there on that shaky stuff, too, J. C. They made us sing it four times one night. You know how soldiers are—they're awful strong on that sob stuff. Carry me back to Old Virginny is another which we sing a lot.

Well, we all go for a swim in the river that runs beside the mill. There are willows and poplars all round. Gee, the water is cold, but maybe they will have showers soon. The captain says he'll see we keep clean if he has to give us a bath himself. Anyhow, it must do some good, because we have hardly any sickness at all.

French Women Respected

Well, here comes Aleece for a visit. She is the daughter of the miller. He has three, and they are sure pretty kids too. Her name is Alice, I reckon, but they call it Aleece, and she can salute and she always does when a doughboy goes by. So we all play with them kids and give them lemon drops what we buy from the commissary. You had ought to hear them talk French. It sounds twice as pretty when a kid speaks it.

The kids over here seem to mind better than ours do back home. They step pretty lively when the old woman comes to the door shaking a broom, and a lot of them help their mothers and granddaddies work in the fields—yes sir! Kids round ten years old work, too, and I've seen little girls taking care of babies most as big as themselves, carrying them round just like the babies was their own.

The French were awful glad to see us when we come, only they were sort of scared at first, because they figured we might take anything to eat that we minded to, I reckon, and might not treat the women respectful. But you never seen anything like it—there ain't a doughboy will squint at a girl sideways unless he's plumb sure of his ground and knows it'll be all right with her. They are so dog-gone respectful that I've seen quite a few girls look kind of disappointed. Maybe they figure we are slow-speed boys, but that ain't the reason—not by a long shot!

The reason is, J. C., that the Old Man give orders that we was to treat the women over here like they were our own. So we do, only more so. You couldn't hardly keep an army of soldiers near any American town and make them behave quarter as good, but the boys want the French to think well of them; and besides if they tried any monkeyshines they'd get it in the neck sure enough.

A guy got drunk at the first place we camped in France and grabbed ahold of a girl, but he had no more than got ahold when up come a couple of sergeants and pinched him. Well, all that guy got was thirty years in Leavenworth! That is all he got. Maybe the boys didn't think that over. Maybe!

But they manage to have some fun, too, and they're sure learning French customs fast. You can see a bunch any fine day going along with their girls and hugging right on the street, just the same as the French do. This is one fine country, believe me.

The French don't care who sees them take a little hug.

Well, our boys play round with the little kids and help mamma carry the basket if papa isn't there, and the girls get up on the wagons and drive the mules. Talk about a friendly feeling. Say, us and the French is like a family home for Christmas, and neither can do too much for the other.

They are the politest people I ever did see. Why, when a native does anything for you he smiles and says *merces*—which means thanks—just like you was doing him the favor instead of him doing you!

Short-Change Artists

But you be careful of one thing when you come over, J. C. Always count your change! Count it twice! Because I been short-changed three times since I come, and by women in the stores at that, and once it was ten francs she done me out of. So you see they ain't all the same, and some will do you. They love the Americans, but oh you dollars!

And never buy nothing till you've asked the price, else they will tilt it on you after you've bought same. That goes for hotel rooms and board and everything. If you should happen to buy some drinks—but you usually let the other guy do that—why, look on the saucer of the glass for the price, which is marked there. The waiter will likely cheat you if you don't.

And when you and the other draft boys come over here don't you never get drunk, J. C., no matter who is buying them. And I will tell you why. This is why: It ain't only the guardhouse till you sober up, but they will drill you, too, until you're most ready to drop. The captain says that'll get the liquor out of you, but I reckon he aims to learn you a lesson. Anyhow, nobody ever tries it twice. How do I know? Well, I know all right!

You won't hardly ever see them drinking hard stuff over here, and if they do those boys're tough guys and the kind to lay off of. No, they drink wine and beer mostly, and never drink water. Even the kids drink wine, but it is so light it takes about a gallon to give the same kick as a scoot of rye, so you never see a Frenchman lit up, except in a quiet sort of way.

But take my advice and lay off the wine when you come over here, J. C. It's dirt cheap and they serve it at meals without extra charge and you can drink a lot and still be sober; but the stuff don't sit right on the American stomach somehow. I reckon you got to get educated up to it. Anyhow, it makes you awful bilious. So me for the beer, which is real good and don't cost scarcely nothing.

And when you come over be sure to bring a small scissors and a mouth organ to play on, and some dice and a pack of cards. Uncle Sam will supply you most everything else you need.

You remember Shorty Steen, don't you? Sure you do. Well, maybe he don't know any French, that guy don't; but what does it matter to Shorty? Not a bit!

Last Sunday they called off the sports because it rained so much the ground was wet, so him and me went over to another village about two miles off. And inside eight minutes Shorty had a dandy-looking girl hanging to his elbow and fixed it with her older sister for me; and in about two shakes he was making dates for next week with some others for the other guys in our company. Say, you can't keep a good man down in any country!

That reminds me of the two natives we started boxing with the gloves the other night. They was French soldiers and hadn't never boxed before, J. C. And they went at it like a couple of widows who've been left to divide the estate by the same husband. Well, one got the other down on the

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(5) Report of the University of Washington giving results of tests on the comparative fire resistance of roofing materials. Write to address below for one or all these.
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Will not wheeze or bubble. The "well" catches all the moisture. The smoke comes clean and cool and dry and the upward bore of the bit directs it away from the tongue. Crumbs of tobacco cannot possibly be drawn up into the mouth.

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Pick up your shape and size in a Wellington and be pipe happy. Any tobacco tastes better in a Wellington.

At all good dealers

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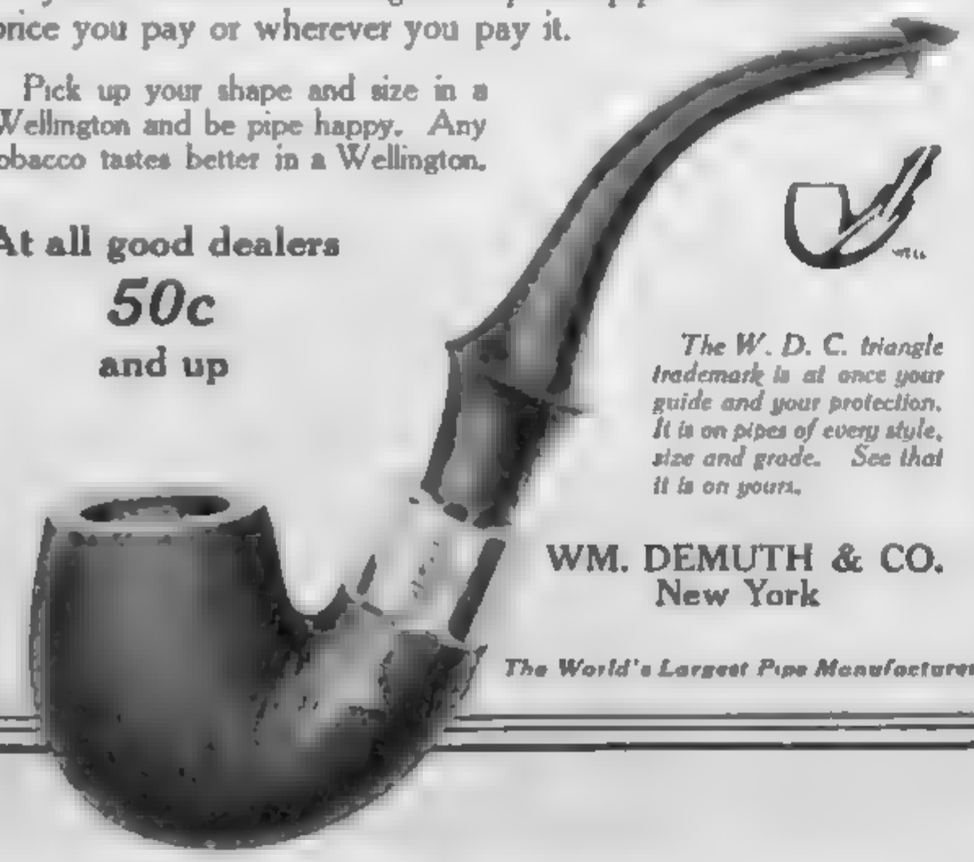

The W. D. C. triangle trademark is at once your guide and your protection. It is on pipes of every style, size and grade. See that it is on yours.

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ground and was soaking him good and proper and choking him now and again for luck, when what does the other guy do but bite him on the knee, and he wins the fight right there. No sir, you can't keep a good man down!

You would laugh your head off to see how we drill the geese in this town. They have a whole lot of geese, also chickens. Well, the geese seem to like Americans, because they're always hanging round on the hunt for food. And we drill them. Shorty Steen drills eight big fat ones every evening. They do fine in single file, and now Shorty is learning them squad drill. He says he will start trench work next week and do some intensive training. What do you know about that!

They work oxen here, too, and one native drives a horse and an ox to a wagon tandem

All their teams is tandem, because the streets are so narrow, I reckon.

Before I come over I heard a lot about the French being starved to death, but don't you believe it, J. C.! These people ain't starved by a long shot. They look fat enough to me, and everybody seems to get enough to eat. And the cattle are in fine shape, and what horses is left are in fair shape, although most of them are old, because all the young horses are in the war. You sure do hear a lot of camelflage about this business. Ain't it the truth!

I been in the south of France, too, J. C., and there they have all the food they can put under their belts, and they get all they need here too. You can go into any little French town and buy a meal with soup and eggs and meat and vegetables and salad and cheese and a pint of wine—all for sixty cents; which is better food and better cooked than you could get for seventy-five cents in the U. S. And this country has been at war three years. So what's the answer?

The French sure know how to save. They bite every coin and then go south with it. It is the women who are the best, and they boss the treasury. Back home, J. C., when a guy's got a wife and family he takes her what is left out of his pay after he has bought a few drinks for the boys, and she manages to stretch it over a week somehow or other. But that ain't the French system at all. Over here the woman keeps the bank, and don't you forget it! She takes every cent the old man earns and puts it in a sock maybe or hides it in the teapot; and perhaps she will give him three or four sous for a drink, and perhaps she won't.

If the Frenchies want to stand for that system it's none of my business, J. C., but I hope it never gets going in the U. S. Don't say nothing to Minnie about this.

But the French sure have got it on us in some ways. When an American wants to have some fun the only way he knows is to go out and turn loose the money—leastways that is what the doughboys do. But a Frenchman will take a few sous and sit at a little table out near the sidewalk, lapping up the native wine now and again, and swapping stories with his pals and giving the girls the once over. He can have one hell of a time on about four cents! What do you know about that!

So they pinched Ted Jones because he wouldn't enroll and kicked up a ruckus, did they? Serves the big stiff right! I hope they hang him. He was always saying as he would fight for America if we was invaded, but he'd be dog-goned if he'd go way over the ocean to fight against the Germans, just to help France and England out. Can you beat it?

Well, you tell folks like him back home that we're fighting to keep from being invaded. Get me, J. C.? If guys like Jones could hear what I done heard they would want to join Uncle Sam's Army too. Because there are three girls and a married woman in this town that was made prisoners by the *Boches* for months and months when the *Boches* made their first rush through France. And believe me, J. C., I want to fight them devils three thousand miles from home, just as far as I can get! Yes, sir; *now* is the time for us to step to it; because if we don't clean up with them now we will have to clean up with them later on, and I'd a lot liefer take them on when we got the gang with us. Am I right or am I wrong?

Anyhow, we're here, so it's too late to argue, because they can't leave us boys in the lurch who come over here to fight for them. They got to back us up, to the last man and last dollar if we need same. And if we are willing to fight for them what stays at home, why, surely they got the guts to work together and stand shoulder to shoulder till we mop up with the Kaiser and Hindenburg. And then we'll go back to the U. S. to the tune of Auld Lang Syne.

There's a figure of Christ on the cross at the end of this street. They have got them all over France, at the crossroads and on the hills. And coming in from drill this evening I got to wondering what he thought about all this.

Well, here comes the native down the street with his team of one horse and one ox—and I know what that means. It means another day is done somewhere in France.

THE MAXIM—CAVEAT EMPTOR

(Continued from Page 17)

asking for the choice of locations at the harbor, Mr. Matson tells me, which means that they will take the one I have talked over with you. I have my franchise to run to that point on the harbor. In short, if I show my hand they will stop me cold."

The commissioners conferred. Finally Mr. Gordon said:

"I'm afraid we may have to ask you for more information before we act, Mr. Lacey. Just at present we won't grant any competitor's application in prejudice of yours, but if you can tell us soon, confidentially of course, just what your game is—if you can show us connections with a shipper, for example, or with a responsible oil producer—we can move with clearer conscience."

"Then, as I understand it, your board will not sell any dockage rights to the Pacific Refinery Company until you give me a hearing. Is that correct?"

"You have my promise on that."

"Thanks. I'll expect to hear from you, then."

Angus went away more discouraged than he showed. Powerful agencies were moving against him, he was certain. He was handicapped, too, by not knowing exactly how far he could go. Yet only as a last resort would he appeal to his chief for help or bring his name into the business affairs of the Tidewater Company. On the face of it the city officials ought to be willing to accept his application and bond in good faith, but they were hesitant. If he could show them some tangible property ——

Suddenly Angus stopped in the midst of the crowds of Fourth Street, whooped excitedly, slapped his leg, and dashed for the telephone booth in the Angelus. While the operator dallied with his number he stamped impatiently about. Then he got his man.

"Hello, Fisk? . . . This is Angus Lacey. I've got a scheme to pull our little Fairfax Oil Company out. . . . Yes. . . . Well, wait a shake! You remember that scaly old tanker, the Hueneme, we took on from Greene and his crowd? . . . No, it's still down in the mud in Mormon Channel. Get Clayton and Walter Wrenn on the line and have them fix up a power-of-attorney for me to handle their interests in the Fairfax. And leave the rest to me. . . . How's that? . . . Of course the Hueneme is no good. But listen to me, Hi! There's a lawyer's term, *caveat emptor*. Look it up sometime—but not now. Get this business attended to first. . . . Yes, I'll tell you about it. 'By! I'll be in to-morrow at nine."

IV

IT WAS ten weeks later that Oil King Cole was informed that he needed a vacation. Dr. Erasmus Webb, the specialist, was his informant. Doctor Webb prescribed a real rest and a complete change. The petroleum magnate grunted at the verdict, said unkind things to his wife about the eminent medical authority, dreamed in the night of finding Doctor Webb in a sump of crude oil and of standing on the bank gloating and suggesting that the doctor write himself a prescription to ward off suffocation, and went to his office in the morning with a grouch. Unwarned, General Manager Gallinger entered on his chief, urbane and smiling.

"Someone will have to be sent to Guaymas, I'm afraid, Mr. Cole," he began

(Continued on Page 97)

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7 to 8½ " "	3.50	7 to 8½ " "	2.50
8½ to 10 " "	4.50	8½ to 10 " "	3.—
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(Continued from Page 24)

cheerfully. "This confounded *de facto* government is tinkering with concessions again and ——"

"What a pleasant little surprise," Oil King Cole interrupted acidly. "Last night my doctor tells me my blood pressure is running up again—now you come in as merry as a May morning and grin while you unload your Mexican problems on me! Gallinger, I wish you had the imagination of a gnat!"

Gallinger had stopped, midway of the room. He was not unaccustomed to his employer's moods, but he never could learn exactly how to accommodate himself to them.

"I wouldn't have bothered you, Mr. Cole," he said soothingly, "except that, as you will remember, you and Morphy arranged all that Mexican ——"

Oil King Cole shouted:

"Of course! Morphy be hanged! Morphy is just like the rest of you clerks—he had to be hand-nourished and tucked to bed at night all the time we were in Mexico City! That's just it, Gallinger! If I didn't have to spend most of my day putting cucumber frames over the people in my office and seeing that you get plenty of water and sun, I might make a little money. But the minute I get something started and ready to turn over to you —— What's the matter with Mexico? Come on, spread yourself! I suppose I'll have to gather up the pieces!"

Manager Gallinger explained. Oil King Cole forgot his peeve. At the end of half an hour he chuckled.

"I'll hole out in one this time, Gallinger," he said quite pleasantly. "Doctor Webb says I must have a complete rest and change—I'll get it by going down and putting the screws on that milk-blooded Mexican governor. It may do him permanent good. Have the papers ready for me Friday morning. And I'll take Simpson along. He's always wanted to travel—now I'll give him a trip that will make him contented with home for the rest of his married life!"

"Friday. Simpson. Yes, Mr. Cole." The general manager made a note. "Now in the matter of the Tidewater Terminal and Dock Company ——"

"Young Lacey—yes. Does he need a nursemaid too?"

Gallinger smiled.

"Well, not exactly, Mr. Cole. My private opinion is that your hand-picked field superintendent will own these offices in five years."

"Will, eh? All right—he'd put some ginger into 'em, at any rate. What's he up to now?"

"He's finishing his quay at the harbor; his pumping stations on the Brea line have all been completed and tested out, and the pipe line will be ready to move oil to the dock in two weeks. No one but Chase knows how much he's spent, but it looks now as though he would end by having the Pacific Refinery Company blocked for keeps."

The oil king rubbed his hands.

"You tell Chase that I don't want him limiting young Lacey on expenditures. He's the boy to lick that Pacific crowd, and if Chase is any auditor at all he can spread the losses round among twelve or fifteen of our companies so that we won't bleed so hard."

"That's what I wanted to speak to you about, Mr. Cole. Lacey was up here yesterday afternoon, and I gather that he expects to come out with a neat profit instead of a dead loss."

"The devil he does! I went in to lose up to three hundred thousand. If Lacey can pulverize the Pacific Refinery and make the process pay cash I'm going to retire in his favor. What's his scheme?"

"Perfectly simple. Pacific Refinery is feeling round with offers to buy Lacey's Tidewater Terminal and Dock Company at our own figures."

Oil King Cole sat up straight.

"They what!"

"That's what Lacey says, and Morphy confirms him. It seems that Lacey not only leased the only practicable docking location at the harbor, but he has managed to make the Pacific gang think he owns and is going to begin operating a line of tankers."

"Tankers? What kind—rowboats with a couple of barrels in the stern?"

"I don't know, Mr. Cole. Lacey is rather secretive about it. But the Pacific Refinery Company has been fooled, whatever the answer is. Bowen, their representative, wants to take over the whole proposition, tankers and all."

"Tankers!" Oil King Cole puzzled a moment. Then he said abruptly:

"Get Lacey in here as soon as you can. I'll smoke him out—with his imaginary tankers!"

Mr. Gallinger retired. He had some difficulty in locating Angus, but found him about noon—in time for Mr. Cole to countermand his order that the field superintendent come to the office, and to invite him to lunch at the California Club instead. It was thus that Angus Lacey, oil-field laborer, recently elevated to a superintendency and charged with the mere trifle of building up and operating a dummy dock company, came to see the inside of a gentleman's club for the first time in his life. He found it rather agreeable, and he was in excellent temper with himself and the world when the two sat down at a corner table.

Oil King Cole was crowded for time, and not in his best mood. He ordered two dinners with a mere look at a steward; then turned to his employee.

"Now, Lacey," he began, "we won't waste the precious hours of golden sun. What in the triple-dashed confines of Beelzebub is the Pacific Refinery doing to you?"

"They've had a couple of men to see me."

"Have, eh? What did you tell them?"

"Nothing."

"The—the deuce you did. If it was that lawyer Bowen they sent you must be a clever sayer of nothings! Did they make you an offer?"

"Haven't yet."

"Yet!"

"No—but Bowen is giving me two-bit cigars now."

"Two-bit ——" The oil king broke into a loud laugh. "You've got their number, Lacey. In another week they'll be exchanging photographs with you. Keep on saying nothing—and here's another point: Gallinger tells me there is something about a line of oil tankers. I've left this fight to you, boy, because you figured it out; but I'll admit that once in a blue moon I like to get a vague, glimmering notion of where my money is going."

Lacey nodded.

"That sounds reasonable," he said. "But perhaps you don't know, Mr. Cole, that I've tried two or three times to come to your office and tell you. I got as far as the office boys. And they all say the same thing."

"What's that?"

"That you're out unless you're in. If you're in, you're out unless I have an appointment. And if I have an appointment, you're not in unless you come out and invite me in too."

The oil king sputtered.

"That's Gallinger. Next time you have them send a card to Miss Ambrose, my stenographer, and I'll see you. Now go on with your tankers—and we won't worry about bills."

"Well, you've said it, Mr. Cole."

"Said what?"

"They are my tankers. I didn't have any orders to buy steamships for the Tidewater Terminal and Dock Company."

"I should say you didn't. What do you mean by talking about them then? Go ahead and bluff the Pacific with a whole fleet of tankers if you have the nerve, but don't try the game on me."

"It isn't a game, Mr. Cole. I have a tanker ready to take oil at the Tidewater dolphins the day we are ready to deliver it. And I've let a contract to myself to handle your oil."

Oil King Cole sat back in his chair, a salad fork in his hand and a vacant stare in his widening eyes.

"To handle my oil?" he choked.

"Ten thousand barrels a trip; three trips a month. You can't very well let your oil-loading dock lie idle, so I thought I'd make it pay from the start."

"But—but—but —— See here, young fellow, I told you to block the Pacific Refinery gang—not to set yourself up in business at my expense! Where did you get a ten-thousand-barrel tanker? What are you going to do with oil if you load it? How the blazes could you sign a contract with yourself to take my oil? You talk plain language to me right now or you and I will have trouble that will leave wrinkles in your forehead!"

"All right," Angus said cheerfully. "I saw a chance to get a tanker at bottom figures. I went in with some friends and took it over. I did that because the harbor commission wanted to see tangible evidences that the Tidewater Terminal and Dock Company would handle oil over the wharf if they gave me a dock lease and a

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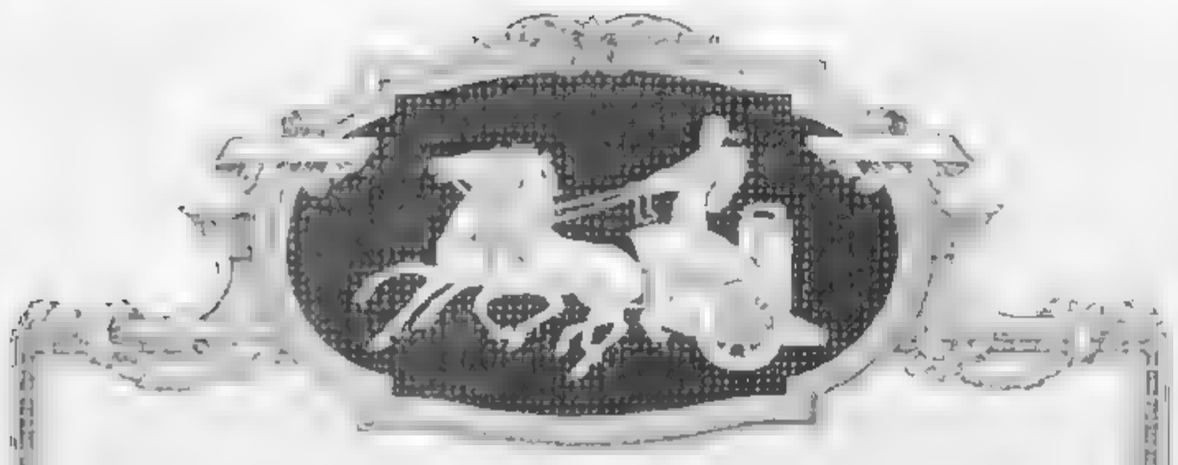

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construction permit. The tangible evidences I gave them were contracts between my tanker company and the Tidewater for thirty thousand barrels a month. On the strength of that I got the lease. And that lease shut the Pacific clear out of it—they took the next best thing, which is half a mile inshore from us, where it will cost them a cool million to make a fill and build a quay to do business over. That's all there is to it—and I've only spent the money that Mr. Morphy and your auditor, Chase, vouchered to me."

Mr. Cole resumed his dinner very thoughtfully. From the corner of one eye Angus watched him. He had planned to play his cards exactly in the order they had been played, and he was in additional luck at finding the oil king rushed. Presently he would mention, casually, the fact that his friends were willing to sell their tanker and their contracts with the Tidewater Company at a favorable price—one sufficient, by the way, to more than cover their dead losses in the Fairfax Oil Company.

But Oil King Cole broke the silence presently with a chuckle.

"Well, Lacey," he said, gurgling with delight, "I never knew a man I'd rather be bullied by than you! You've got imagination, as I've said forty thousand times—and that's something that was left out of most of my staff completely. I think I have some, and I like the idea of running our own Atlas oil through our own Brea pipe line and delivering it over our own Tidewater Terminal dock to our own tanker. I'll buy you another one or two to play with, what's more! I suppose you've got a price all ready to hand me, haven't you?"

Angus grinned.

"Our investment stands us just eighty thousand, Mr. Cole," he said promptly.

"You're clever. You'll make an oil man yet—and a promoter too. I'll leave word with Gallinger, because I'm going away for a couple of weeks myself. Go on and get your check, then finish up at the harbor. If Pacific Refinery talks buying we'll sell them the whole show, from opening chorus to the waving of the starry flag at the end. I see I've got to think up something else for you to do, too, and that may take me a month. Call on Gallinger to-morrow."

He snapped his fingers and a waiter came running.

"Bring me two of those big queens, Fritz. The doctor prescribes mild ones, but I'm celebrating to-day. Did you ever try a four-bit cigar, Lacey?"

▼

THE Pacific Refinery Company was in a bad humor, speaking of it as a corporation and also as an organization of moneyed individuals. The atmosphere round its San Francisco offices was blue with profanity, called forth by the conviction that its Los Angeles offices had blundered in the race to the southern port. Conversely, the Los Angeles headquarters was full of strong and trenchant language, used in expressing the belief that the San Francisco officials were a set of ivory-domed tortoises, incapable of anything more imaginative than censorious night letters in code, which required half a day to decipher and which meant nothing even then. And the electric tension had communicated itself even to the imperturbable Bradford Bowen, attorney and principal outside agent and representative of Stephen Livingood, the president. Mr. Bowen had long since reached the conclusion that Angus Lacey was an employee of an English or Dutch syndicate. His line of reasoning was simple: If Oil King Cole had conceived a plan for a harbor pipe line, a loading dock, and a fleet of tankers, he would have worked through anyone but one of his own employees! They had tried Lacey by direction and indirection, by circumlocution, trick, artifice and device, but they had not gained one shred of information. Angus maintained to them that he was in charge of the destinies of the Tidewater Terminal and Dock Company, and he said to Mr. Bradford Bowen:

"When it comes to buying the Tidewater out and taking over the South Coast Oil and Steamship Company and its tanker line, you have to name a price. The language is all yours and the laws of the country don't restrict free speech!"

Mr. Bowen gave up subterfuges at last.

"In short, Mr. Lacey," he said, "you want to know what we're willing to do. Is that it?"

"No, that's going a little too strong, Bowen," Angus grinned. "I don't care two hoops on a barrel what you are willing to do."

"Let me put it another way, then. What price will your—your Tidewater Company—consider for your lease and dock?"

"They won't consider any until they hear it."

"Suppose we were to offer you what this project has cost you and a flat twenty per cent profit. That's minted gold, Mr. Lacey—minted gold for you!"

"Is it?" Angus inquired innocently. "I'll have to take your word for it. But it wouldn't buy government bonds."

"Why not?"

"Because it's only talking money."

"Talking?"

"Yes. I want to see it, you understand. The truth of the thing is, Mr. Bowen, that you're wasting a lot of time at a good salary trying to tease me into fixing a price for you. When you get ready to lay gold and silver down on a table somewhere I'll arrange to be among those present."

Bowen wasn't authorized to name a price at the moment. But he went back to President Livingood of the Pacific Refinery Company determined to have that authority, and have it in black and white, before he sought Angus Lacey again.

Two weeks passed and the active head of the Tidewater Terminal and Dock Company was crowding his crews on the finishing touches of the harbor work when he was called by telephone from the offices of Oil King Cole. The magnate had returned from Mexico and had requested information as to whether the Tidewater would be a going concern within a reasonable length of time.

"You can tell Mr. Cole that we've been pumping oil through the Atlas line from Brea for thirty hours now," Angus replied promptly. "I wanted a day or two more to clean up at the dock, but I won't need it. The whole job is ready for inspection."

"Just a minute, Mr. Lacey," the chief clerk at the other end of the line said. Then: "Mr. Cole will be down to-morrow at ten. Shall I tell him you will meet him?"

"I'll meet him with the keys to the city," Angus answered.

By dint of urging and hurried telephoning the young superintendent was able to set the stage that night. He was up late. He was out again at five o'clock in the morning. There was a gate valve to place at the terminal end of the pipe line, and a gasoline engine and winch to test on the edge of the dock. At nine o'clock his gauger telephoned down from the storage tank in the hills above the harbor that there was crude enough on hand to fill the pipe line to the wharf, and Angus told him to open his valves and let the stuff come. Attorney Morphy, almost as proud over the new infant as was Angus himself, arrived early, and a few minutes later no less a visitor than Bradford Bowen, cocked and primed with an offer, in cash, from the Pacific Refinery Company. But Angus would not hear it. Because, promptly at ten o'clock, the big car of Oil King Cole drew up at the land side of the Tidewater pier and the magnate alighted, beaming.

He came down the dock as pleased as Punch. From the shore two pipe lines extended—one drawing oil from the tank above, the other laid to receive bilge water from the hold of tankers coming in in water ballast. Harbor regulations require that this water, which is heavy with oil, be pumped ashore and separated before it is released into the sea again. On the dock were a small office building, two hose cranes for handling the metal-armored hose which runs from the end of the pipe line to the loading tankers, and a gasoline engine and winch for manipulating the lines. Off the wharf, fifteen or twenty feet, were two clusters of heavy piles, with their tops bent in and clamped together, forming dolphins to warp a tank vessel's hawsers on, holding her away from the wharf and pipe line. Excess construction materials were neatly piled out of the way. The oil magnate chuckled to himself.

"I caught a live one in this boy Lacey," he thought. "He seems too good to be true."

Then he saw Bowen and Bowen saw him. The latter gasped. Oil King Cole nodded to Lacey and Attorney Morphy. Then he turned on the representative of the Pacific Refinery Company, the corporation that had come so near to stunting Cole to a sidetrack.

"Hello, Bowen," he said curtly. "What's the latest news from the enemy's trenches?

(Concluded on Page 101)

"Corking looking tableware in that chest, Bess. Is it solid silver?"

"Solid silver in these days? Oh, you prehistoric Tom! Why not *solid gold?*"

"Hello—I must be in reverse! Back up! Then solid silver is no longer the thing? Who dropped the bomb on it?"

"No one dropped anything on it. Solid silver is still perfectly all right, of course, but—"

"Well?"

"It simply *isn't necessary* since COMMUNITY became the vogue."

The Vogue of COMMUNITY PLATE

A chest containing a complete outfit of COMMUNITY PLATE *for the table can be bought at prices ranging from* $50 *to* $300. *Or in individual sets; for instance, teaspoons* $6 *the dozen. At your service for* 50 *years.* ONEIDA COMMUNITY, *Ltd.*

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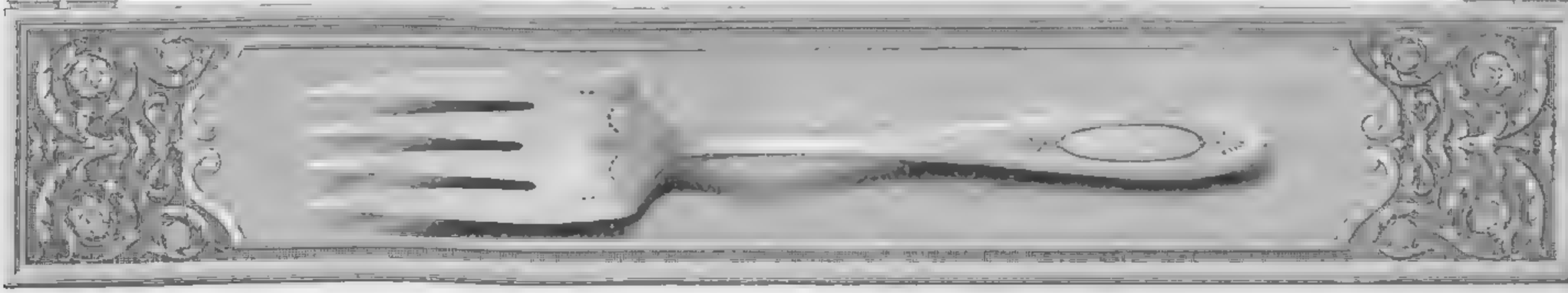

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Make the Mitchell Cars Unique

The present Mitchell standards have been fixed and developed by John W. Bate, the efficiency expert. They typify his methods. And they make the Mitchell in both sizes a distinctive car.

These standards in the past few years have multiplied the Mitchell prestige. They are creating new criterions for strength, beauty and equipment. Every buyer of a fine car should measure what they mean.

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Three years ago we adopted the standard of 100 per cent over-strength. That meant to double our margins of safety in every important part.

It meant many oversize parts. It meant much Chrome-Vanadium steel. It meant radical tests to prove that parts met this extreme requirement. Over 440 parts are now built of toughened steel. The shock-absorbing springs we now employ have never yet been broken.

And it means, we believe, a lifetime car. Two Bate-built Mitchells have already run over 200,000 miles each. The average repair cost has been reduced about 75 per cent.

Third—Completeness

Then we found that most car buyers bought extras for their cars. We learned what those extras were, and added them to Mitchells. Now Mitchells embody 31 features which nearly all cars omit.

These include a power tire pump, reversible headlights, shock-absorbing springs, a dashboard engine primer, a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment, and 25 other extras. It would cost you hundreds of dollars to add them all to a car which lacked them.

Fourth—Luxury

Then we have made the Mitchells the handsomest cars in their class. In the past year alone we have added 24 per cent to the luxury cost of these cars.

Our experts examined 257 show models, so no attraction would be overlooked. Our body designs are exclusive, for Mitchell bodies are designed and built in our own model plant.

Thus Mitchells differ in a hundred ways from other like-class cars. Despite that fact, they undersell any comparable cars. All because of efficiency methods evolved by John W. Bate.

We regard these standards as essential in a high-grade car today. In a car that you buy to keep. Go see our latest models and we know you will agree.

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Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

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Four-Passenger Roadster, $1560.
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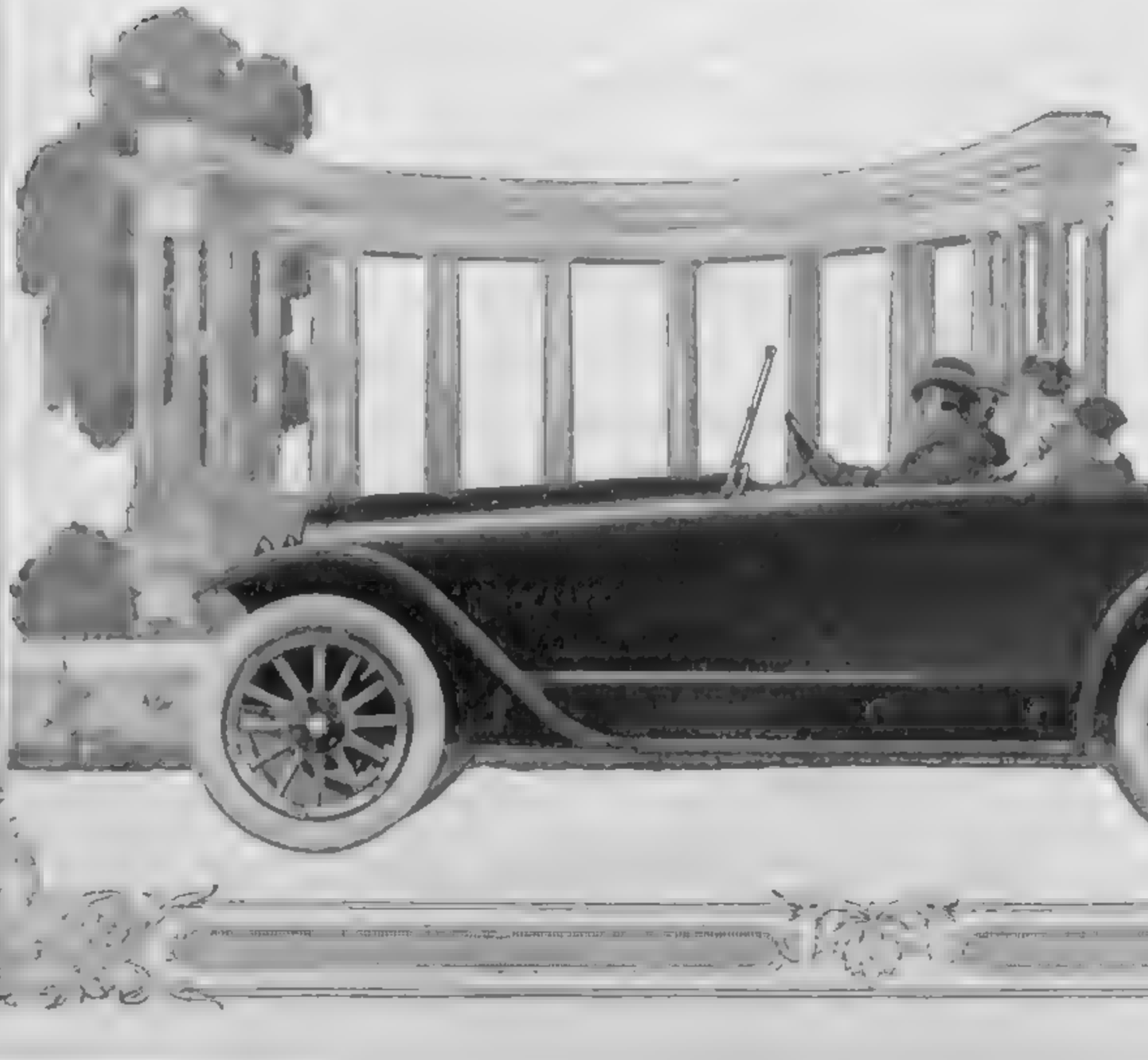

Mitchell Sixes

(Concluded from Page 98)

Are you folks in the Pacific having bread riots or something? What do you think of the Atlas Brea pipe line now? Speak up, man! Don't be bashful."

The agent of the Pacific Refinery Company lighted a cigar, revealing the fact that his fingers were shaky.

"No, Mr. Cole, I'm not bashful. I'm just rattled—plain rattled. Things happen so fast round here —— So you are the Tidewater Terminal and Dock Company after all!"

Oil King Cole started a reply, then stopped.

"No," he said after a moment's consideration, "I'm only the office boy. Lacey is the boss. Wave your flag of truce at him, you benevolent pirate!"

"Is he authorized to receive an offer for your pipe line and dock?"

Mr. Bowen was mortified at finding himself proved so poor a guesser, and he spoke rather sharply, even to Oil King Cole. Mr. Cole only laughed.

"I don't know anything about his authority. Ask him," he said.

Reluctantly Bowen turned to Angus Lacey, who swung his long legs from a pile head.

"I'm ready to offer eight hundred and seventy-five thousand for the whole proposition—pipe line, dock, lease and all."

The young superintendent still swung his legs.

"I can't give you an answer, Mr. Bowen," he drawled at length. "I'll have to talk it over with my people first. But my guess is that if you don't figure on taking the Atlas Oil and Refinery Company along with the Tidewater Terminal and Dock Company you'll save exertion by not figuring at all."

Oil King Cole drew in his breath sharply. Lacey was playing up to specifications.

"I think, young fellow," he said to the superintendent, "that if you were speaking for your people that's about what they would say. And I imagine that they would put the price for the whole deal at somewhere round a million and three-quarters. I think they would say that, if the Pacific Refinery Company wouldn't consider that, then the Tidewater or the Atlas or somebody would buy more tankers and fill its own orders itself. Of course I may be wrong, but I think that's what they would say."

Bradford Bowen turned on the oil king.

"We might as well drop this vaudeville stuff," he said sharply. "I've got your proposition and I'll take it back to the city. We can let you know this afternoon, I suppose?"

"That's all right with me if it is with Mr. Lacey," Cole answered. "But I'd advise you to get the thing settled before nine to-morrow morning. Because I play golf in the afternoons to keep down my blood pressure, and I work in the mornings to raise it. If I should happen on the job to-morrow without any word from you there's no telling what I would decide to do with Mr. Lacey's property. Good-by, Bowen."

Mr. Bowen left hurriedly, speaking strong words in his throat.

Oil King Cole turned to Angus Lacey.

"Angus, my boy," he said, "you're a full hand—aces and a pair of queens! I take back all the hard things I've thought about the human race, viewing you. Let's have a squint at our own little tanker and then we'll run up to the city for lunch and talk about splitting this Tidewater sale profit some way that's ——"

Angus was looking past him toward the inner harbor. The oil king, warned by instinct, swung round and choked.

"Now what the triple-dashed realms of Satan ——"

A fussy tug—its captain stolid in the stern, its gasoline engine popping frantically—came toward them, shoving through the still waters the most lopsided, battered, dingy and disreputable old hulk that ever was raised from a mud flat and sent out to berth in decent company. Her decks were worm-eaten and warped by the sun; her port scuppers were almost awash; what of her plates were visible were rust-chewed and battered; her rails were gone, her two low masts leaned crazily and her smokestack was falling to ruin. As she was worked round by the disgusted little tug a touch of white showed about her stern, where she had been given part of a coat of paint, but the rest of her was bone-yard victim, lost to all hope.

Seeing her weave perilously toward the new dolphins of the Tidewater Company, Oil King Cole leaned down over the dock, his face purple. He hailed the wooden-visaged tug boatman wrathfully.

"Hey, you!" he shouted. "Bear off, there! Drag that old tramp away from here. Move along! The damned junk will sink in a minute and choke the channel!"

The boatman looked up calmly and removed his pipe to answer.

"Orders to moor her here, sir," he announced in his fog-horn voice. "Property of the Tidewater Terminal and Dock Company. This is the berth, isn't it?"

Oil King Cole shut his eyes and stood perfectly still for a full minute. Then he turned slowly toward Angus Lacey.

"Well, young man," he said, trying to speak without bursting, "I suppose this is your idea of a joke, is it? Is that the oil tanker you sold Gallinger?"

Angus stepped forward.

"No, sir! That's the oil tanker I sold you"

"Oh, you—you—you ——" The oil magnate choked. "Talk that way to me, will you? Talk back, will you? You're a crook, Lacey—I thought you were too good to be true! You did me—and then didn't have sense enough to get away before I caught you! Well, you can get away now—and this is the last time I trust anybody but myself!"

Angus nodded.

"I know how you feel, Mr. Cole," he said. "That's the way I felt. I was one of the men you let down when you took over the Fairfax Oil Company's ground at Santa Maria. I bought in there without looking first—Mr. Morphy can tell you the legal name for it"

Oil King Cole swore.

"Morphy!" he exploded. "Is Morphy in on this too?"

The attorney had retreated to the pump house some moments before through modesty and a feeling of delicacy, but now he came forward like a man, determined to back Angus to the limit. Angus, however, gave him no time to speak.

"No, Mr. Cole. Mr. Morphy didn't know anything about the tanker until this morning. I took her over myself—and I'm responsible."

The oil king was about to burst into one of his famous tirades that always threatened to end in an apoplectic fit, but that never did. For a moment he could only gulp, and in that moment he had time to think. Instead of flaying Angus alive on the spot, he swallowed, took a turn on the deck, and came back, confronting his young superintendent.

"Fairfax Oil Company, eh?" he snapped. "Was that the one with a flaw in its title to ground at Santa Maria? Yes, I remember. So you were in that. You were in that, were you? Um-m-m. And I got it, did I? I see. I see. Well, I suppose you're ready to be fired, aren't you?"

Angus nodded.

"Or I can quit, if it makes it any easier for you, Mr. Cole."

"You can, eh? Um-m-m!"

He turned to take another look at the old tanker. For a moment he stared, as though fascinated by its horrific worthlessness. The tug was swinging the hulk round. The great water-logged thing moved heavily, remonstrantly. But as the men on the dock gazed her stern came into view—her newly painted stern, on which there glistened a name—black on white. Oil King Cole squinted. Then suddenly he burst into a roar of laughter. With a quick step he reached Angus Lacey and threw an arm round the younger man's shoulders.

"Lacey! That's good. The—best one—I ever had—pulled on—me. Loosen my collar, somebody. Pound me—on the—b-back! Angus, don't say a word. Morphy, shut up! Come on to lunch—both of you. Help me to the—car—because I'm going to—suffocate!"

He seized each of them by an arm and led them away, the tears of uncontrollable mirth rolling from his face and his breath coming painfully between peals. Once or twice he had to stop, and each time he stopped he looked back toward the old tanker, coming to rest off the Tidewater dock, and each time he looked back his laughter caught him again as he saw that new and staring name.

It stood out in bold relief on the battered and rust-stained stern of the tanker that for eight long years had lain on the mud flats of Mormon Channel, and it shrieked to the world in new letters of black on new white.

The old Hueneme had been rechristened Caveat Emptor.

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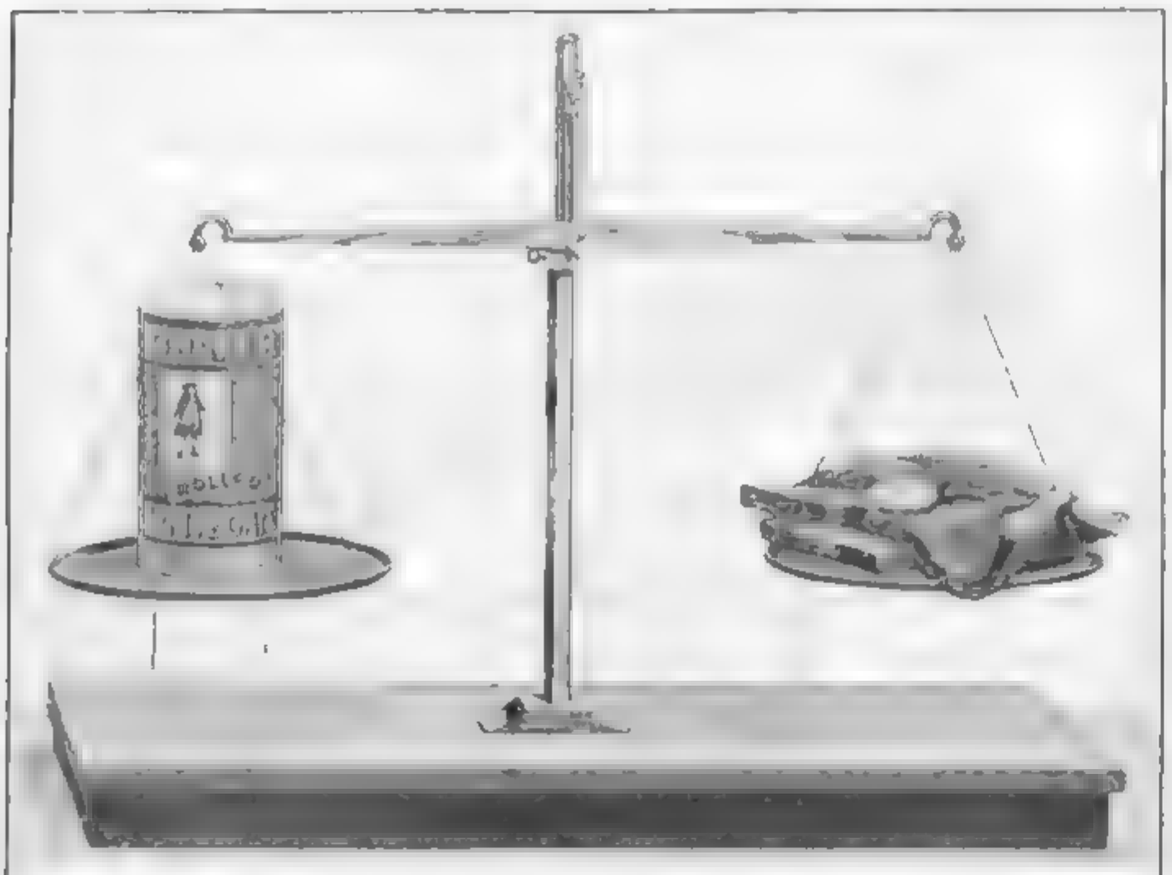

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The Son of Heaven Comes Back—and Goes Back

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

THERE are no "embattled farmers" in Peking. Strangest and most significant to an American of all the interesting phases of life in China's capital during these days of turmoil and terror is the fact that there is nowhere discernible any tendency to fight for one's home and property. The restored monarchy was only two days old when wealthy Chinese began bringing their families into the Wagons Lits Hotel, which is within the Legation Quarter, and so safe from attack or looting. As rumors of republican opposition grew, together with reports of gathering armies, sheer panic seized the people. The streets were filled with fleeing families bound for the railroad stations and for the Legation Quarter. Rickshas, Peking carts, coolie-drawn trucks and even automobiles were piled high with household goods. One wonders what these pigskin trunks and lacquered boxes and huge blanket rolls and net-covered baskets hold that is so much more precious than courage and independence and manhood! Looking out for Number One has so long been a fine art in China that it has utterly sapped the quality of courage. Nobody seems ashamed of cowardice. The Wagons Lits Hotel is crowded with rich, influential and titled Chinese, who are unabashedly saving their skins, until such time as it may be safe to go out and fly whichever flag is triumphant. All of New York's Chinatown cannot exhibit such a racket and clatter and confusion as are found here.

While writing this paragraph I had to go out into the hallway and suppress two high-born Chinese ladies who were reviling each other in shrill tones, their partisans and servants aiding the confusion. Of children, to whom the elevator is the wonder of wonders, there seem no end, and they are cunning little creatures. For a day or two this new life among the foreigners is a lark for them, even if they do live half a dozen or more in a room; and they get more fun out of the Restoration and its collapse than the boy over in the yellow-tiled palace yonder; yet they soon tire of the novelty. It would be better for them if their fathers should spend part of the exorbitant sums—families pay as high as from forty to a hundred dollars a day for single rooms—which are now flowing into the coffers of the Wagons Lits, to buy guns and defend their homes against possible raids from the pigtails.

The Reign of Terror

Not that I do not grant them some reason for being concerned over the conduct of the bandits. These comic-opera braves have long terrorized villages, knowing no law except the word of the chief. Chang Hsun and his army are the spiritual descendants of Kublai Khan and his hordes. Civilized usages mean nothing to them; they are the old Tartar hordes come back—with automobiles and machine guns. In my ricksha rides about the city, by day and by night, to watch the trend of things, I have more than once been held up by the savages. It is difficult to urge a ricksha coolie to go near them. Their bayonets have been stuck threateningly beneath my nose half a dozen times; and once, when I persisted in trying to photograph the main gate of the Forbidden City, they prepared to shoot—but not until I had snapped the picture. In all my recent goings about China I have in only one place encountered the spirit of unconcealed hostility to foreigners which was common a dozen years ago. That was at the gate of the Temple of Heaven, where the pigtailed army has its headquarters. Only those who know the beauty and sublimity of this spot can understand the incongruity of filling it with Chang Hsun's hordes. Riding up close to the gate of the Temple of Heaven, through a throng of these dirty and sensual-eyed ruffians, I was given a reception that plainly indicated the pleasure they would have had in running me through and in rifling my purse.

Thirty-five hundred of these brigands have succeeded in holding up all Peking despite the presence of two or three times that number of regular troops. One would like to read the comments of Confucius upon a nation that allows itself to be terrorized by such a handful of brigands. More to the point are the comments of the American marines here, who, though they number less than three hundred, would cheerfully take on Chang Hsun and his whole army. The old general is a coward. When I went to call upon him, his sentries, one after another, tried to take away my walking stick, lest I might damage their brave leader. When he fares forth from his residence he rides in a closed automobile, preceded and followed by others, and with a soldier on each running board, holding a drawn magazine pistol. An American's mind constantly recurs to the anachronism of this old brigand in an automobile, able to overturn the government of the largest nation on earth.

The Legation Guards

Terrorization as a method of government is an interesting theme for study here. The fleeing hordes of Chinese who crowd the railroad trains, seats, aisles and platforms—where they tie themselves to the rail—even riding upon the baggage racks, are one phase of the effects of this principle. The lines of people, palpably nervous and on tiptoe, who crowd the principal streets, waiting for the defeated pigtails to come in from the Battle of Lang Fan, are another. Back of them are the merchants, ready to put up their shutters at a moment's warning, yet not daring to do so, from fear of Chang Hsun, until the proper moment arrives.

All sorts of potentialities are represented by these street crowds—except protection to life and property. Should the pigtails come back and begin looting, there are ruffians in plenty to join in the riot. Knowing this, merchants have hidden away their treasures; and the native banks, whose notes have depreciated fifty per cent within the week, have sent their specie into the Legation Quarter, though already, it seems, Chang Hsun has seized five million dollars in silver to pay his men. Others of the crowd are merely adventurous idlers, eager to see what is new—just like ourselves. Ricksha men are at times scarce on the main streets, for the pigtails have a genial way of giving them opportunity to carry soldiers and luggage without any sordid financial transaction being involved. Chang Hsun and his hordes clearly belong on the steppes of Tartary in the long ago, rather than at the meeting place of the nations, with a Yale graduate for adviser.

The fact that the events of the past few days are possible makes it clear that China is yet a long way removed from exemption from the law of extraterritoriality, which puts a fortified foreign settlement in her capital city and establishes treaty ports wherein the law of China does not run. No foreigner in this country is at all subject to China's law. In such terror of foreign intervention does China live that even Chang Hsun respects these special rights. When events grew ominous on Monday, July second, service ammunition was issued to legation guards, of whom there are in all about thirteen hundred here. Japan and America have the largest contingents, the latter force numbering nearly three hundred; and Colonel Neville, who took Vera Cruz, and has had a life of action that included the expedition to the relief of Peking in 1900, is senior commandant of the Legation Guard. His men hold a large section of the city wall, and during these hot nights they sleep in the wide spaces of the great tower over the Hatamen Gate of the city, untroubled by dragon dreams, despite the carvings and paintings that surround them.

On the wall is a favorite promenade for foreigners, and during the week of the Restoration a band concert was given there for non-Chinese residents of the city. The fall or rise of empire in China does not disturb the routine of some forms of life. On the Fourth of July the American marines had athletics and an exciting baseball game. Meantime a company of American troops were on the way to Peking from Tientsin to reenforce the garrison, and all American residents of the city were officially notified to be ready to retire to the Legation in case of outbreaks in the city. These American

(Continued on Page 105)

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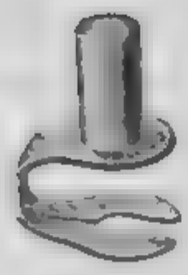
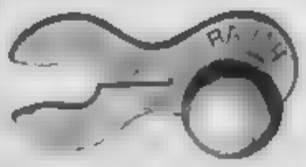
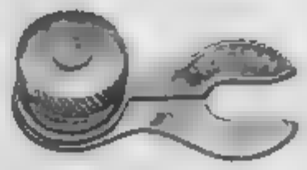
With any size ferrule required. Fits any make of plug with the extra collar supplied.



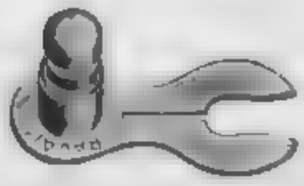
Rajah Packard Terminal
Adapter for Packard 4 and 6 Cylinder.



Rajah Ball Terminal
Adapter for Franklin, special type for Willys-Knight.



Rajah Thumb Nut Terminal
Adapter for Dodge, Ford, Hup, Hudson, Maxwell, Mitchell, Packard Twin Six, Pullman.



Rajah Stud Terminal
Adapter for Buick, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile.

Terminals and Adapters are furnished so that Rajah Plugs can be used with any car not equipped with the Rajah type of terminal

(Continued from Page 102)

soldiers were detained by the cutting of the railroad by the bandits, in violation of the protocol of 1901, and by a battle between Republican troops and the pigtails, in which the latter were defeated in an almost bloodless victory. The Republicans dropped a bomb from an airplane into the Forbidden City, killing a eunuch and throwing the imperial family into hysteria.

This bomb brought panic into the camp of the usurper. After five days of what the headlines of the Peking Gazette daily called The Midsummer-Moon Monarchy, the ardor of the capital, which is a plant that thrives best under the shadow of a throne, perceptibly began to cool. On Sunday afternoon and Monday dragon flags had flown from nearly every place of business. One by one they began to disappear after the middle of the week. On Friday night the merchants of the famous shop streets in the Chinese city agreed that they would take down all their dragon flags. Likewise they began to make ready the five-barred emblem of the Republic. I found one thrifty manufacturer, while the Boy Emperor was still on his throne, busily preparing a stock of Republican flags for the expected demand. Pigtailed soldiers became less and less conspicuous, though they still remained on guard at the telegraph office and the railroad station, even after they had been withdrawn from the city gates.

For, though the proceedings within the city of Peking were a show of vanity, discrediting the Chinese character and making the present serious crisis appear absurd, in the country at large there was being manifested something new and portentous, an augur of a fresh life for this old nation. Clearly the Republic, whatever its failings, has brought something unprecedented into the political life of China—celerity of action in a crisis. Despite the censorship of wires set up by Chang Hsun, the news of the restoration of the Manchu dynasty was known throughout China the next day, July second. By July fourth troops were marching upon the capital from every direction. Protests and repudiations flew into Peking in a torrent. Even men who were counted reactionaries sent swift condemnation. The tremendous fact is not yet fully sensed in Peking, but there really is such a thing as a militant democracy among the Chinese. Disregarding for the moment the capital, and considering the country at large, it is clear that the privilege of being ruled by their own representatives is precious to the people. Within five days after the dramatic coup a battle was fought against the usurper's troops, and within a week the city was entirely invested.

The Most Popular Wagon

Back of the pusillanimous politicians—among whom, I repeat, not a single patriot is at present in sight—stands the great mass of the Chinese people, dimly conscious of new manhood rights and of a new national identity. They have already made it appear that, however dim their realization of republican principles, they are none the less through with emperors. This vast bulk of elemental physical resources—beef, muscle, nerve, patience, industry, fertility and teachableness—is very slowly becoming vocal. Vice President Feng Kwo Chang, in the south, and Premier Tuan Chi Jui, at Tientsin, may be only maneuvering for personal and party control, as of yore—Chang Hsun declares that all the other generals were in the original restoration plot, but grew jealous of him! But there is arising almost imperceptibly throughout China something approximating a common mind of democracy that may yet frustrate all their schemes. It is perfectly clear that, given disinterested leadership, China can do almost anything.

Meantime the old bandit and his troops, who tried to stem the tide of the times, are spurning compromises, and declaring that they will fight to the death, and not an edict has come from the boy's throne for three days; while the men upon whom he showered honors are all scurrying to cover. Earlier in this article I mentioned several varieties of Peking vehicles; I neglected to state that the oldest and most popular of them all is the band wagon.

Conferences and compromises having failed, and ultimata having expired, it was clear that real fighting was inevitable. All the paraphernalia of war had been in readiness for days, both without and within the city. Everybody understood that Wednesday night, July eleventh, was the critical time for Peking. The second ultimatum of the Republican generals would expire by midnight, and if Chang Hsun did not compromise by that hour the war would be on—and at eleven o'clock the pigtail general was issuing truculent defiances. For foreigners it had been a night of wild rickshaw riding about town to observe the signs.

The British volunteers were all called out to man their legation walls, since only a few Sikhs were regularly on duty; and their section of the fortifications includes a bit of the bullet-scarred wall of 1900, marked, Lest we forget! Chinese soldiers and gendarmes occupied the streets of the city at every few paces and squads of troops marched up and down in most martial array. If this had not been China, an observer would have declared that trouble was simply impossible, for the now loyal troops—which a few days before had been taking orders from the bandit general!—outnumbered the Hsuchow braves five or six to one. Nevertheless, the shops of the city were not only closed, but the foremost retail streets were also barricaded; the aspect of war that most concerns everybody in China is loot, and for days the merchants had been keeping their valuables stored away. Streets were deserted of pedestrians. All flags were down, in sweet impartiality. A tense atmosphere of waiting pervaded the overwrought city.

The Party Begins

At midnight came word of firing to the northwest. Five Americans piled into the ever-waiting rickshas and started off to investigate, one big Iowa chap in the lead, full of exuberance over the excitement. Little did we dream that a Chinese bullet would find him ere the sun had risen. We started toward the rumored scene of action, only to be stopped at the various entrances to the outer Forbidden City. By this time we had all become so accustomed to having bayonets stuck under our noses that we could almost recognize them by the smell. Barricades of poles, earth and sandbags were cast up at all strategic places, and the pigtails behind them looked very businesslike. When the small squadron of trouble-hunting American rickshas came to the main approach to Chang Hsun's residence, we found a guard that was almost a mob, and every man an arsenal. The way in which a Chinese soldier multiplies arms and ammunition reminds one of a Kurd or a Mexican. He seems to trust to the appearance of his weapons rather than to his skill with any one of them. These troops were even less pleased than their fellows with our visit and sternly barred our passage; but the magic word, *Meguo*, or American, brought smiles to the face of the overarmed commissioned officer in charge of this strategic post, and he gave us permission to go even to the house of the Grand Panjandrum himself.

However, we learned from him and from others that there really had been no firing, and that his men would not open the game, since the visiting team was first up at bat. So we steered our none too reluctant coolies back to the hotel, convinced that the game had again been called off for another night. Still, as so often before, we had been given the worth of the fifteen cents spent for an hour's ride in the rickshas, since nowhere else on earth could a foreigner go riding up to or else through the drawn lines of armies, inspecting defenses at will, and also taking the chance of being mistaken for a foe in the darkness, especially when slow to obey challenges. For to the "No can do!" of the timid steed would be responded the foreigner's imperative "*Maskeel* Can do!"

"Joy cometh in the morning," says the Psalmist; and to the jaded journalist, spent with the heat and with the futile search for action, there came sweet sounds the next morning, Thursday, July twelfth, when he leaped out of bed and, in the light that was just breaking, saw it was half past four o'clock. First toward the south, and later circling round the horizon, there arose the music of the guns—many guns of many kinds. There was the crackle of uncounted rifles, the boom of cannon, the pop of shrapnel, and the rat-a-tat-tat of the busy machine guns. "The party has begun!" cried the movie man in the next room, banging on the door; while his companion, the lecturer, whom a kind fate sends to many centers of excitement, came along in a few minutes, dressed for anything. The newspaper man had been leaning out of the window in his pyjamas, listening to the strange music and hearing the bullets sing

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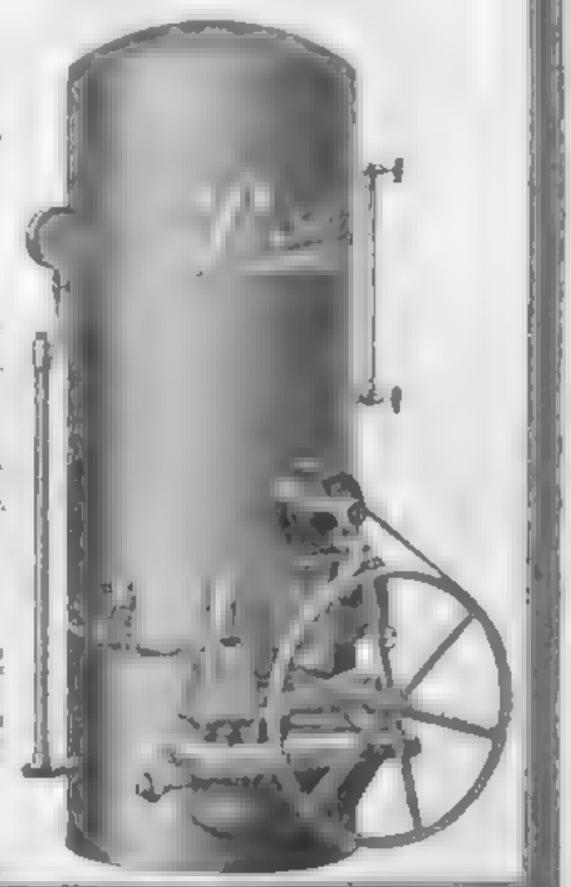

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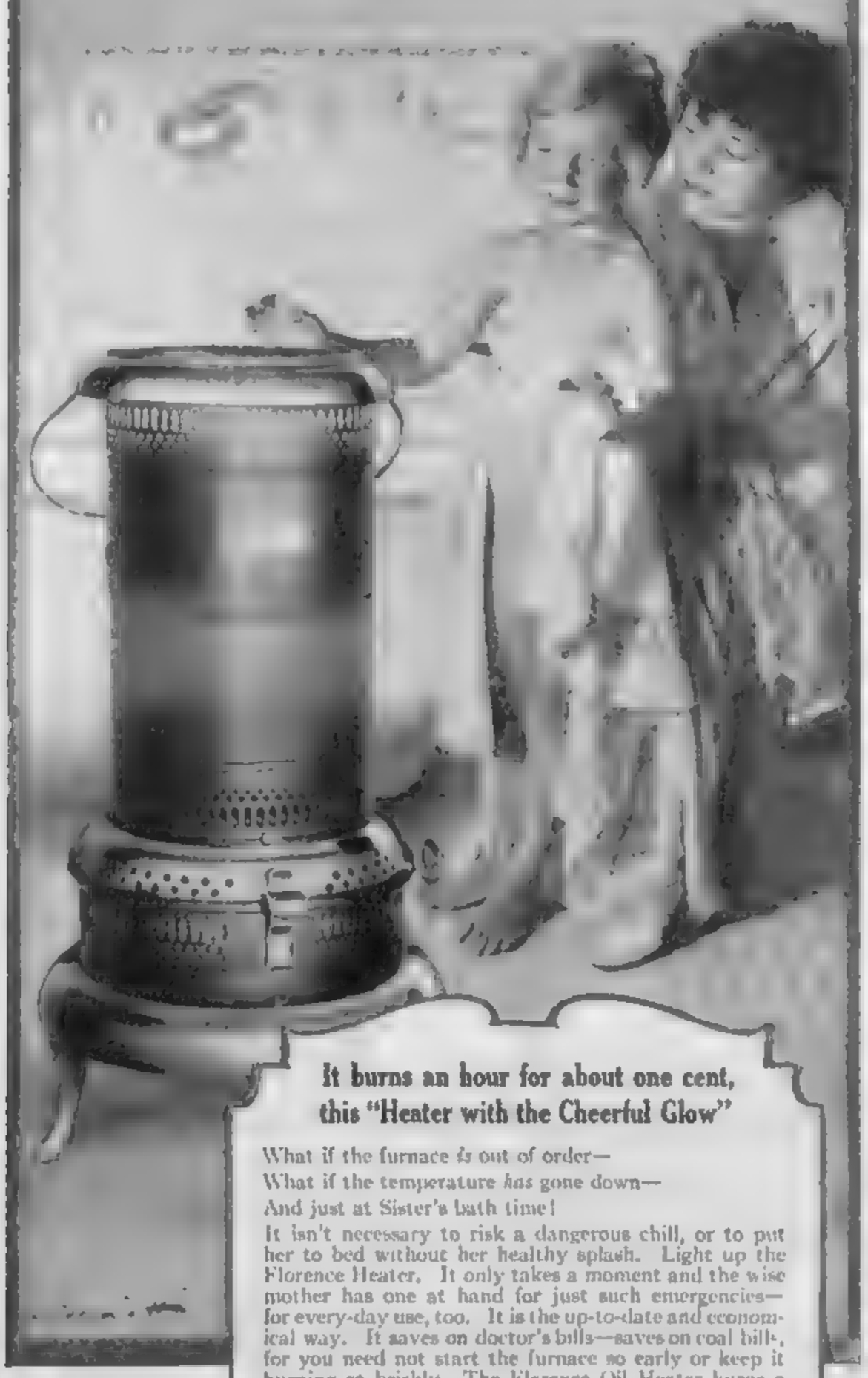

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in the street in front of the hotel. From his window he could see the shrapnel bursting above the Temple of Heaven, and also above the Forbidden City; and each instant the volume of firing grew heavier. Whatever the failings of the investing troops, they certainly understood teamwork.

"To the wall!" was the natural thought of the foreigners, for this is the one point of vantage in the city. A large part of the southern wall of the Tartar City of Peking is included in the Legation Quarter, the holy of holies of the capital of China; for here dwell the foreigners, jealous, after their Boxer experiences, of every right and privilege. The entire quarter is elaborately fortified and defended by guards in each legation. An American, Colonel Neville, is senior commandant of the whole force, and directly under him are three companies of American marines, together with a company of the Fifteenth Infantry, up from Tientsin for this emergency. From the Chien Men Gate eastward, a section of this southern wall is patrolled night and day, year in and year out, by an American guard; and an inside ramp has been built to the top, the lessons of 1900 not having been learned in vain. West of the gate tower, where the American jurisdiction ends, a defense of sandbags has been built in front of the ramp leading from the native city. During hot nights the guard, most to be envied of all men, sleep in the great gate tower, the coolest spot in Peking.

The casual way in which the Americans took the outbreak of hostilities was in notable contrast with the Japanese. For several days the men had been restricted to quarters, except those who went about the city and outskirts on horseback, doing scout duty. Other than this there was no special preparation made. When the battle opened life in the barracks went on much as usual. All emergencies had been made ready for long since; so why get excited? Some officers came to the wall to observe, and the guards who were not walking post leaned over the parapet to watch the fighting. Though they were under fire all the while, several bullets entering the sleeping chamber of the men, I did not see one betray the slightest nervousness or panic or excitement. That they would have liked to be in the scrimmage themselves was undeniable, especially in the light of the poor marksmanship of the Chinese troops, who clearly needed to be shown how to shoot. Aside from a few pious expressions of this sort, and real regret when noon came, bringing a change of guard and forcing the men to surrender their grand-stand seats, there was the utmost nonchalance. Down below, the marines and soldiers confined to quarters crowded the loopholes of the western wall of the barracks to catch glimpses of the activities without.

Japanese Much in Evidence

In the case of the Japanese it was quite otherwise. Scarcely had the firing begun before their scouts began to come in, breathless, afoot and on horseback. A company of Japanese was turned out on the run to guard the water gate and to take stations throughout the city. They also insisted on the right to be represented at the other gates, where the guards of other nations were stationed; and their officers and men, each with his map, came up on the wall. Twice during the morning I saw Japanese soldiers and an officer driven from the wall by the American corporal, who felt that they were intruding and that their presence was a reflection upon the ability of the marines to take care of the place by themselves. For reasons that most persons thought obvious, it was clearly the policy of the Japanese to be as much in evidence as possible during this troubled time. For a day, following the fighting, the Japanese Red Cross stretcher groups and automobiles ostentatiously paraded the city. I saw more Japanese men, women and children within twenty-four hours after the firing had ceased than during the preceding two weeks in Peking.

That, however, is getting ahead of my story. Many men of the foreign community, and a few women, rushed to the wall as soon as they could scramble into their clothes after the big alarm clock out at the Temple of Heaven had sounded. All the foreign military forces were at their stations, and every loophole had its machine gun or its cannon—except the American section, which preferred to be a little less ostentatious in its preparations, though the guns were out in the barracks yard, ready for any eventuality. Within half an hour five foreigners, three of them Americans, had been shot while on the wall; so the order came that all civilians must leave this dangerous spot, over which bullets were passing in several directions.

An exception was made in the case of the only American newspaper man in the city, and of the American lecturer and his moving-picture operator. Naturally they were the envied of all others, for they could really see the progress of the fighting, as well as its intimate details; whereas it is the quintessence of monotony to sit in a hotel, listening to firing without and to the latest rumors, and to the all-important news that a single bullet has come through the hotel roof.

Never was a battle more simply staged. Peking is a city lying foursquare, with another city, commonly called the Chinese City, joined to the south of the Tartar City. Running north and south throughout almost the entire length of the latter, which is the capital proper, is the Forbidden City, a series of inclosures and palaces wherein is housed that most sacrosanct being, the Son of Heaven. Within the outer wall of the Forbidden City, and not far from the Legation Quarter, was the home of General Chang Hsun, the objective of the attack. Between the legations, which border the south wall of the Tartar City, and the outer wall of the Chinese City is the Temple of Heaven, where some fifteen hundred of the troops of Chang Hsun were quartered. This was the first point of attack.

The Attack on the Temple

On each of the four sides of the comprehensive city was an investing army of Republican forces—though their republicanism should not be taken too seriously, since they fight for generals and not for principles. It happened at the moment that their commanders were after the head of their most formidable rival, Chang Hsun; and, as if distrustful of their own military prowess, they had offered a reward of a hundred thousand dollars for that same head, with or without a body pendent thereto. Since the pig-tailed general had only thirty-five hundred troops, while his rivals and besiegers had something like fifty thousand, there could be little doubt of the issue. American soldiers would have rushed the pigtails within an hour, but these Chinese troops did not rush them at all. There was no bayonet fighting during the day.

For nearly four hours the attack upon the Temple of Heaven lasted. It was worth watching. A man on the wall could see the big shells drop and count the constant succession of bursting shrapnel. Is there any other daylight firework equal to shrapnel? It bursts in a lovely flower of white smoke, which first thrusts out a stamen of flame and then gently unfolds itself until it appears the most ethereal and evanescent of things. It is hard to believe that such a fair flower bears the fruit of death. As for the big shells, they raised no end of muss, exploding in a cloud of brownish smoke and tearing up the earth where they struck.

Two airplanes hovered above the Temple of Heaven, presumably correcting ranges. They also visited the Forbidden City and Chang Hsun's house, and later were reported to have dropped a bomb; but this was not apparent to those of us who were watching closely for one. In their flight these biplanes swept down quite close to the Legation Quarter, whether for exhibition or observation purposes it would be hard to say.

Machine-gun firing dominated this action out toward the Temple of Heaven. Sometimes it sounded like a watchman's huge rattle; again, like the stripping of gears in a motor car; or, most of all, like a busy riveting machine at work on a skyscraper. As for the big rapid-firers, they sounded like nothing else so much as the trip hammers in steel works. The entire performance seemed to Americans—and several spoke of this—like a Fourth-of-July celebration of the old-fashioned sort. As a matter of fact, more than one city in the United States used to boast as many Fourth-of-July casualties as resulted from this four-hour bombardment of the Temple of Heaven. Five men were killed on the inside and something like a dozen of the attackers, though the pig-tailed soldiers told me the next day that the number of Republicans slain was very large. Statistics are not easily gathered in China. As for material

(Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 106)

damage, I saw, when I went to inspect the Temple of Heaven, one shell hole through the blue-tiled roof of one of the buildings, a few slight shrapnel scars on the great marble altar, and a few broken spots in the tiling of the wall; and that was all. What became of the tens of thousands of bullets and shells fired during eleven hours of fighting in Peking is a mystery. Did some Boxer magic turn the steel and leaden missiles into thin air?

A modern musician should orchestrate the sounds of a present-day battle. The old idea of booming guns is inadequate. The song of a big shell as it passes over one's head is really musical, with a strange wiry cadence and rhythm. Like the music of the wind in the telegraph wires is the sound of the bullet that is almost spent; while the zip and ping of the ball that strikes and ricochets are familiar to most sportsmen. One sound that was entirely new to me was the passage of the missile of a high-powered rifle. This causes an explosion in the air, due, it is said, to the release of the vacuum it has created: and it is difficult to believe that a bomb is not exploding directly over one. When this sort of bullet passes very close to a person the effect is like an explosion within his own head, almost shattering the eardrums. With such music filling the air, is it any wonder that the pigeons of Peking, which wear whistles fastened to their tails, and the swallows of the gate towers, should have spent the morning in a flutter of excitement?

Many factors contributed to make that day's fighting seem like a play. When the shrapnel bouquets scattered the flowers of death squarely on the yellow-tiled roof of the Emperor's palace, beneath radiant and peaceful skies, it appeared more like something devised for the amusement of beholders than a serious attempt to destroy life. To the panicky eunuchs and dowagers and other palace residents the incident possessed no entertaining features. Similarly the nearness of the soldiers, with whom we could talk as we looked down upon them, rendered it difficult to believe that these fellows were engaged in the task of selling their lives dearly in order to keep on his throne a Boy Emperor, representative of an old order that has gone forever from the world.

The Art of Lying Low

At the gate where the Americans keep ward there are two towers—an inner, held permanently by the marines; and an outer, a hundred and fifty yards distant, which on this day was in possession of Chang Hsun's men. These are the Chien Men towers. Literally underneath the gate where the Americans stood guard was the rendezvous of the pigtails; and they held this middle highway of Peking clear back into the Forbidden City. So far as could be seen from the wall, they were in complete control of the central city. Gone were the troops who had so bravely patrolled the streets the night before. Gone was everything that lived, except a stray dog or two and one heedless coolie. Early in the day, when the firing was at its hottest, a blue-clad coolie, bearing on his shoulder a pole, on each end of which was a tub of goldfish, strolled carelessly along, giving no heed to the bullets that spattered all about him. He had his day's work to do, come war or come peace. There were few like him, for the streets were as deserted as the excavated highways of old Ephesus. China understands the art of lying low.

Opposite our post on the wall was the office of a Japanese forwarding company. Here we witnessed a picturesque touch of the old Orient. The manager came out on the sidewalk, soon after the firing began, with a huge two-handed Samurai sword strapped to his back, and with a shorter sword in his hand. There he stood for half an hour, calmly smoking cigarettes, beneath the whistling bullets, as if to show how a Samurai behaves when danger or death is near. His pose was pictorial and his motive comprehensible; but the American marines on the wall were in a far more dangerous place, and they never once thought of striking an attitude.

All this I saw in the intervals between watching the pigtails, who took cover right soldierly behind the stone balustrades of the outer gate. Within they had a machine gun. Most of their firing, however, was aimless. Such a thing as marksmanship seems to be unknown in the Chinese Army. Despite the adoption of Western weapons, the idea appears to persist that the enemy is to be frightened away by noise and by a formidable appearance. These pigtails fire from the hip, and I estimated they were a real source of danger to any troops that might be approaching in the distance, from the east, outside the city. Occasionally a man on the Chien Men would be hit and carried downstairs on the back of a comrade. Until near the end of the battle the men seemed indifferent to danger.

Not until it is experienced does the invisibility of modern battle firing become impressive. During all the hours we watched from the wall, and able as we were to locate approximately the positions of most of the near-by Republican guns by the sound, we did not see a single marksman until the affair was nearly over. We were on higher ground than those who were firing and able to look over a wide area; yet we were unable to find any of the dozen or more Republican positions that were doing noisy work within two hundred yards of us. Of course the Monarchists were in plain sight, scores of them so near that we could see the whites of their eyes. We knew, however, that they would not wittingly fire upon the foreigners, who were in the nature of umpires of the game as well as spectators.

Camera-Shy Celestials

The bullets that came near us were all from a distance, and not one of them was meant for us—except when the movie man turned his camera upon the pigtails, huddled for retreat on the tower, and would not desist when they motioned for him to go away. They may have thought the camera a machine gun, though I believe that it was only the usual Chinese rustic's fear that a photograph will take something from his spirit. At any rate, these fellows fired on us at a point-blank range of a hundred and fifty yards. Personally I rather sympathized with them, for nobody wants to be photographed in the hour of defeat!

Liveliest of all the morning's scenes was the Monarchists' crossing of Legation Street, where it traverses the outermost court of the Forbidden City. A machine gun and sharpshooters had been placed, behind fortifications to the west, in the middle of the street by the Republicans, and they thus had the thoroughfare under clear and constant range. It was a zone of death that should have been impossible to cross; yet all the pigtails who wanted to get back to base, for food or ammunition or orders, had to pass over it. They would do so on the run; for, in addition to the enemy behind the barricade, there were sharpshooters in the neighboring houses who had this spot in plain view. Perhaps a thousand men crossed Legation Street while I looked; yet not one was hit! Only once did the fire have a perceptible effect, and that was when an entire squadron, with horses, tried to cross in a body; they were driven back pell-mell, but without any casualties. Thousands and tens of thousands of bullets, and not one found its billet! One officer was so angry at having his horse throw him while in this fire zone that he drew his pistol and emptied it—up in the air!

About noon the bigwig of the pigtails below, a man not in uniform, took off his pistol and cartridges and field glass, handing them to his orderly, and, mistaking me for a legation official, called up that he would like to come up to the wall for a conference. The sentries refused to permit this; so the best I could do was to indicate that he should go over to the American Legation, across fire-swept Legation Street. It was clear that he wanted to talk surrender with the foreigners; but he was unable to reach the legation.

Steadily the Republican armies had been closing in upon Chang Hsun's men. Firing at the Temple of Heaven had ceased at eight o'clock. A serious conflagration had broken out in Chang Hsun's palace and the return fire from that direction had been growing less and less. It could be a question of only a short time before the curtain would ring down. General Chang Hsun had escaped to the Dutch Legation in an automobile bearing a Red Cross flag and driven, reports agree, by a German soldier. His own private automobile had been shattered by a shell, and half a dozen men and several horses had been killed outside his house. The best marksmanship of the day was displayed in locating the old general's headquarters. He had fought long enough to save his face; so he did well to save, also, his head.

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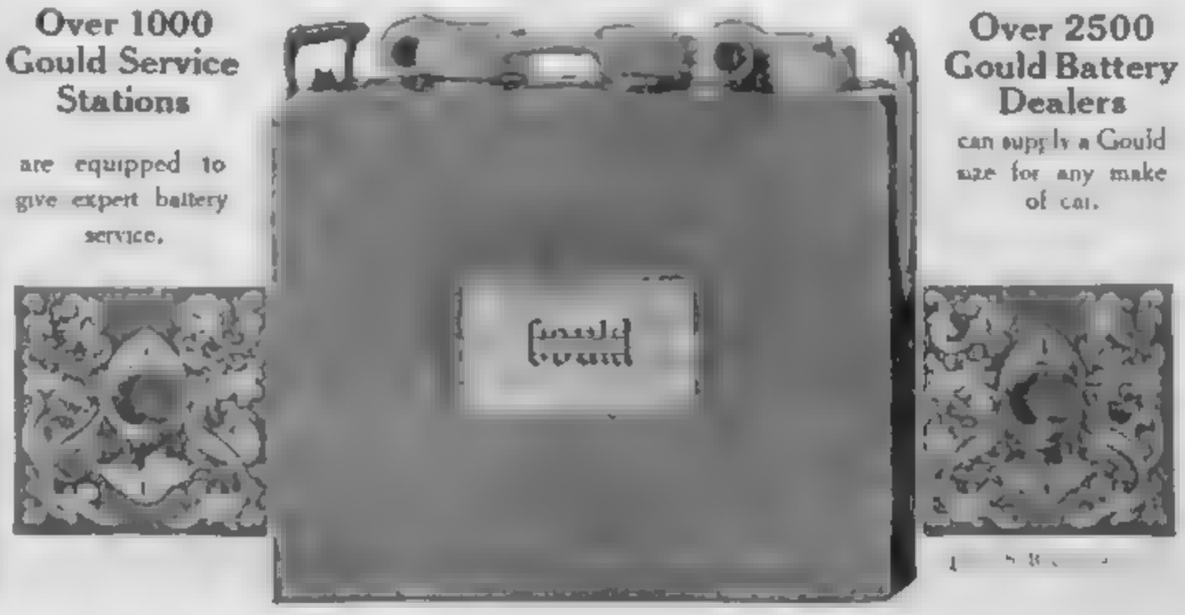

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or gets all mixed up with itself

when you try to read after smoking a heavy black cigar, then

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Yes, switch to Girards and be fit!

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The Girard *adds* to the pleasure of smoking, but it never *subtracts* from your good health. It *brings* you full flavor, bouquet aroma, real Havana—but it never *takes* anything from your clear-headed efficiency.

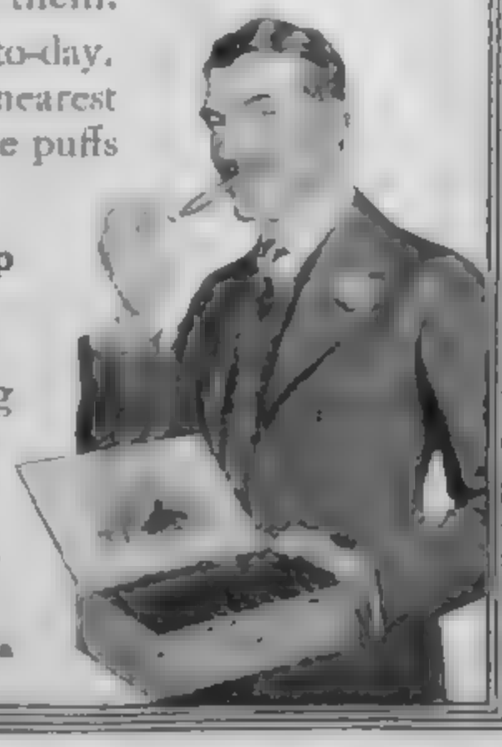
Doctors recommend it to smokers in place of heavy, oily cigars. Business men all over the country are finding it a *better* smoke and better *for* them.

Try the Girard to-day. Ask for it at the nearest cigar counter. Three puffs and you'll be convinced!

Real Havana 10c and up

Dealers—a word with you

If you are not handling Girards, there is a big trade waiting for you in this unusual cigar. Drop us a line today.



Antonio Roig & Langsdorf

Established 1871 Philadelphia

Theater-fashion, it looked as if the ending of the show would be a spectacular climax. About one o'clock the troops from the vicinity of Chang Hsun's home began to gather within the outer court of the Forbidden City, which was visible from the Chien Men. Evidently the fight had been given up in that quarter. From somewhere there appeared among the pigtails, who were gathering inside the first gate of the Forbidden City, a huge Republican flag. Evidently all the Chang Hsun survivors were rallying to this point to make a formal and dramatic exit behind the flag of surrender. They meant to go to the Legation Quarter or to the Chien Men. In any case, they would march straight into the eye of the American moving-picture cameras. It seemed too good to be true. And it was; for evidently other orders came—"Every man for himself!"—and the troops scattered back, out of the Forbidden City, to offer themselves to the police, who by this time had run up a Republican flag.

Not all the pigtails fled. There was still the force manning the outer gate tower of the Chien Men. They could hold off anything but artillery for days; and they indulged in a great deal of talkee-talkee before they at length decided to make a break to rejoin their surrendering comrades. A soldier-orator, who gesticulated largely with a fan—Yes; these soldiers carried fans!—seemed to have much influence with the men; but there remained to be crossed an open space at the foot of the tower, which was under heavy fire. From half a dozen directions Republican sharpshooters had got the inside of this outer gate under range. As soon as a retreating pigtail reached the bottom of the steps—ping! ping!—the bullets began to spatter at his heels. Cowering, the men streaked it across the zone of lead.

It was, for all the world, like a rabbit hunt. To those of us who watched, it seemed unreal that these soldiers were fleeing literally for dear life. The spots of dust behind them, which made them leap, were no joke to the soldiers, however funny the sight might appear to the American spectators on the Chien Men. Had any of the men been killed before our eyes, probably our sensations would have been more human; as it was, candor compels the shameful confession that the spectacle was undeniably sport. Two chaps stumbled, or were hit, but instantly rose and continued their flight. A low chain surrounded the shrubbery between the two gate towers, and this was taken by some of the fugitives with a leap, while others laboriously climbed over it. Hats—the funny, pancake, oiled-paper-covered straw hats of the pig-tailed army—were dropped in flight and never retrieved. Ammunition was spilled, and blanket rolls. It was not panic, perhaps; but it certainly was haste!

At this point entered the gendarmes, who had been hiding all the morning in the bushes that bordered the road between the Chien Men and the Forbidden City. In all possible seriousness, I write of a battle that was stopped—in its final phase—by the policemen! Some of the pigtails were reluctant to quit the good time they were having in the tower. They fired in desperate haste, as if fearful of being caught with ammunition in their belts. Their hidden opponents displayed the same distaste for giving over the game; and the racket intensified, instead of ceasing. The police brought two of Chang Hsun's buglers, who stood at the corner of Legation Street and sounded Cease Firing! until they must have been tired. Still, the obstinate youngsters in the tower would not give up their Fourth-of-July celebration.

Then the gendarmes advanced toward them, shouting angry words at the stickers. So long did this continue that the policemen grew real peeved and threatened to arrest the naughty soldiers. They also shook their fists at the hidden snipers, whose fire prevented them from going across and administering a beating to those obstinate pigtails, who did not know it was time to quit. What with threatenings and coaxings and bugling, all came to reason and ran for life, except the man at the machine gun—whose name is the Chinese equivalent for Casabianca. He never did quit until the policemen ascended the tower and hauled him out, with revilings!

Thus, the final honors of the Battle of Peking were with the cops. Quickly the hidden and hungry populace began to emerge to see the sights and collect souvenirs—which is American for looting. Chang Hsun's house, with the corpses strewn about, which remained on view until dark, was the most interesting objective. The pig-tailed soldiers mingled with the throngs, some with and some without arms. The Temple of Heaven troops did not give up their weapons until the next day. All were perfectly good-natured and ready to be drafted into the Republican Army or sent back to Hsuchow. Their solicitude was, first, for the safety of their general; and next for the three months' pay that had been promised them by their conquerors. Contrary to fears, they did not loot that night—but the Republican troops did.

The actual fighting over, the politicians began to come out of their holes to take up the old struggle of party and place. Personally I prefer the pig-tailed soldiers, for they have somewhat of courage and of loyalty. Until a new race of leaders is raised for old China—men with honesty, bravery and disinterested patriotism—the nation will be the easy prey of any predatory Power, within or without, that cares to hold her up.

Meantime it may be that an international commission will govern China, holding the entire nation together until such time as her mighty people, who are unsurpassed raw material, are ready to enter the family of self-governing democracies. Toward that day the Battle of Peking really contributed, in more ways than by setting the city aflutter with the five-barred flag of the Republic.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr Ellis.

THE WORLD AND THOMAS KELLY

(Continued from Page 23.)

her already waiting for him. He hesitated as to whether he should offer her his arm as they followed the butler to the door of the drawing-room, but decided against it since Mrs. Wingate seemed inclined to lead the way by herself. A veritable tumult was going on inside the threshold, so deafening that the voice of the butler, shouting "Mrs. Wingate," made no impression upon it whatever. He bent over inquiringly toward Tom, who gave him his name.

"Mr. Perry!" bellowed the man defiantly at the throng.

Then hurrying forward came a stout, red-faced lady in a white gown who seized Mrs. Wingate's hand and cried hoarsely:

"So glad to see you, Lulie! So nice of you to come, dear! And this is Mr. Kelly! Come over and let me introduce you to some of these pretty girls!"

Tom had received an envelope in the coat-room containing a tiny sheet of crested note paper which informed him, in French, that he was requested to escort one Miss Selby to dinner. He had also acquired a cocktail in the dressing room and in consequence felt quite at home—even rather superior; and this confidence was not impaired, as he followed his hostess through the crowd and received a confused impression of the appearance of most of the men. There really wasn't anybody that looked like much—a lot of little Willies with pointed waxed mustaches and pink cheeks, and old codgers with bow windows, heavy jowls and fishy eyes. He recognized and nodded somewhat patronizingly to Pennington, and later, at table, to Catherwood. He had not expected to see them, and he observed with pride the obvious interest taken in himself by their fair companions.

He began to realize that he was something of a celebrity—a little lion—for the time being, and he had the perspicacity to see that he must make hay while the sun shone and seize the opportunities of the moment.

"Miss Selby—Mr. Kelly. Be nice to him, Pauline!" and his hostess waddled away, leaving him standing in front of a pretty if somewhat Junoesque young blonde. Tom took the hand extended to his and received a firm grip. The girl had warmth, directness, and a certain kind of dash that was distinctly attractive. It was rather plain that she was a little spoiled, probably willful, and knew exactly what she wanted. It was equally obvious that she was glad to have Tom as her partner at dinner, and she took pains to let her satisfaction be seen by her less fortunate

(Continued on Page 113)

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A heart-breaking lot of material spoiled! Where's the blame—on the man who fed it inaccurately into the machine, or on the bad light that made accuracy all but impossible?

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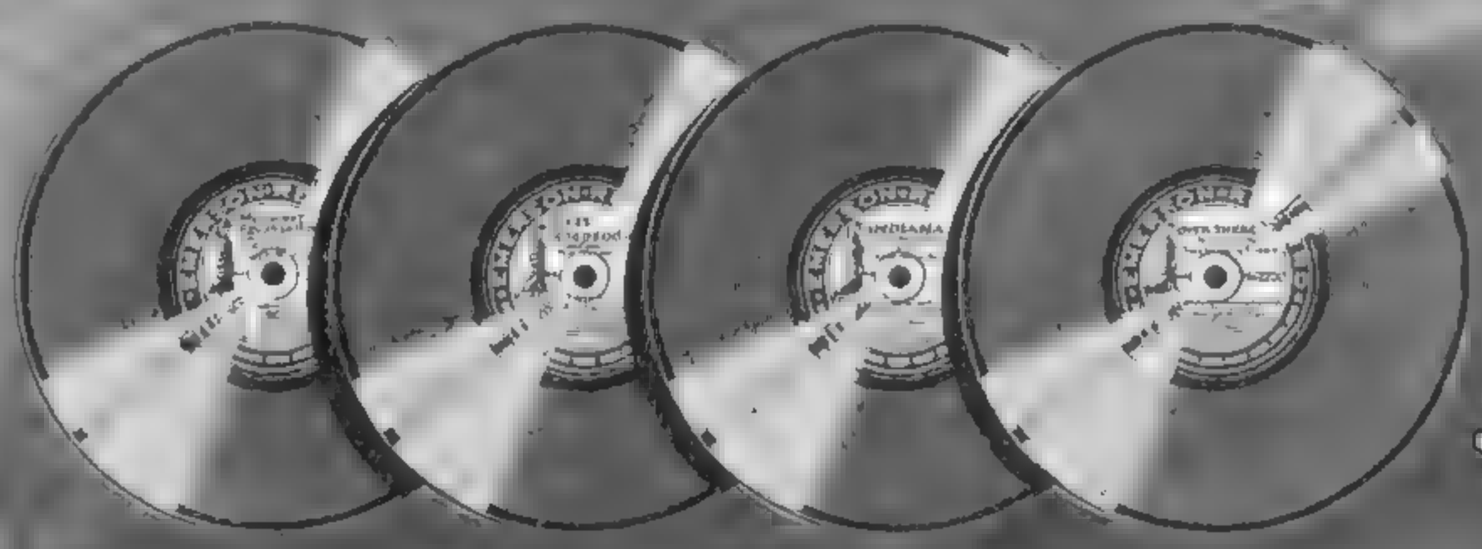

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7226	I'm a Twelve o'Clock Fellow ..... Byron Harlan When a "Buddy" meets a "Buddy" .. C. Allen	7234	The Stepsweet [illegible] Funicula, Funicula [illegible]
7227	My Sweet Egyptian Rose. Solo .. H. Evans Please Don't Lean on the Bell [illegible]	7229	Chatanooga [illegible] Di Quella Pira. Solo [illegible]
7225	Rolling in his Little Rolling Chair. Em. Band Limp-a-samp Rag ..... Emerson Military Band	7230	My Laddie [illegible] O Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star [illegible]
7219	Keep the Home Fires Burning. Solo ... Warner We'll Never Let our Old Flag Fall ..... H. Evans	7235	Liszt Rhapsodia. Part 1 [illegible] Liszt Rhapsodia. Part 2 [illegible]
7223	American Festival March . Emerson Mil. Band Here They Come. One-Step .. Emerson Band	7232	The Birds and the Brook. Whistling... Belmont The Bluebells of Scotland. Cornet ..... Levy
7222	If I Had a Son for Each Star in Old Glory Get a Jazz Band to Jazz the Yankee Doodle	7231	Mazurka [illegible] The Fortune Teller [illegible]
7221	Boston Commandery March.. Emerson Band Star Spangled Banner . Emerson Mil. Band	7233	A Coon's Dream of Heaven [illegible] Jimmie Trigger. Orchestra [illegible]

Hear the new Emerson Records for September. There is, or soon will be, a dealer in every busy block—the music dealer—the phonograph shop—the department store—the novelty shop—the drug store—the hardware dealer—the book or stationery shop—the sporting goods dealer—the furniture store—the cigar store. Any dealer who has overlooked them *will get them for you promptly,* for the Emerson Record is a commanding national success—a welcome reality, *available at an incidental price and bought at sight.*

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You can buy a library of forty of the very latest selections, on twenty double-discs, for five dollars!

Write for complete Catalogue and name of nearest Dealer.

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(Continued from Page 110)

companions in the slight touch of proprietorship which she injected into her manner and remarks.

"I'm like Red-Top seeing the world," said Tom smiling. "Didn't you have Baby-Days when you were a child? And don't you remember the picture of the chick who started out on his career and got lost?"

"Red-Top? Was that the chick's name?" inquired Pauline, innocently lifting her eyes in the direction of Tom's wavy locks.

He laughed.

"I didn't mean to suggest that the analogy was so close, but I see it strikes you."

"Do you feel like Red-Top?" she asked good-naturedly.

"This is my first appearance in smart society," he answered, "and I'm naturally a bit out of my depth. If you see me drowning please pull me ashore and give me first aid!"

They were already on an easy footing and Tom congratulated himself that he was getting along very well. Pauline introduced him to two or three manifestly cordial young women standing near them, and when the move was made to the dining room he felt entirely at ease. He had no difficulty in guiding his Miss Selby to her place, for the butler stood at the door and directed them where to go, and his chair had no sooner been pushed in by the footman in powdered hair behind him than the dinner began to be served.

Though fast getting used to luxury, Tom was actually aghast at the reckless extravagance displayed in what appeared to be regarded by those round him as a simple entertainment. Twelve flunkeys waited upon the twenty-eight guests, most of whom were young men and girls of about his own age, with a sprinkling of oldish bachelors. The table was profusely decorated with orchids and roses, and loaded with the hothouse's finest fruit. Russian caviare served in ice blocks, green turtle soup, pompano, mousse of an indefinable and delicious savor, magnificent saddles of lamb, elaborate salads concealed in the interior of gigantic specimens of fruit, golden plover, and complicated ices of the form and size of swans, constituted a menu which would have been appropriate to the coronation of an emperor.

Tom ate from gold plate and drank from rock crystal, and he ate and drank, freely enjoying it all, not observing that comparatively few of the young guests seemed to take any interest in the Lucullan viands offered them. The noise in the dining room was intensified by much shouting across the table, and boisterous laughter on the part of most of the men—in fact, noise seemed to be the recognized thermometer of enjoyment. Only with difficulty could Tom hear what Miss Selby was saying or make himself heard in reply. One man in particular succeeded in creating an overwhelming din by his own unaided attempts to liven up the already lively party, and his raucous trumpetings could be heard rising high above the other uproar as he turned in eccentric jumps from side to side, shrieking his witticisms so that none of them should be lost, his flaccid face flushed with champagne.

Tom became somewhat dizzy from the glare of the electric lights and almost faint from the heaviness of the air. Once his eyes found those of Lulie Wingate beyond a huge bed of flaming orchids, and she raised her brows and shrugged her shoulders slightly as if in deprecation of the scene about them. But in spite of the blur that kept coming across his vision he experienced a strange exhilaration. He felt almost as if he were taking part in some barbaric ceremonial. The hubbub was like the frenzied shouting of fanatics before some heathen altar, and the odor of the food like the incense offered to some great and terrible god. When at last the feast was over it was with a sense of physical relief that he followed his host out upon the veranda and let the soft damp air from the ocean play about his temples. A footman offered him cigars and cigarettes, but he declined them. He must keep his wind in shape for the tournament.

The tournament! He had almost forgotten it in the excitement incident to his advent in this giddy social whirl. Tomorrow he would go into strict training. Yet he knew in his heart that the attention he was receiving, the lavishness he saw about him, the recognition that was his for the first time, the discovery that in spite of his poverty he counted, was somebody, in the great world, the larger vision of the material life, were more to him than the mere winning of any tournament. The championship was all very well, but you couldn't make a living by playing tennis. Now that he was one of these swells—these rich and powerful personages who ran things, to whom money was nothing—was there anything he couldn't have? Why shouldn't he make friends with these men—his host Wellfleet, for instance; get solid with him, and feather his nest? Old Parradym seemed to have a pretty snug time of it! It shouldn't be difficult for him, Tom, to do the same thing.

Pondering thus, he was joined presently by Catherwood and Pennington, who insisted on dragging him off to a near-by group of men of about his own age and introducing him as the coming victor in the national tournament. These young fellows evidently regarded themselves as the *jeunesse dorée* of New York and Newport society, as doubtless they were, for their conversation dwelt exclusively upon the more private social happenings of those places, save when it hovered with significant innuendoes over back stairs and stage entrances. Tom was accustomed to the ubiquitous use of Christian names at college, but he was amazed to discover that not only did these gallant youths assume an attitude of the greatest familiarity with himself and with one another, but that they seemed to be on an intimate footing with all the adults, male and female, in the select circle of the Four Hundred. Elderly persons, who apparently had a considerable amount of personal dignity, were referred to easily as Bobby This and Daisy That, much as the man in the street refers to his favorite race horse, actress or prize fighter. An atmosphere of omniscience in regard to social and sporting life hung over the circle. Most of the boys were not twenty-five years old, yet their talk was mostly of gambling houses and demimondaines. They seemed to view Tom much as wealthy patrician youths of ancient Rome might have regarded a well-recommended gladiator; since he appeared strong in wind and limb they accorded him their approval, and received him in a friendly fashion for the time being into their midst.

Also the freedom with which they discussed the intimate domestic affairs of their friends and their friends' fathers and mothers shocked him. He had thought himself quite a man of the world before; had himself indulged in a good deal of cheap and pretentious talk about people in Boston and Brookline whom he hardly knew; but this was—well, raw! It was one thing to refer to an elderly married man by his first name—Freddy, for instance—but openly to discuss his allowance to a notorious vaudeville artiste and his quarrels with her predecessor seemed to savor of indelicacy. The anecdotes exchanged were perhaps no more vulgar than those he had heard at his table in Memorial Hall, but there was a cynicism in the way they were told that made them seem doubly salacious. In a word, the tone was low. The conversation seemed to have become hopelessly mired. Even the discussion of athletics was so colored by betting talk—of big sums wagered and lost on the most trifling events—that the sport itself seemed a secondary consideration.

And there were besides half-jocular references to the matrimonial prospects of the young ladies whose society they had but recently enjoyed at dinner. Tom heard the probable fortunes of several of these girls openly estimated, as well as those of their parents. And there was also a good deal of malicious gossip—commonly referred to as slander, but better described as character murder. In this gentle art these young gentlemen had already acquired a fine Italian hand. They spared no one. When other subjects waned they returned to it with renewed zest. The stab was veiled, but if the thrust was usually behind the arras, poor old Polonius was ultimately dragged forth a victim.

But if Tom was startled he listened, none the less, with passionate eagerness to all that he heard. It tickled his vanity to feel himself on such a familiar footing with the great, or those who walked with them. This was a young party; but at any rate his companions—all these youths and maidens—were the pages and flower girls, the courtiers or *avant-couriers* of royalty. He gathered that there was a richer world beyond—even than this! What marvels lay behind those other doors—as

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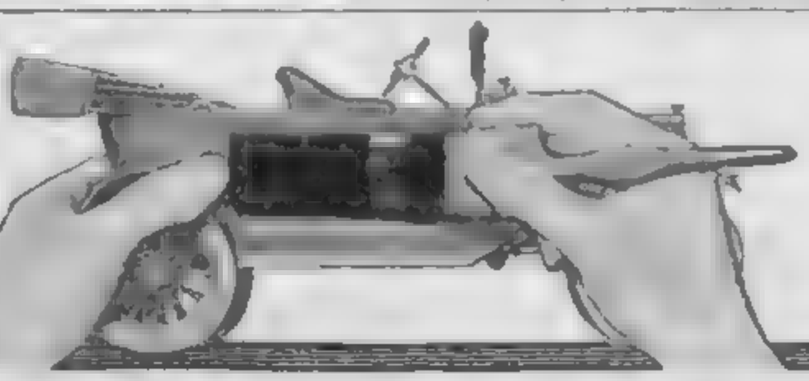

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yet closed? If these were the children, what of the parents? He flattered himself that it would take but little practice on his part to talk as glibly as these other fellows. Apparently no mental acquirement was necessary. Politics, art, philosophy, books, were not touched upon. To be shaved, bathed, well tailored, to have your hair parted in the middle, to wear a white waistcoat and a dress shirt with pearl studs—imitation perhaps—to look pleasant and have a ready smile—these were all the essentials for admission into the palaces of the great. So far as Tom could see there was nothing about these men, save their strict adherence to convention in the matters of manners and dress, to differentiate them from any other youths of their own age, except the fact that they were the guests of Mrs. Welfleet in Newport, Rhode Island, instead of being the guests of Mrs. John Smith, of somewhere else.

At the end of half an hour or so the orchestra began tuning up in a pavilion which had been erected for the occasion on the Welfleets' extensive lawn, and the party on the veranda broke up, some of the men returning to the drawing-room, but the majority floating toward the library, where tables had been prepared for whist and poker.

Tom, diffident about entering a hall full of comparative strangers and somewhat doubtful as to his knowledge of the art of dancing as practiced in Newport, wandered away among the Japanese lanterns until the ball should begin and he could have an opportunity to observe in what respect, if at all, the manners of the Four Hundred differed from those of the Back Bay.

A few adventurous couples had already found their way to the pavilion and were taking advantage of the unimpeded floor. The glare of lights, the rattle of harness and the noise of carriages, with the shouts of the coachmen, came through the shrubbery from the near-by drive. The guests at other dinner parties were "coming on" to Mrs. Welfleet's. The babel of voices in the house had increased to nearly double its previous volume. The halls were full of the newly arrived, whose boisterous greetings, rising sharply above the strains of the orchestra, penetrated the night.

Soon the ample rooms could no longer contain the plethora of guests who surged out upon the piazza and near-by lawn. There began to be a concerted motion toward the pavilion. Tom, feeling that he must not lose this opportunity of extending his acquaintance, sauntered gradually in the same direction, looking for Miss Selby. He had already accepted her invitation to take lunch on her father's yacht next day, and he regarded her as a sort of social sponsor, a part which she was obviously quite ready to play.

He had half a dozen dances with Pauline, who graciously permitted several of her friends to share his acquaintance while maintaining a general supervision over his career, and he was introduced to some thirty or forty young ladies of various degrees of physical attractiveness. But in all this riot of wealth and beauty he saw no one who in his eyes compared for an instant with Lulie Wingate, in charm, looks or breeding. Beside these sunburnt blondes she was like an alluring Semiramis—a mysterious Queen of the Night—from whom floated an elusive and intoxicating charm.

She was not among the dancers in the pavilion, and as he looked for her he suddenly recalled the fact that she had ordered her carriage for eleven o'clock. He felt a sudden contrition—coupled with fear lest he should have offended her. He ran back to the house and sought her through all the rooms, but she was not there; she had gone home probably. But in answer to his question the butler told him positively that Mrs. Wingate had not gone home; that her groom was still waiting at the front door. The drawing-room was practically empty and she was not among those gathered round the card tables in the library. Puzzled, he returned to the pavilion. Perhaps she was still waiting for him somewhere—expecting him to look for her.

Tom innocently began to extend his search among the shrubbery, but though he flushed several couples sitting in the darkness Lulie was not to be found. He was by this time at the farther end of the lawn, beyond the circle of the Japanese lanterns. A warm humid breath ascended from the friendly earth, making him think of Cambridge—of the heavy, moisture-laden night air of Brattle Street. How different all this was from the dull provincial college town! Again his breast swelled with the delicious, almost delirious, consciousness that he, Tom Kelly—who had once regarded himself as a sort of mucker, at least as a social undesirable—had come, seen, and already partly conquered this important outpost of the great world; was already an honored guest in the summer social center of America; had found more than favor in the tender eyes of two beautiful women. It did not seem possible that all this could have happened to him. The strains of the Blue Danube floated across the velvet grass. The night lacked but one joy—he had not danced with Lulie! Where could she be? If he could only find her he might possibly persuade her to surrender her prejudices against the empty pleasures of society to the extent of letting him take her in his arms—in the pavilion, of course.

In this mood of self-satisfied exaltation he slowly turned and made his way through the shrubbery with the idea of returning to the house. He was now in a remote corner of the grounds, where it was quite dark and where the orchestra could be heard but faintly, and he had progressed not more than a dozen steps when unexpectedly, just in front of him, the blackness was shattered by the flare of a match. Framed in the outline of a rustic summer house appeared the figure of a man and a woman, their faces thrown into staccato relief. For the space of half a dozen seconds—while the man was lighting a cigar—Tom stood and watched them, hardly trusting his vision. There was no doubt about it! The woman was Lulie Wingate!

Chagrin, disappointment, anger, possessed him alternately. What right had she—a married woman—to be off there in the dark, flirting with any man? And then, as he stole silently off toward the house, the bitter realization came to him that if Mrs. Wingate chose to sit in the dark in a summer house it was no business of his. Any rights in the situation that he might have under the circumstances must necessarily arise out of some unformulated and unrecognized relationship which had come into existence between them. Was there any such? He had known her barely eight hours. She was an older—if not much older—woman, with a husband. What could he, Tom Kelly, have in common with her? And yet his fierce blaze of wrath at the sight of her with another man told him that in some vague way he had linked himself with her in his thoughts; had promised himself some sort of romantic adventure, innocent or even otherwise; and he was furious that it was not to be—furious at the discovery that she had played with him, tricked and fooled him, like the half-baked college boy that he was.

Still in a blind rage, he stumbled into Allyn on the steps of the veranda. His friend's face was flushed and his eyes had an unnatural and restless glimmer. In addition he had obviously an irresistible desire to talk, for his words tumbled in a steady, uninterrupted burble from his lips. This was a damn stupid party, he informed Tom, just like all these parties. There was nothing in it. A lot of young asses, foolish girls and silly old women. He knew where he could have a real time—"understan'? A real time!" But first—he lowered his tone confidentially—they would go to a nice little place, sort of club, you know, where there would be only a few good fellows like themselves, and where they could have a quiet drink and play the wheel.

Though Tom realized that Allyn was in no condition to go to a gambling house he was quite ready to cast all such considerations aside—must see everything, he told himself—study the whole game from start to finish; and Allyn was no worse off drunk than sober. To hell with everything, anyway! They'd make a night of it. In this frame of mind he sought out Allyn's groom, ordered up the brougham and climbed into it. Lulie could take care of herself, his friend assured him. Let her go home alone. She'd find an escort fast enough, and if she didn't it wouldn't hurt her.

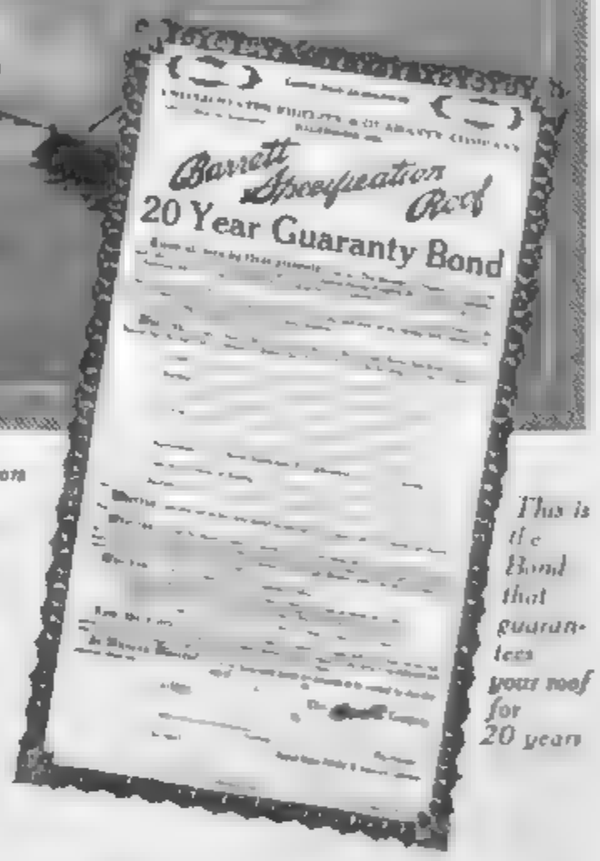
Thus ended, or rather began, Tom's first night in Newport.

XVI

TOM awoke to an unwonted sense of comfort. Even the persistent aching of his head did not mar his delicious sensations as he lay there between the fine hand-embroidered sheets of his bed in the royal

(Continued on Page 117)

Jameson Roofing Company, Roofing Contractors



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Its most important plant is the Schoellkopf Works located at Buffalo, N. Y., illustrated herewith.

This plant was designed and constructed by The John W. Cowper Company, one of the largest firms of engineers in this country, and it represents the very best in building construction.

Quite naturally Barrett Specification Roofs were chosen to cover the various buildings in preference to any other type because the experience of many years has demonstrated that these roofs have a longer life than any other and cost less per year of service. The reasons for their long life are:

First,

because they are constructed of Barrett Specification Pitch and Felt, *the greatest waterproofing materials known.*

Second,

because a *greater amount* of waterproofing is used in Barrett Specification Roofs than in any other kind of roof-covering, and the amount of waterproofing material in the roof largely determines its life.

Third,

because under the 20-Year Guaranty Plan the roofs must be constructed *under the supervision of our inspectors,* and we know, therefore, that they will be constructed right.

In view of all this, do you wonder that Barrett Specification Roofs are more popular than any other type for use on permanent buildings of all kinds?

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We are now prepared to give a 20-Year Surety Bond on all Barrett Specification Roofs of fifty squares and over, in all towns in the United States and Canada with a population of 25,000 and over, and *in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.*

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Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Nashville Seattle Peoria

THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited
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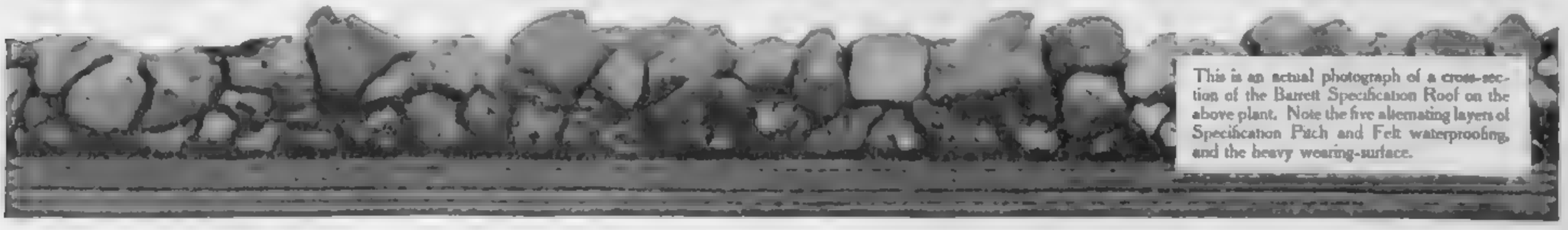

This is an actual photograph of a cross-section of the Barrett Specification Roof on the above plant. Note the five alternating layers of Specification Pitch and Felt waterproofing, and the heavy wearing-surface.

NOVO STANDARDIZED POWER

Fig 272

Novo Hoisting Outfits for every hoisting job requiring more than 50 H P Three handy hoists are built in various sizes and types

BY their record of performance under most trying conditions, Novo Engines and Outfits have been adopted almost universally as standard by contractors, engineers, manufacturers and all kinds of power users. Our book, "Standardized Power," explains and illustrates the adoption fully. It shows why you should accept Novo Standardized Power if you haven't already done so. Your copy will be sent upon request.

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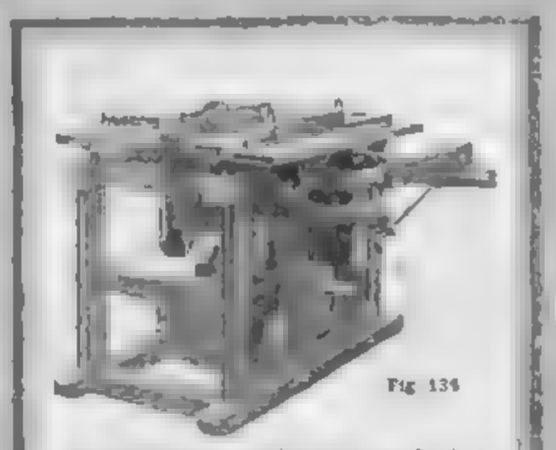


Fig 134

Novo Saw Rigs save their cost on the first average sized job. Particularly adapted to use of contractors, carpenters, builders, concrete workers, engineers, lumberyard, millwrights, and wheelwrights

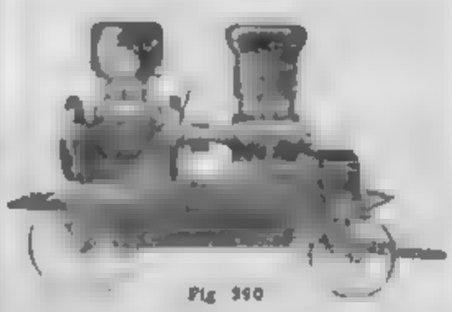


Fig 390

Novo air compressors cover a wide range of sizes from 1 H P 5 ft. machines up to the 15 H P 50 cu. ft.

We do not manufacture mixers, but 85 per cent of mixer manufacturers furnish their mixers with Novo Engines. We will gladly furnish, upon request, the names of manufacturers who use Novo Engines as standard equipment.

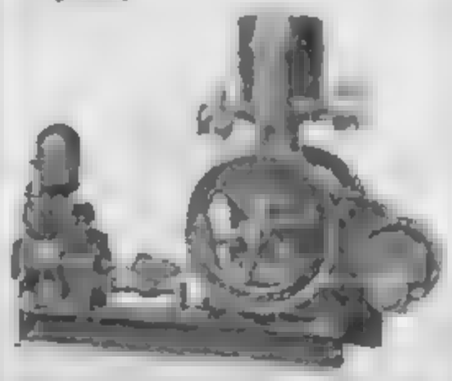


Fig 14139

Novo Pumping outfits have stood the most severe tests. We have specialized in power pumping outfits to such an extent that Novo Power Pumps are noted the world over for reliability under all conditions

(Continued from Page 114)

suite. He had never occupied such a couch before. At home in Newbury Street all the beds had wooden slats with thin, sandwichlike mattresses, crushed solid by generations of use; and at college he had slept upon a similar mattress with only the substitution of a sagging spring instead of the wooden slats. He had usually been so tired that it had not mattered; but half submerged in the soft and dainty voluptuousness of his present accommodations he now realized that the beds which he had previously enjoyed had, without exception, been hard and slinky. This was like lying on a cloud. One did not want to move—still less to get up.

Drowsily he wondered how one managed to get breakfast. At home one arose, walked gingerly across the faded grass matting, and poured out the water necessary for washing from a heavy white pitcher into a thick white bowl on a wooden washstand, whose once varnished surface exhibited a hundred intersecting and concentric circles caused by damp tooth mugs and similar receptacles. In spite of the feast of which he had partaken the night before Tom discovered that he was hungry, the reason for which was presently indicated by the chiming of a small French timepiece upon the mantel. Eleven o'clock.

Tom had rarely slept so late in his life before. But it did not seem particularly late now. There was nothing to get up for, except to lunch on the Selbys' yacht at one o'clock, and that was two hours away. He could lie in bed another hour if he chose. His eye traveled across the heavy monograms on the linen to a satin quilt hanging over the foot of the bed, thence to a wadded Japanese dressing gown and slippers placed near by, and finally to the naked Grecian beauty emerging from her bath in the Ionian Sea. By a natural connotation he saw himself likewise enjoying a refreshing bath in the porcelain tub in the adjacent room. How cool and delightful it would be! And he would try some of those other strange hygienic artifices, such as the needle bath.

He threw back the sheets and swung his silk pyjamaed legs over the side of the bed until his feet lost themselves in the soft fur of a rug. Then, as he was about to stand up, his eye caught a thin block of onyx lying upon the night table wherein were imbedded three mother-of-pearl buttons, marked in small gold letters Butler, Servants' Hall, Valet. The words Servants' Hall suggested breakfast. He had read about places where one breakfasted in bed, but he had never enjoyed that luxury himself. Surely here, if anywhere, he could assume that such a custom existed. Perhaps the same man who brought the breakfast could explain how to work the different faucets in the bathroom. He pressed the button marked Valet, and sank back again among the down pillows of the French mattresses.

The window shutters had been closed and only slight streaks of sunlight were visible upon the walls. The air of the room was heavy with odors from the garden and the faint smell of silk upholstery. A moment or two only seemed to elapse before there was a subdued knock; the door opened, and the valet who had assisted him in dressing the night before entered. Without greeting Tom he first placed a freshly pressed suit of clothes upon a chair, and then, stepping noiselessly to the windows, threw open the blinds. Instantly the room was flooded with sunlight, so that Tom was almost blinded. He closed his eyes and turned over comfortably. The man evidently knew what to do, and would undoubtedly keep on going until he was stopped. Tom could hear him doing something in the bathroom, and presently there came a rush and swirl of water. Then the man suddenly appeared beside the bed and said deferentially:

"Will you have breakfast before or after your bath, sir?"

"Oh, I think I'll eat first," answered Tom, for he was not sure whether it would be good form to get back into bed again after he had once left it.

"Shall I wash your face, sir?" inquired the man in a matter-of-fact tone.

Tom was genuinely shocked. Was it humanly possible that fellows existed who would allow a servant to swab their faces as they lay in bed?

"No, thanks!" he retorted almost contemptuously.

"Very good, sir," continued the valet. "Will you have a little something to drink, sir, before you have your breakfast? How about a split of champagne? Mr. Allyn is very apt to take one, sir. I can bring it in a jiffy."

The idea of drinking champagne on an empty stomach before he had got out of bed also staggered Tom's mental equipment. Rather than permit the valet to suspect, however, that it was not his habitual custom he would unhesitatingly have risked the results, had it not so happened that champagne at that particular moment was the last thing in the world that he desired.

"No," he said, "I don't think I want anything to drink. What have you got for breakfast?"

"We have tea, coffee and chocolate," replied the valet glibly. "Melons, oranges, blackberries and raspberries, peaches and plums, cereals, eggs, bacon, chicken hash, lamb chops, sausages, hot rolls, corn bread, toast—white and Graham—and health bread. Would you kindly mention what you would prefer?"

Tom tried to remember as much of the menu as he could. It dimly suggested an apotheosized "Beefsteak, codfish and cream—rare or well done"—the prehistoric menu at the Mountain Home House.

"Oh," he yawned, "bring me a piece of melon, corn bread and coffee, and some scrambled eggs with sausages and bacon. That will hold me for a while, I guess. You haven't got any griddle cakes, have you?"

"I can ask the chef to make some for you," said the valet. "But we haven't them ready, sir."

"Never mind. Don't bother!" remarked Tom affably, not inclined to be captious, yet at the same time desirous that the valet should know that if he did not see what he wanted he was quite ready to ask for it—that all these little things were part of his ordinary daily life, and that he was quite to the manner born.

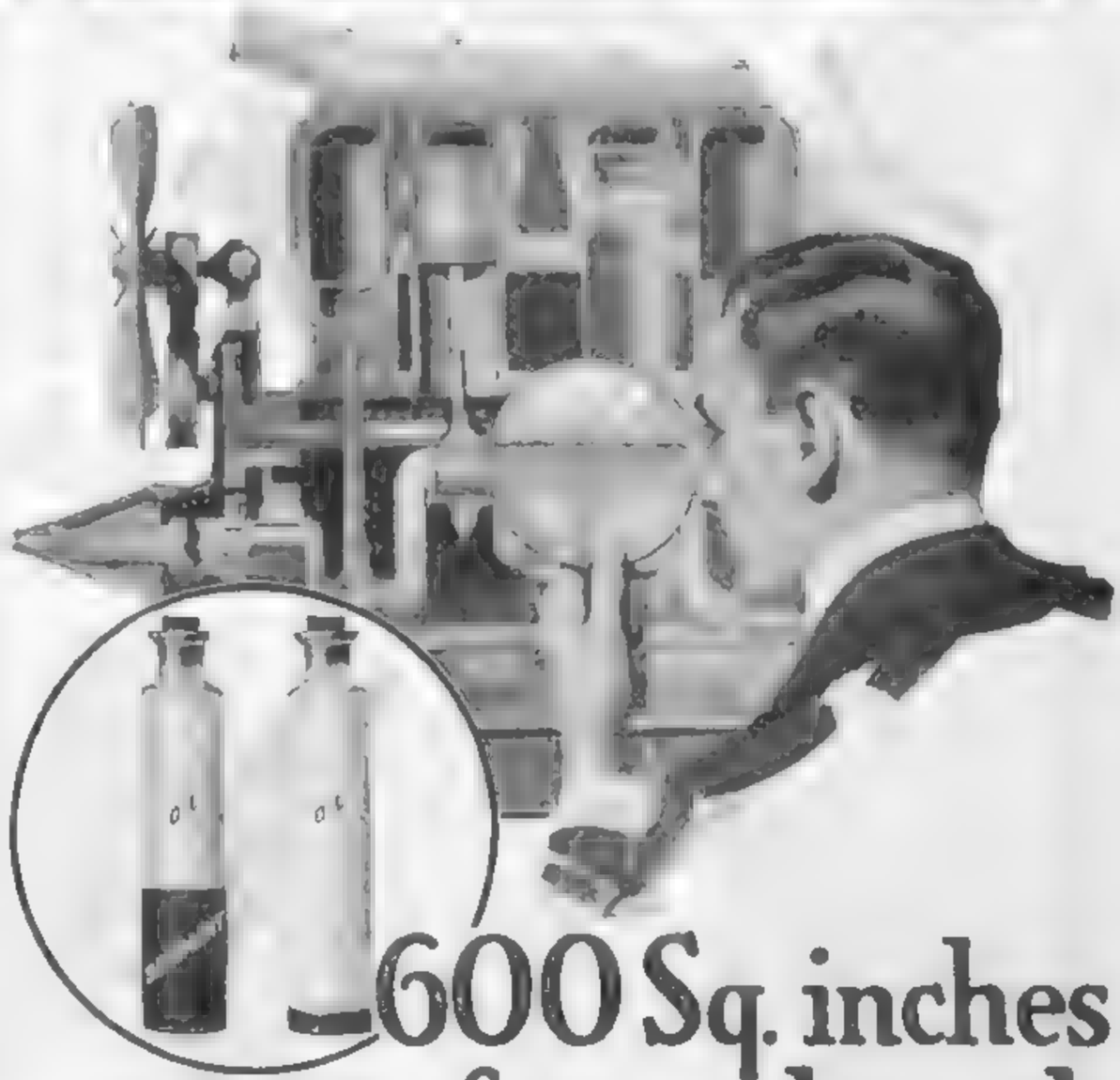
The valet disappeared and Tom continued to doze luxuriously. Taken all together, his recollections of the night before, though somewhat confused, were by no means unpleasant. His experiences with Allyn had been negative, and in spite of his chagrin at discovering Mrs. Wingate in the darkness of the Welfleets' lawn with another man, the significance of this incident now seemed less marked than it had at the time. Frankly, he told himself, there was no reason why she should not have been there. It was hardly natural to suppose that he was her only admirer. Yet she certainly had given him encouragement! More encouragement than he had ever received from Evelyn! Lulie might be said almost to have openly made love to him. As he lay with half-closed lids he could hear again the soft murmurs of her voice with their almost plaintive cadences; see the wistful, alluring glances from those entreating eyes. Was she a little devil after all? Parradym had said so, Allyn had practically admitted as much.

Well, what if she was? He chuckled with lazy satisfaction. He had certainly made a success of it at the Welfleets' dinner dance! Quite the lion! All the girls had seemed to want to meet him; all the men had been cordially deferential. He was going to make good at Newport, socially at any rate, and if he did make good —— There was no end to it apparently. And part of the good time was knowing girls like Lulie Wingate. How ravishing she had looked yesterday afternoon sitting in the shade of the hedge by the sundial. He wondered if she made a practice of coming to the spot at the same hour each day? If so, they would have a trysting place. His mind rapidly took long leaps. The fact that she was a married woman would make a liaison perfectly safe. He wondered when he should next see her.

How far his thoughts might have taken him is problematical, but at that moment the valet returned carrying a tray covered with a fine damask cloth and loaded with china and shining silver. From the closet he produced two scarlet cushions which he tucked behind Tom's back, and a small white wooden rack with folding legs which he superimposed across the lower half of Tom's body. Then he placed the tray upon the rack and stood at attention.

"If you miss anything I will be just outside, sir," and he departed, leaving the door slightly ajar.

Tom surveyed the contents of the tray with gratification. The china was of the most translucent sort, decorated with a delicate tracery of birds and flowers. In front reposed the half of a luscious hothouse melon and beside it a small tumbler



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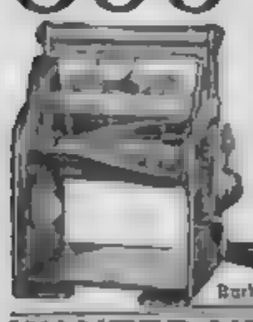

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of orange juice. Flanking the melon was a plate of cereal and beneath a silver cover he found the most deliciously prepared scrambled eggs, in which were embedded tiny sausages not much larger than cigarettes. There was also a saucer containing rolls of sweet butter interspersed with slivers of cracked ice, a plate of smoking corn muffins and a silver dish of crisp bacon. The finishing touch was supplied by a box of Turkish cigarettes and a silver alcohol lamp already lighted.

Tom poured himself out a full cup of aromatic coffee, tempered it with hot milk through a silver strainer and added a touch of oozy cream. Having devoured everything edible upon the tray in the space of about six minutes, he leaned back with his head against the scarlet cushions and lighted a cigarette. The height of luxury! Now he knew what it was! It was to recline among down cushions in your pyjamas at eleven o'clock in the morning, smoking a Turkish cigarette; with the breath of a rose garden floating in through the window; with your stomach lined with sausages composed "of little pigs and choice spices," scrambled eggs studded with truffles, mushrooms and chicken livers, and hothouse melons at three dollars apiece!

"I wonder what Bridget would say if she could see me now!" remarked Tom to himself. Then he added to the door in a loud and somewhat bullying tone: "Hello there! Is my bath ready?"

Tom, togaed like some old Roman, emerged grandly from his bath and, reclining in a cozy chair and smoking another cigarette meanwhile, graciously permitted himself to be shaved by the valet, whom he discovered to be not only an adept in arts of haberdashery, but a manicure, masseur and barber as well. In fact, he inspired such confidence that Tom would not have hesitated to consult him upon any difficult point in Newport etiquette or ethics which might have presented itself. Still assisted by this elegant professor of the physical humanities, he arrayed himself in his flannels, selected a tie sporting the colors of the Woolsack, and condescended to glance at the morning papers. In spite of his delicious breakfast and the fact that he had already smoked three exceptionally strong cigarettes, he felt a curious sensation of enervation—a craving for something, he did not know exactly what—and he poured himself out a Scotch and soda.

Quaffing this, he strolled windowward, to discover Parradym smoking his pipe in the rose garden below, upon the same seat that Lulu had occupied the afternoon before.

"Good morning," said Parradym without looking up. "Come down and take a sun bath with me."

There was something almost uncanny in the way this fat bachelor could apparently see out of the side of his head.

"There's a staircase just outside your door—to the left," he added.

"All right," answered Tom, for though he was now convinced that he did not like Mr. Parradym, he nevertheless found it difficult if not impossible to withstand the man's peculiar, if possibly malicious, animal magnetism. He selected a couple of mild cigars, filled his cigarette case and descended to the rose garden. He'd get some points on the social game, anyhow—on the Selbys possibly. A rosy young patrician, he sauntered across the grassy circle to Parradym, who moved over to make room for him.

"Great day!" remarked Tom with a touch of patronage. He at any rate was no sycophant. "What's the book?"

Parradym held it up with a smile. It was a limp-covered copy of Epictetus.

"O Lord!" growled Tom. "You might as well read the Bible and be done with it!"

"A chapter or two of Ecclesiastes wouldn't be a bad introduction to Newport," nodded the older man. "I don't suppose you're ready for it yet, though. In a year or so you'll be chasing round looking for your lost appetite. By the way, how was it this morning?"

"Fine!" snapped our hero.

Parradym looked at his watch.

"I wonder how it will be for lunch!" he chuckled. "Let a casehardened old materialist give you a tip: Don't blunt the edge of your appetite at the start! There's nothing on earth to beat a canvasback, cooked and served in its own gravy. You can have 'em here—all you want—just like everything else. But if you eat too many of 'em, why they taste no better than boiled fowl. Curious—and disappointing too!"

"I haven't tasted any yet!"

"No, they're out of season, of course! Not that that makes any difference here! But it's the same way with anything—hothouse melons, for example. Eat 'em three times a day for a week and you can't bear to look one in the face. And yet, unfortunately, it's so easy to get used to having them that one isn't happy without them. Therein lies one of the great problems. Question: Is it better to eat melons and miss them if you don't get them, or never to eat them and not to miss them? When you can answer that, tell me, will you?"

"I'll take a few melons, please." Tom stretched luxuriously.

"That's what I thought," said Parradym. "Well, it's easy to get them here. They fall right off the vines into your lap. Melons, plums and peaches! Only don't tell too many people, old chap. Don't spoil the market! Let's keep it to ourselves!"

Tom flushed uncomfortably. He didn't care to be classed by Parradym with himself. But he recognized the truth of the latter's earlier remarks about satiety. In fact, the dinner at the Wellfleets' had been an astonishing example of it.

"Guess you're right," he answered. "I suppose that dinner I went to last night cost at least a thousand dollars, but I didn't see anyone there who seemed to enjoy eating it. I should say you might just as well have given them scrambled eggs."

"Better!" said Parradym. "Everybody here is suffering from ennui—old and young alike! Even the children are bored to death. Your true social Newporter has no appetite for anything. They have exhausted everything the world has to offer in the way of legitimate amusement and luxury. Did you ever happen to think that that was the real danger of this sort of life? There's nothing legitimate—straight—decent that anybody has any taste left for, so they go after the other thing."

"Do you really mean that?" demanded Tom.

"It's as true as most generalities," replied Parradym. "Anyhow that's the tendency. But"—and he slapped Tom on the knee—"that's where you and I come in, my boy! These millionaires must have entertainment, somebody to talk to, and their daughters have got to marry. And the supply of presentable males doesn't equal the demand. Just look round you during the next few weeks! Anything in trousers that isn't deaf, dumb and blind, or that hasn't actually served a term in state's prison, can live here for nothing on golden plover and champagne; and when the season is over can spend the winter cruising round the Mediterranean on somebody's yacht and afterward marry the daughter—and the yacht too. Really, it makes me blush!"

"I should think it would!" said Tom disgustedly.

Parradym's bald cynicism almost made him ill.

"But the free ride is a dangerous game in some ways," continued his new friend, without noticing Tom's tone. "And the first thing to look out for is the possibility that in a very short time you may not get any more fun out of it yourself—that you'll be tired of the same scenery. Don't eat too many melons! Go easy on the plover! Don't get bored, because it's your stock in trade to be interesting and interested. And then, my dear young man, you may be able to hang on like myself to a ripe old age, still moderately enjoying the dinners, the dances, the clambakes, the yachting and the house parties that will be furnished to you 'free gratis for nothing,' simply because the lonely rich have got to have companionship. And then, too, when you are quite ready you can take your pick of a hundred really beautiful and highly educated young girls and go to live on the Riviera on papa's money. Well, what do you think of the prospect?"

Tom turned on him in righteous scorn.

"I think you're a cold-blooded old snob!" he snorted.

Parradym laughed softly.

"Good!" he muttered under his breath. "Keep that up! It's what I am, all right."

And then Tom felt a sense of contrition. Parradym was an older man and a gentleman—of a sort—and he had no right to insult him.

"I beg your pardon!" he said stiffly. "I should not have spoken as I did. I apologize."

"Bless your dear soul! What for?" asked Parradym.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Building comfort into the sixteen big cantonments is another Panama Canal kind of a job, successfully carried through by American enterprise.

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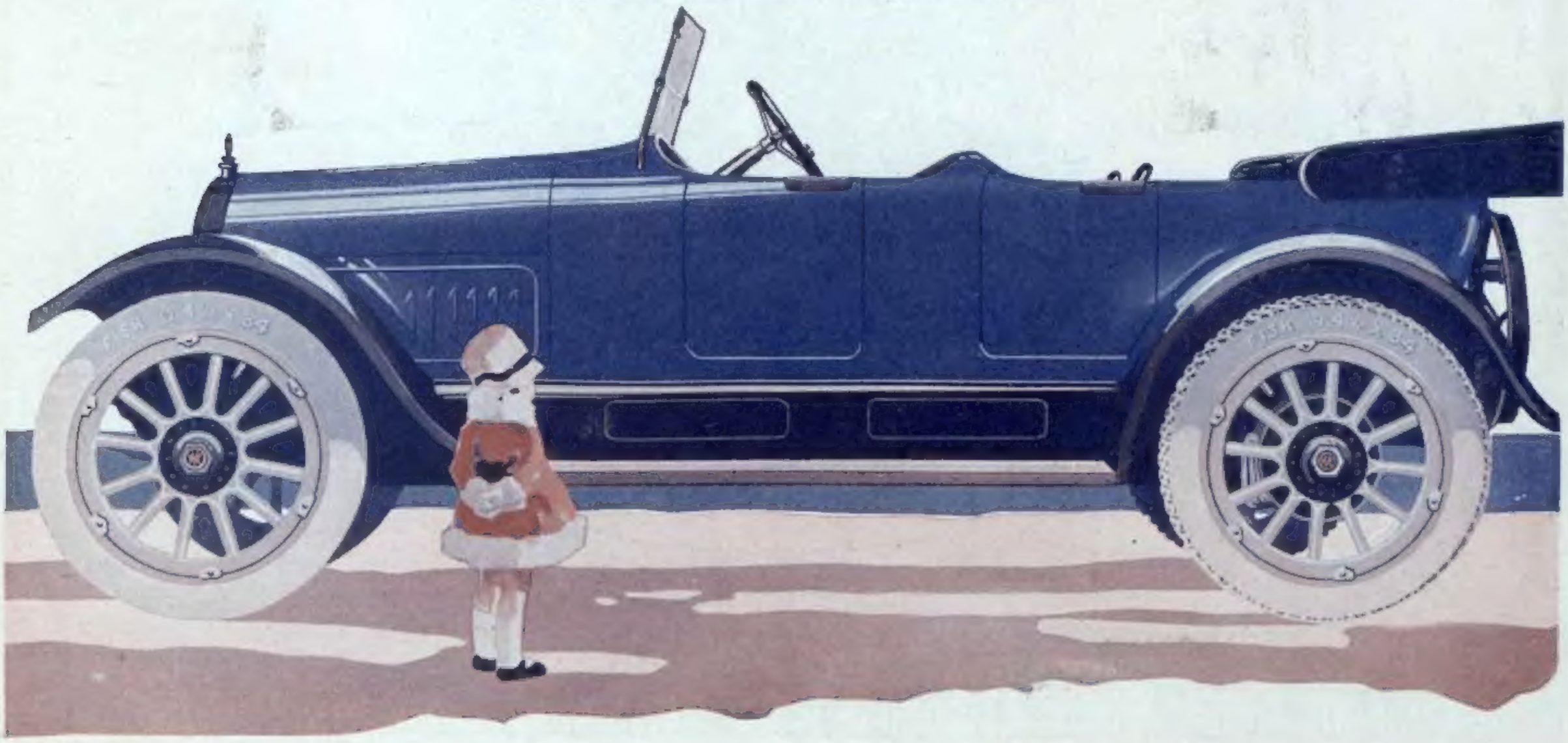

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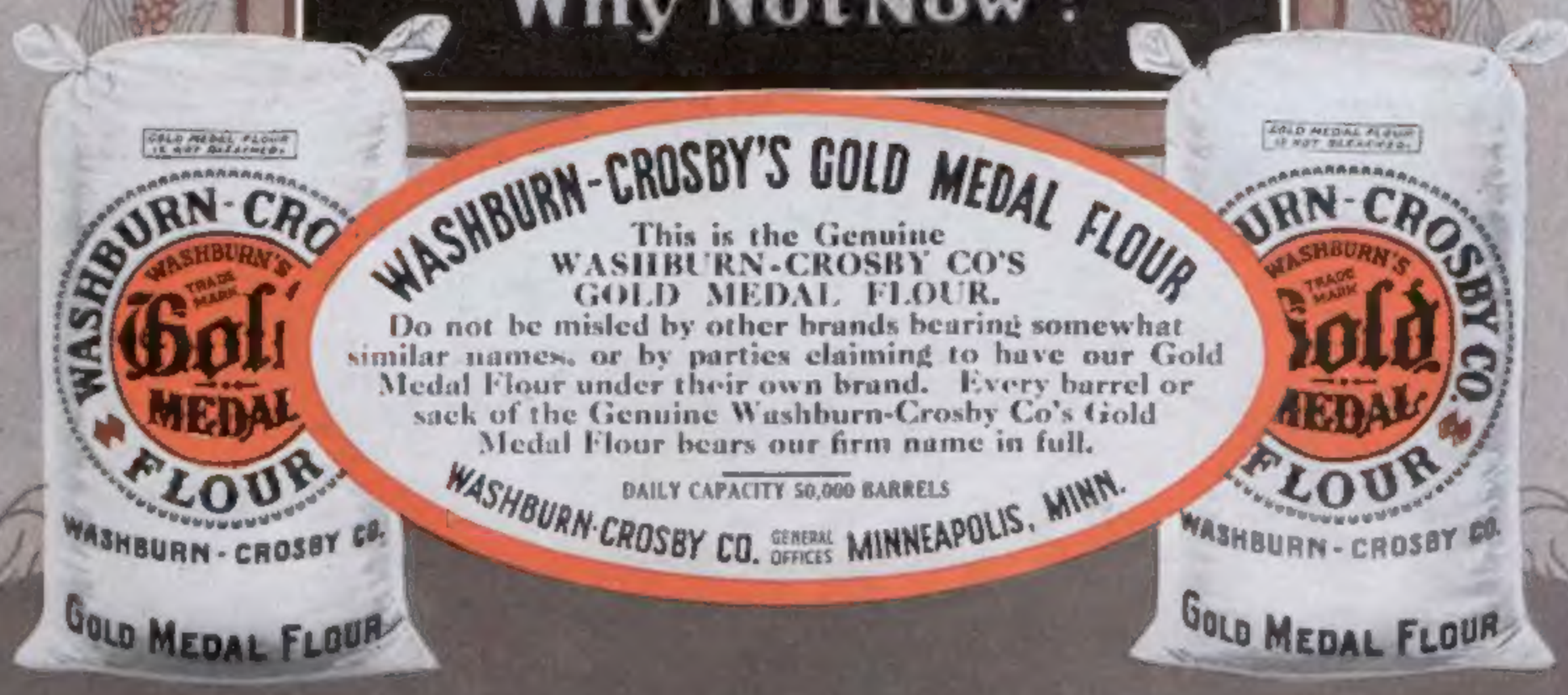
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